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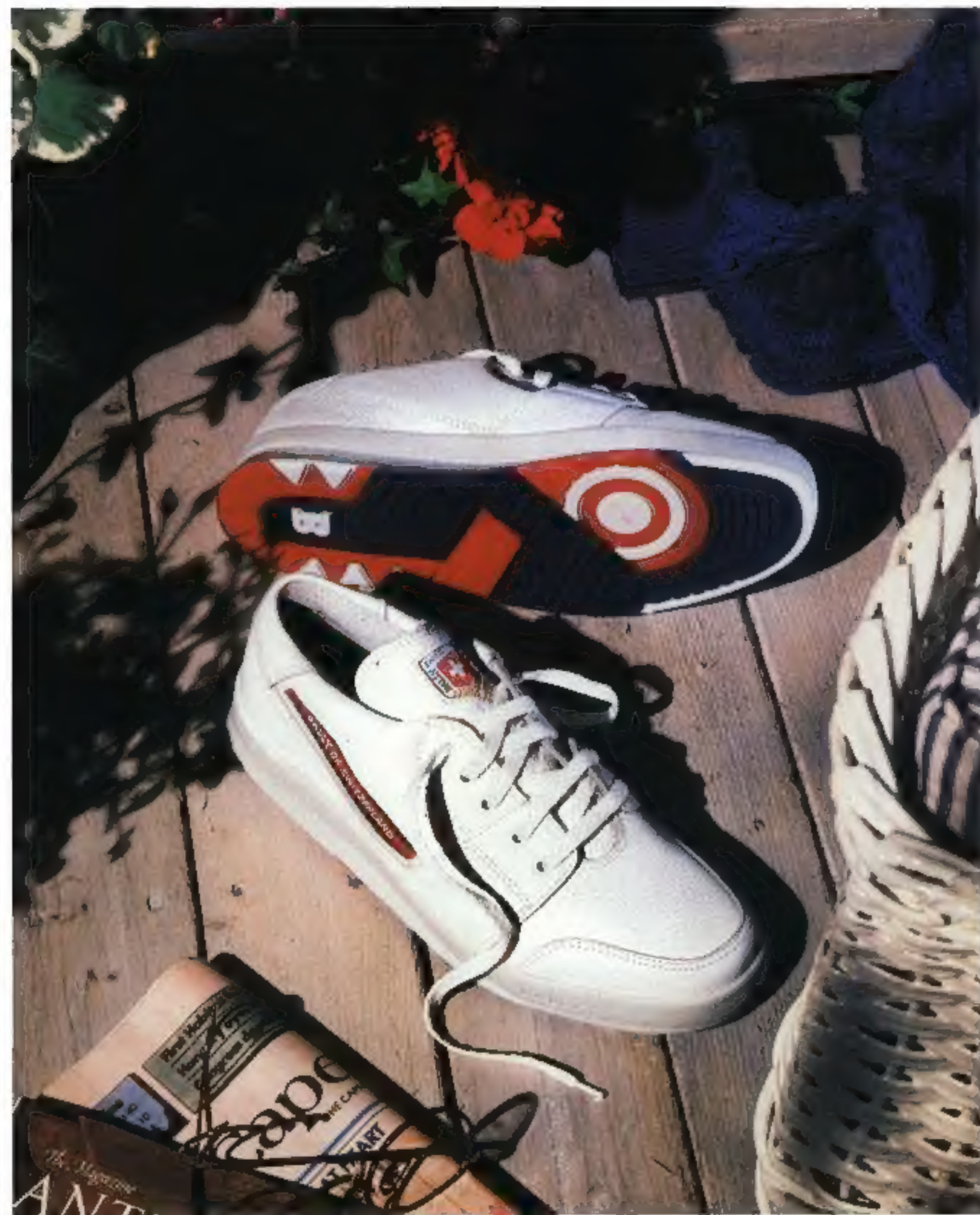
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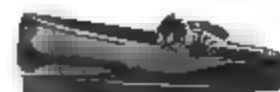
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GIORGIO ARMANI
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The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

Robin on Top

For more than 117 years our company has been in the wood-barrel business. Never, never has one been put to better use than on your January cover. Alas, I did not have the pleasure of taking the picture. If I had been consulted, I gladly would have donated a more suitable barrel—say, one made of knotty pine? To you and Robin Givens Tyson we offer our sincere thanks for showcasing one of our barrels at a truly eye-catching moment in time.

Todd Peterson
The Cooperage
St. Paul, Minn.

Indubitably

The January 1989 Dubious Achievements issue was my first issue, and all I can say is, Wow! Am I glad I subscribed!

Nick Di Masi
Natick, Mass.

Robin? Ollie? Elvis? These are *not* the people I appreciate barging into my copy of Esquire. The crusade enshrining the ridiculous is precisely the kind of moronic and insipid journalism I was hoping to avoid by choosing Esquire instead of a more common fish wrap. I'm not saying I can't take a joke; I just wish you could have made it consistent with Esquire's tradition. (I'd have settled for funny!)

Robert C. Bredeck
Okemos, Mich.

Willem

Mark Kram's piece on Willem Dafoe ("Ladies and Gentlemen, the Next Brando," January) was as much a work of art as Dafoe's acting. I hope we see more of his writing soon. Esquire has found a fine talent.

Michael Toebe
Grand Junction, Colo.

Seafood for Thought

"Save the Whales, Screw the Shrimp!" by Joy Williams (February) was the one I've been

waiting for. It is about time someone addressed the earth crisis head on. The writer has such a strong grasp of modern humanity's self-destructive addiction to "growth." As she explains, real growth begins with each person making a conscious decision to change suicidal practices. Write on, Joy Williams!

Tim Nelson
Silver Spring, Md.

I am a geologist employed by an environmental consulting firm, and it was with the greatest pleasure that I devoured Joy Williams's article blasting our coy and sophisticated society that, for the most part, is environmentally unconscious and enjoys a shared intelligence with plant life. Happily, the majority of clients I serve displays a genuine concern for existing problems, and not out of fear of regulatory hand-slapping. I only wish everyone could be fired up with the righteous anger of Ms. Williams.

Christopher D. Carlson
Oxford, Pa.

I wish to congratulate your staff for having the good sense and good taste to publish Joy Williams's piece. She delivers entertainment—and along with it an enormously important message. Bravo!

John C. Simone
Tenafly, N.J.

Nam

I opposed the war from the word go (American Beat, by Bob Greene, February). But it was LBJ, and then Tricky Dick for whom I reserved most of my anger. I never spat on a serviceman, and I never will; after all, it wasn't the grunts who got us into that mess. On the other hand, in our rush to paint all returning veterans as peace-loving guys next-door, let us not forget that there were indeed some baby killers among their lot. Let me assure you, I'd shed no tears over

any spittle directed at the likes of Lieutenant William Calley Jr.

Robert E. Friend
Griffith, Ind.

I've been home from Vietnam for eighteen years now. When I arrived back in the U.S., I never noticed much hostility directed toward me personally. Rather, we soldiers were viewed as something akin to bastard stepchildren, best ignored if possible. Then guess what, Bob? Almost overnight, Americans discovered their national conscience! We became popular; it was fashionable to be a Vietnam vet. People wanted to "understand" us, so movies and TV series were made, memorials built, books written. Well, to all that I say, Bullshit. Nobody made the effort back in the '60s and '70s, when it might have done some good—and I surely do not give a damn for anyone who wants to understand "the homecoming experience" now. I'm sure Greene's book is great. Trouble is, he's just too late.

John W. Coleman
Longmont, Colo.

It was with keen interest that I read Bob Greene's moving piece. My opinion of the war, that it was an atrocity and genocidal in nature, has not changed. My attitude toward those men and women who served has altered considerably over the years. I only wish America understood what our loss of 56,000 men and women in Vietnam has meant. Perhaps it is too subtle and disturbing a concept to grasp: the number of Americans who will have died of AIDS in this country will easily surpass 56,000 this year. Yet our last President managed to get through most of his eight years without once mentioning the epidemic, and when finally it was unavoidable he largely ignored the conclusions of his own commission.

David May
San Francisco, Calif.

Tango Argentina

Olé for Joseph Hooper's "After the Last Tango" (February). It made me recall the '30s, when the New York Puerto Rican community was first introduced to tango music's new wave. It was love at first sound. Some Argentine songwriters were using words that had hitherto been reserved for the private use of scholars. Although the factory workers did not understand their meaning, they knew exactly what the lyricist was telling them. Talking to a German who lived for ten years in Argentina, I asked him what it was that put these *porteño* lyric writers of the '30s in a class by themselves. "You missed the point," he said. "These men were poets."

Al Narvaez
Bronx, N.Y.

Clothing Ranks

Next payday I was going to renew my subscription, but when I saw your superb photo essay on the current Marine Corps uniforms ("Semper Finery," February), I said, The hell with it, I gotta get this in the mail today. I have eighteen years invested in this rod-and-gun club and have seen many magazines try to display the Corps in a favorable light, but you have exceeded any other competitor. Anthony Edgeworth is to be complimented for his meticulous research and skilled photography. I salute you and all your staff, and I am sure all Marines past and present send you a sincere "Semper Fi!" You have demonstrated that, in addition to our other achievements, we also dress with flair.

John Canellas
Marine Corps Air Station
Cherry Point, N.C.

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Backstage

Topping the List

By Lee Eisenberg

A

GLANCE at the best-seller list reveals the usual array of suspects. The title at the top of the nonfiction list is by Robert Fulghum, who claims he gained most of his wisdom in kindergarten. As one whose kindergarten must have been sorely backwater, I congratulate him. Not far down from that is George Burns, who, still stuck on Grace after all these years, is outpacing such young and frisky literati as Shirley Temple Black. A couple of bloody mysteries are, as usual, on the list. And there are a few books of the school (Allan Bloom, principal, that reminds us that we're intellectually in arrears.

But there are also, happily, a couple of titles of unusual scope and merit, books that led their authors into the mines of our national past, where they sweated for years, applying the highest skills of both the journalist and the historian. Taylor Branch's *Parting the Waters* is such a book.

More than a decade ago, Branch was an *Esquire* columnist and a very good friend of both the magazine and those who worked here. He is still a good friend, though the fact of the matter is that we haven't seen much of him until lately. It was in 1982 that Branch signed a contract with Simon & Schuster to write a narrative biography of Martin Luther King Jr. and the people around him. The work, Branch figured, would end with the death of King in 1968, and would take three years to write. In fact, *Parting the Waters* took him nearly seven years, runs to almost a thousand pages, and carries the King saga only through 1963. A second volume, *Pillar of Fire*, is planned.

That *Parting the Waters* is an extraordinary book has been proclaimed by critics everywhere. I found it enthralling. Most of all, it puts in sharp relief the breathtaking social revolution

Lee Eisenberg is *Esquire's* editor in chief



Contributing editor Taylor Branch

set off by King and his counterparts. It articulates the religious and philosophical underpinnings of that revolution. But no less important, it raises high a standard of scholarship, reporting, and persistence on the part of a writer. Branch's work—and its success—is an affirmation of the serious writer's purpose and character.

So what did Branch do in the few precious months after the completion of his epic first volume, on the eve of a rigorous promotion effort, and before sitting down to write his next volume? He accepted a magazine assignment. Not a plum of a travel story to a warm, sunny clime (which we'd have given him), but the challenge of an incendiary, complicated, and exhausting issue: the current conflict between American blacks and Jews. Branch left his Baltimore home for Chicago

to report and reflect on the sometimes raging, always roiling antagonism between two peoples with so much, and so little, in common. "Blacks and Jews, the Uncivil War" (page 89) is no mere diversion between books.

It is with special enthusiasm that we once again publish Branch, who rejoins us this month as a contributing editor. We publish his piece knowing that it will not silence the argument between its two proud antagonists, but with the certainty that it shines light on the deeper origins of the rift. There's a great deal to learn from it. No matter how much you learned in kindergarten.

A COUPLE of other notes about *Esquire's* writing family: we're pleased to welcome back George Leonard and his annual

health and fitness section, which we have been running in our May issue since 1984. This time out Leonard has conceived and edited nineteen pages that provide tantalizing new facts and intriguing speculation on the relationship between pleasure and health. If you are mired in the notion that anything that feels good can't be good for you, Leonard's section will come as wonderful news.

And I'm pleased to report that John Mariani has signed on as *Esquire's* Food & Travel correspondent. Mariani has for the past five years reported on the nation's best new restaurants in our annual November Cheers! section. In his new post, Mariani will be *Esquire's* eyes, ears, and palate as he spans the globe in search of the new and the worthy. We thank both of these fine men for their contributions, past and future. **E**

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Man At His Best

A · GENTLEMAN'S · GUIDE · TO · QUALITY · AND · STYLE ·

The point of the trip was diving. Several days with a friend, on his boat, cruising and hoping to sight some whales and, perhaps, even be in the water when one passed. The diving was supposed to be superb.

Otherwise, I might have lived my life without ever going to Hawaii. Like a lot of people (I suspect), I was a skeptic. Too many tourists. Too many time-shares. I'm sure that Somerset Maugham's Hawaii and James Michener's Hawaii were wonderful, but the herd tends to trample the life out of a place.

My wife and I would be staying in a place called Kona Village on the Big Island for a few days before we went out on the boat, so I could test my preconceptions. I was anticipating lots of people engaged in purposeful recreation. I carried books to help me kill time.

As it turned out, there was not much time for reading. There was first-class diving, sailing, tennis, snorkeling, golf, and more. There was no urgency about these activities, though. The Big Island has not been conquered by its resorts. Long stretches of the coast remain undeveloped and harshly beautiful. Much of the interior is tropical rain forest. At Kona Village, idleness is a part of the regime.

You wake to the sound of peacocks and the mingled fragrance of bougainvillea, orchids, and oleander. Aside from the birds and the persistent calling of gecko lizards, the only sound you hear is the Pacific pounding the hard, lava-rock coast. The light outside glows with a tint that is peculiar to the tropics. It is hard to imagine that a day could begin in such sensuous tranquility.

The accommodations are small raised bungalows called haies, with large porches, thatched roofs, high ceilings, overhead fans, and a hammock



THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

How I Learned to Love Paradise

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

strung outside between two palm trees. There are 125 haies on a little more than eighty acres (a resort that opened recently a few miles away has some 1,200 units on about sixty acres). There are no phones in the haies—only three or four in the entire resort. No television, either. Kona Village is wonderfully, almost eerily free of the electrical background hum that is part of life these

days. The constant, soothing background is the music of the trades.

But there is more to Kona Village than the absence of nuisance noise, the feeling of smallness and privacy, and the indulgent climate. There is, for one thing, the food, especially breakfast, and most especially... the coffee.

There is no coffee in the world like fresh Kona coffee. There is

no better breakfast fruit than papaya... *fresh* papaya, except perhaps pineapple that has just been picked. This breakfast is served in a spacious dining room where the doors and windows are open and birds perch in the chandeliers and then fly down to the floor for crumbs of toast.

On our first day, we snorkeled along the beach and the shoreline, watching schools of surgeonfish and gaudy parrot fish browsing on coral. We found a couple of fat morays curled inside the porous lava rock. We stayed in the water for three hours and were ready for lunch.

It was served outside, on a terrace. The buffet included fruit—papaya and pineapple. Raw fish. Crab legs.

The trades come up in the afternoon. Golfers go off the resort to one of the nearby courses. Tennis players go a few sets. People drop by the pool for scuba lessons. I settled in my hammock and read two pages, and then... the trades sang me to sleep.

Dinner is in the big room, and you could go there for a week or two and never order anything but the fish of the day—wahoo, snapper, mahimahi. Once a week there is a luau, done the authentic way—a whole pig roasted all afternoon on hot lava rock under piles of green ti leaves and banana stumps. It is served with rice and poi and all the appropriate side dishes. The pork is wonderfully sweet and moist and cannot be denied.

On our second morning at Kona, we went out on the resort's dive boat, the *Village Queen*. It is an open, seaworthy vessel, built along dory lines. We ran a couple of miles down the beach, perhaps half a mile offshore. The water was pure, blinding blue and so clear that we could see the shapes of lava rock fifty and sixty feet below. We anchored over a field of what the divemaster said would be

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

Man At His Best

"caves and arches" and put on Lycra suits to protect against cuts and scratches, then climbed into the rest of our gear and went over the side and down into the Pacific and the remarkable structures that were formed by the convulsions of volcanoes and the sudden cooling of hot lava as it poured into the sea.

The stark, angular vistas were a shock at first, and then a momentary disappointment for someone accustomed to the lush corals of the Caribbean. But the austere shapes soon assumed their own kind of beauty. The sparse growths of coral resembled pristine desert flowers. The

**A whole pig
roasted all day
on hot lava
rock under piles
of ti leaves.**

fish were especially vivid against the hard rock backgrounds.

We swam through canyons, under arches, and up the most striking formations of all, the tubes that formed when streams of lava cooled on the outside, forming a shell, while the hot centers continued to flow downhill. The tubes may run to a hundred feet or more. There is something alien, forbidding, and almost lunar about them and the entire underwater landscape off the island.

Divers off the coast routinely find themselves swimming with dolphins and humpback whales. We weren't that lucky.

Late on our last night at the Village (as the regulars call it), we swam in the pool, then carried a drink down to the beach to watch a pair of manta rays in shallow water, swimming through a small patch of light. We had the beach to ourselves. We had the entire ocean. It was possible, for a while, to be unaware of anything except the rays, the water, the wind, and the clear Hawaiian sky littered with stars. ☐

THE DRINKING MAN

Beer from a Stone

BY WILLIAM GRIMES



Traditionally, when an Englishman went to his local, he drank local. Each region had its great beers, served up fresh from the cask with a pull of the hand pump. Tradition took a beating after the war, when merger-and-acquisition fever left a nation of beer lovers at the mercy of six megabreweries. The Big Six immediately launched massive ad campaigns to establish bland, middle-of-the-road "national" brands, meanwhile eliminating hundreds of local breweries. (Sound familiar?) It was the most serious assault on British values since the Blitz.

Just as monks kept learning alive through the Dark Ages, Britain's independent brewers continued to send out a thousand points of light. One of the best was family-owned Samuel Smith's, the oldest in Yorkshire. As the gales of modern com-

merce wreaked their destruction, it toiled on as it had since 1758, producing rich, full-bodied beers in the traditional way, right down to the wooden casks made on the premises. When a grassroots revolt stopped the growth of the Big Six in its tracks and "real ale" came back into favor, Smith's emerged as the connoisseur's choice. The word began to spread. Ten years ago, the brewery exported its Old Brewery Pale Ale to the U.S., then gradually introduced the rest of its line, the newest addition being the grand Imperial Stout.

The beer comes from Tadcaster, a town of perhaps four thousand just southwest of York. It is a brewing capital of ancient pedigree. An 1891 guide to Yorkshire notes that "when Edward III was harrying Scotland and France [in the mid-fourteenth century], Tadcaster was brewing ale of wide celebrity." Local pride bor-

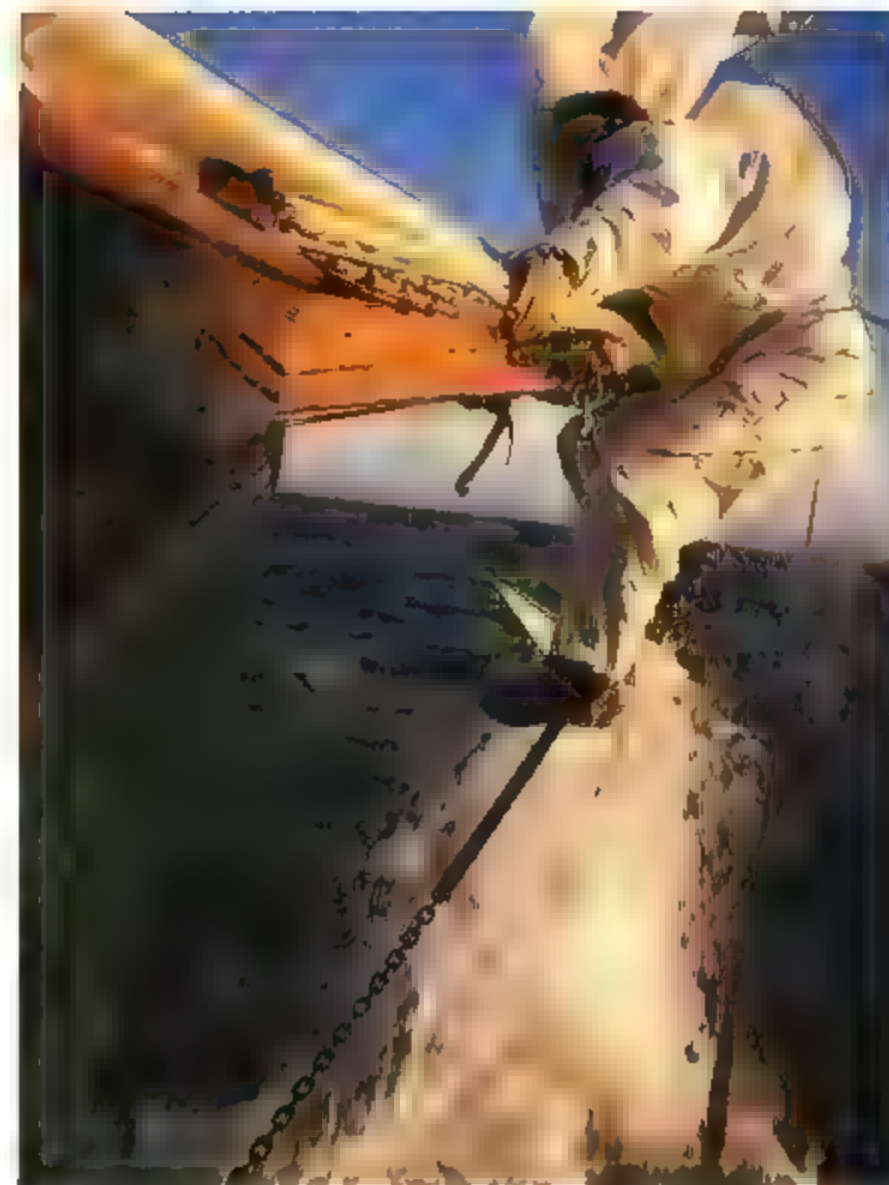
dered on arrogance. A local poet wrote, *For there the sovereign draught its power may never fear! As it can elsewhere find no rival and no peer.* The beer was better than the poetry.

One reason for the preeminence of the local brew was the abundant supply of very hard water from an underground lake, ideal for brewing ale. A second reason is a technique known as the Yorkshire Stone Square system, long since abandoned except by Samuel Smith. It relies on square fermenting tanks made of Welsh slate; arranged double-decker fashion, they allow yeasts to circulate between the two levels. No one quite knows why this should make a difference, but it does. Graham Auton of Samuel Smith's will venture no more than "it imparts something to the beer."

The Samuel Smith beers are robust, generous, and pleasingly rounded, with a superb balance between sweet maltiness and the dry, aromatic bitterness of hops, joined together in what the Charles Atlas ads used to call "dynamic tension." These characteristics run through the entire line, from the copper-colored, fruity Pale Ale to the Imperial Stout, which looks like liquid peat but has a seductive velvety texture and a deep, slightly burnt flavor. In the middle of the range, proceeding from light and tangy to dark and sweet, are the Nut Brown Ale, Taddy Porter, and the smooth, wholesome-sounding Oatmeal Stout, which does in fact make use of Scottish oats in the fermentation.

Is it churlish to point out that the names are a bit twee? Nut Brown Ale suggests a badger in a waistcoat drinking from an acorn mug. Someone in the Samuel Smith marketing department, it seems fairly certain, decided to turn up the Merrie Olde England dial to ten. America has not done a great job with its beers, granted, but the names are superb: Iron City, Jax, Point. Now, *that's* beer. Perhaps a cultural exchange program could be worked out. ☐

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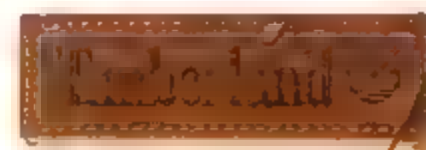
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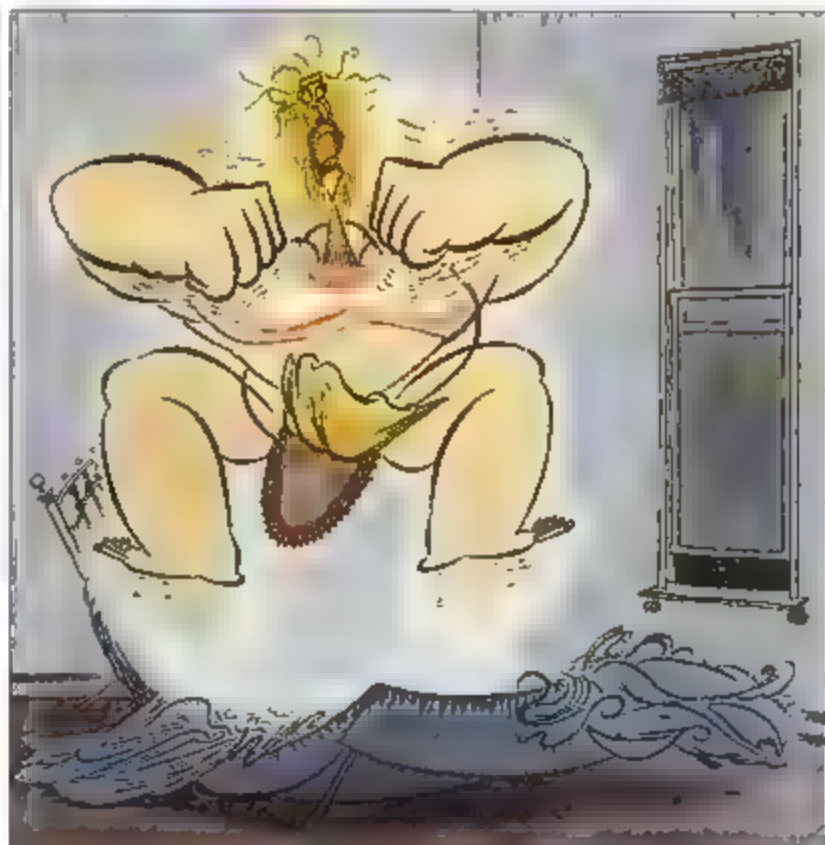
Man At His Best

Carl Reiner once said that he didn't believe Englishmen really had accents, they just all got together and agreed to talk that way to make the rest of us feel bad. The act was probably rooted in feelings of inadequacy dating back to their origin as druids who were still running around painted blue long after everyone else had moved on to cooked food and world conquest. Carl believed that if, at three in the morning, you crept into a room where an Englishman was sleeping and shouted "Fire!" he would wake in panic and say, "Fire! Let's get the hell out of here!" with no accent whatsoever.

Though I would gladly lose my New York accent under any circumstance, I have some images of myself that I'd like to think are real. And I have wondered how they would hold up if Carl crept into my room some night and sounded the alarm. I know who I would like to be in that rude awakening: I'd grab the kids and the cat and lead everyone in the building to safety, all with the calm, clear voice that I've already selected from several I've tried out in the shower. But I've always known that if that moment came, no matter what I may have hoped or planned, there would be only me, the real me, the one I doubt, question, and hide from the world and, with less success, from myself.

My moment came one morning last summer. It wasn't 3:00 A.M. but sometime after 5:00, and it wasn't Carl's shout of "Fire!" but the muffled thumping of a man climbing through my bedroom window. Instantly I found out who I was: an unlikely combination of Arnold Schwarzenegger and my mother.

I am still not sure who was the most effective as I leapt naked from my bed, grabbing the first weapon at hand, my pillow, and went on the attack, screaming, "Get out! Get out!" in a high-pitched voice. I resented my mother speaking for me at a time like that, and I consciously tried



PRACTICAL MATTERS

Conan and Me

BY BILL PERSKY

to get into a lower register, but it was her moment, and I couldn't take it away from her.

Schwarzenegger was doing a lot better, and I was pleased with him. He was actually engaged in hand-to-hand combat with an intruder who was three quarters of the way into my room. The window opened only a foot and a half, being held in place by a dowel I had inserted between the top and the frame to prevent anyone from climbing in. I made a note to get a longer pole if I lived.

The struggle raged as my burglar (we'd known each other long enough at this point for some familiarity) was pushing against a flower box to come the rest of the way in, and I was pushing and swinging my pillow to get him out. I needed a more formidable weapon. Actually, it

was right there on the night table, but in my initial panic I had missed it—*The Bonfire of the Vanities*. Hitting him with that would have done major damage and made some kind of social comment.

Since the narrow opening was preventing either of us from making any headway, we were at a stalemate. My warrior self suddenly perceived with Zen clarity that if I removed the pole, I could open the window fully and my chances of getting him all the way out would improve. The thought that it would improve his chance of getting all the way in didn't occur to me. That's the trouble with Zen, it's so self-involved. I emitted a fierce yell borrowed from a sushi chef and yanked the pole free. Suddenly the tide of battle turned in my fa-

vor, as he was now up against a naked maniac with a pole instead of a pillow, and my mother switched from "Get out! Get out!" to a more macho "You son of a bitch!"

The combination must have been awesome, because he start-

Grabbing my pillow, I went on the attack, screaming, "Get out! Get out!"

ed to plead in what I am sure was his mother's voice, "Don't hurt me! Don't hurt me!" Don't hurt him? The thought never entered my mind, but as long as he brought it up, I considered it as an option. I could use the new upper-body strength I'd developed at the Vertical Club to knock him senseless. Originally I'd planned on using it to improve my serve. The struggle intensified until somehow his mother and my mother got to talking, as mothers will, and "Don't hurt me, Don't hurt me" seemed like a good idea all around. So I gave him a shove that wasn't needed to get him out and covered his escape over the wall with a hail of four-letter words, finally finding the voice I'd practiced for the occasion.

I closed and locked the window, drew the drapes, and stood waiting. I wasn't sure for what, probably to go into shock or some other reaction that comes when danger is past. This was only the second real fight I ever had. The first was fifty years ago in the third grade when Jerry Matz challenged me to meet him after school for reasons I can't for the life of me recall, but I think it was about who was going to marry Nina Yanoff. What I do remember is that I was nauseated all day and cried throughout the fight and even after I had won. Now here I was, not crying, not even breathing hard. I settled for calling the police. I felt it was the responsible thing to do, and



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Man At His Best

I was dying to tell somebody

My burglar and I are now just another crime statistic along with the other apartment on Sixty-second Street that was burglarized that night while the occupants slept. The police are sure it was my burglar after he left me, so apparently our encounter had little impact on his life. But it's had a very profound effect on mine. I've made the obvious adjustments of sleeping in shorts, keeping the fireplace poker next to my bed, and getting bars for the windows. (That information is for my mother, whom I never told about the incident but who will probably read this, and I wouldn't want her to worry.)

On a less obvious but more meaningful level, the incident has changed the way I see myself in Carl's hypothesis. At the core I am tougher and braver than I knew. Even with the high-pitched voice, I really like the guy I turned out to be. I'd like to be that guy more often, and I think I know why I'm not. It isn't a question of courage but clarity, and the freedom that comes when you know you're right. In our daily lives things are never as clear-cut as someone coming through our bedroom window. They're vague or oblique, and our first instinct waits as we filter through too much information and conditioning. We lose that initial impulse that's pure us.

My burglar probably had a lousy childhood and was from a deprived racial or economic group. He might have been a terrific kid with all kinds of potential who never had a chance. In retrospect he might have been the real victim. But that night he was coming through my bedroom window, and one thing was crystal clear—he didn't belong there. So I was free to act as who I really am. It was a great feeling, one I would like to hold on to, trust, and go with. Every day there are less obvious intruders coming through the windows of my spirit and my soul, and they don't belong there either. So let them beware: Arnold and my mother are waiting. **E**

THE SEASONED COOK

The Age of Asparagus

BY ELIZABETH SAHATJIAN



It's not easy being a rite of spring. Though hordes of asparagus lovers can scarcely wait for that brief span when "grass is in season," secretly these aficionados curse the willowy green spears. Asparagus is troublesome to shop for and prepare, and there's that annoying assortment of specialized utensils, techniques, and recipes. By the end of the season, asparagus eaters, like Red Sox fans in October, often wonder if it was really worth the trouble.

Except there's the plain truth that perhaps nothing in the vegetable kingdom comes close to the exquisite fineness of a platter of the emerald spears with their clean, born-again flavor. They are the very essence of green.

How to prepare asparagus is one of those nagging culinary controversies, like which way to boil an egg. For years most cookbooks recommended cooking

only the tip or, at most, that portion that would snap off easily when the spear was bent; in both cases, most of the asparagus went into the garbage. Then in the late 1960s, Julia Child made vegetarian history with her discovery of a traditional French technique that made the entire spear edible—she peeled them.

It's a simple procedure. Hold the asparagus with its tip in your hand. Place the point of a small, sharp knife into the thick skin at the base end of the stalk and begin paring away the tough, fibrous exterior layer. Make the cuts shallower as you work toward the tip, where the peel becomes thinner.

Although you can mortgage the Porsche and buy an imported asparagus steamer, any pan that will hold the spears lengthwise will do just as nicely. Fill the pan about three-quarters full with water, adding one teaspoon of

salt for each quart of water. Bring to a boil, add the asparagus, then bring rapidly to a second boil. Reduce the heat and cook uncovered for eight to twelve minutes or until a knife easily pierces the lower portion of a spear; the texture should be tender but not limp. Remove with a slotted spatula and drain on a kitchen towel. Place on a serving platter, add as much butter as guilt will allow, and feast.

After about the fifteenth such go-around, you're usually ready for a bit of adventure. Take, for example, a fluffy asparagus frittata, the perfect food for a light springtime meal. Some call it an

**It's like an
open-faced egg
pancake studded
with scrumptious
morsels.**

Italian omelet, but actually a frittata is more like an open-faced egg pancake studded with scrumptious morsels, all cooked together until golden and creamy-soft in the center.

For three people, first cook one pound of asparagus, let cool, then cut into one-inch pieces. Beat six eggs in a large bowl until well blended, stir in a pinch each of salt and freshly ground pepper, one-half cup of grated Parmesan cheese, and the asparagus. Heat three tablespoons of unsalted butter in a heavy ten-inch skillet until the butter is foamy but not browned. Pour in the egg mixture, reduce the heat to low, and cook slowly, lifting the edges of the frittata occasionally with a spatula to allow the uncooked egg to run underneath.

After about fifteen minutes, the bottom should be lightly browned and the top slightly runny but firm around the edges. Place the skillet under a preheated broiler for thirty seconds or until the surface of the frittata is just set. Serve immediately with crusty bread and a lighthearted white wine. **E**

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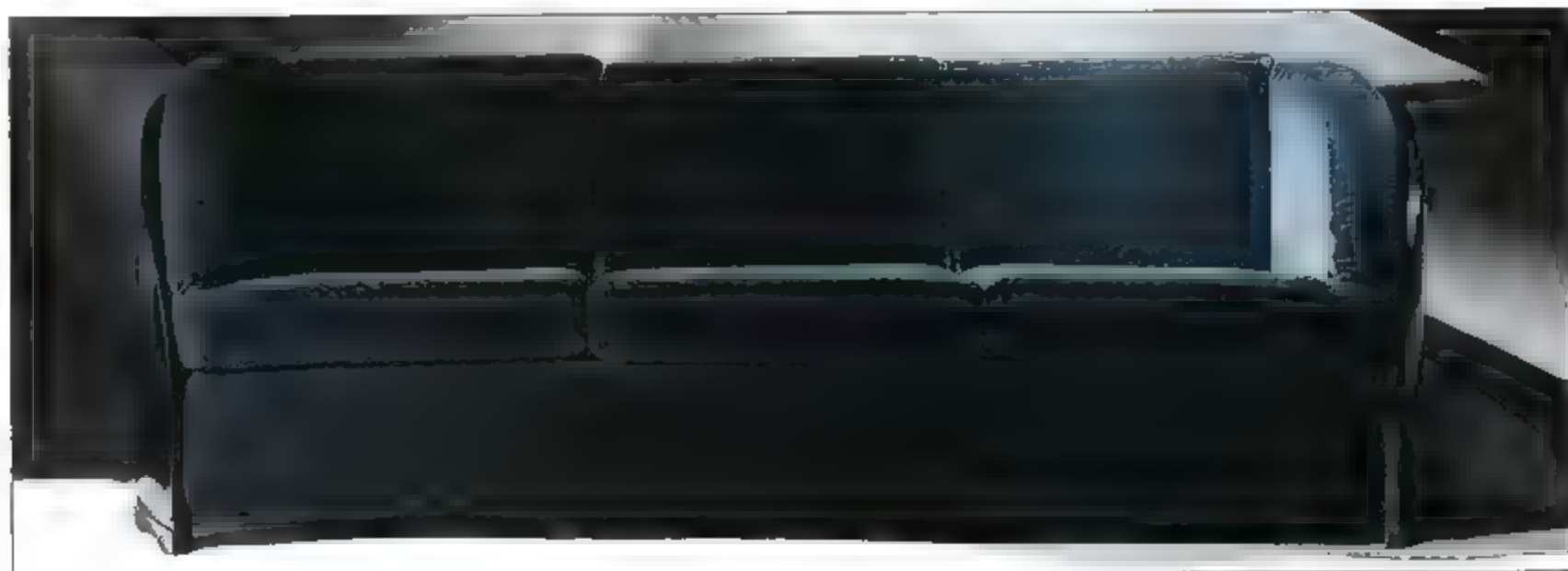


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Man At His Best



No piece of furniture is more misunderstood today than the couch. The worst thing that's happened to couch design is the term "couch potato."

The lexicographers at Webster's have given up hoping the vulgar term will drop from usage and have accepted it into their pages. Couch designers, meanwhile, have embraced it eagerly, presumably considering the whole concept a boost to the industry. Some have created couches that themselves look like potatoes—giant baked tubers as rendered in leather and saggy pillow by, say, Claes Oldenburg. Others, perhaps attempting to balance passivity with activity of imagination, offer us couches that seem in motion. Echoing the Bolodists and Deconstructivists—those twin flashes in the fashionable brainpan—they serve up blobby cushions suspended from metal pipes, like a streamlined pillow fight caught in midair freeze-frame.

Both approaches forget the dignity and repose required in a good sofa.

You think of a chair as mobile, a couch is practically real estate. It should convey security and solidity, should be sheltering as well as comfortable. It should be surrounding—those armless ones from the 1950s make you feel exposed and naked. If set in the middle of the room, it should

LIVING QUARTERS

My Sofa Beats Your Couch

BY PHIL PATTON

look as if the back was meant to be looked at.

An elegant example, possessing all these qualities, is the K sofa, designed by Steven Holl, a young architect who, thanks to the praise of Michael Graves and exposure by the Museum of Modern Art, is about to become a star. Designed originally for an apartment in a Manhattan tower, the K sofa is available covered in a variety of fabrics through the Pace Collection, in New York and other cities. Prices start at \$5,535 for a two-seater, \$6,420 for a three-seater.

The K is a black-lacquered, curving wooden shell, well-stocked with cushions. Its back wraps around you like a limo; its solidity suggests a favorite banquette at a favorite restaurant. But the K sofa is more: it is a distillation of the best in historical sofadom. To appreciate the K (the name is the initial of

the client for whose apartment the shape was conceived), you need to understand the difference between *couch* and *sofa*.

The former, with its Middle English consonants, upright as a battle-ax, began as a straight-backed bench also known as a *settle* (later *settee*, in an effort to sound more comfortable and Continental). Compare this with the Arabic source, *suffah*, "long bench," a word like a sigh, whose soft vowels are languid as a Delacroix odalisque. *Sofa* came west via France, as did *divan* (from the Turkish).

The French turned the stiff upright bench into the comfortable sofa. They created the modern sofa as container: bourgeois solidity laden with the comforts of the exotic. It was as if a pew had been infiltrated by cushiony *luxe*, and turned, as sofas of the future were to do literally, into a bed. Couch, *coucher*—the

French sofa in the parlor was a double entendre.

The K is a capsule of this history: it is a sofa about sofanness. The shape echoes the French sofas of royalty and Empire, but carries the story forward to the Vienna of Josef Hoffmann, where Herr Dr. Freud was giving new meaning to the couch, and the 1925 Paris of Eileen Gray and Le Corbusier. Its special ancestor is a sofa—part gondola, part touring-car tonneau—by another architect, the deco master Pierre Chareau, who created a *maison verre* long before Philip Johnson built his glass house (Chareau's original deco shell is still available from Palazzetti, the New York retailer of classic modern furniture).

The K sofa's shell emphasizes that the essence of any sofa is the space in the middle. Notice that, like an elevator, a couch fills up from the edges. Only as the crowd grows, the evening proceeding into relaxation, does the center seat get occupied. In every sofa, however dignified, this can also be the danger zone, where acquaintance passes into intimacy. As with French sofas of the days when the Bastille still stood, it can be a locale for liaisons piqued with some danger. Why else do we call the sofa with that empty middle removed a love seat? Fortunately, the K comes in a three- or two-seat version, as your expectations require. **E**

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Man At His Best

Aldous Huxley's futuristic *Brave New World* doesn't shock readers today the way it did when it first came out in 1932. That's because Huxley's chilling vision of the future has, in many ways, come true since then. Nowadays, readers gloss right over passages that horrified an earlier generation—passages about mind-altering drugs, for example, and genetically engineered clones. Today's readers utterly miss the significance of lines like, "he zipped up his trousers," the point of which was not that the man in question had just had casual sex but that afterward he used a strange device to close his fly. Men didn't have zippered trousers when the book was written. They had buttons.

Zipper were still a novelty in 1932, and in Huxley's view they were symbolic of the mechanical and dehumanized future that lay in store for all of us. So in *Brave New World* he created a society in which people slept in "zippy-jamas," children played a game called "hunt the zipper," and men zipped their trousers.

Huxley's dark view of zippers notwithstanding, the zipper is commonly considered one of the most brilliant of all American inventions. A Chicagoan named Whitcomb L. Judson came up with the idea in 1891. He called it a "clasp locker," and it consisted of two chainlike rows of hooks and eyes that were fastened and unfastened with the aid of a sliding guide. The trouble was, it kept falling apart. An improved version, known as the C-Curity Placket Fastener, wasn't much better.

It took a second inventor—Gideon Sundback—to perfect the mechanism. Sundback got rid of the hooks and eyes and created the now-classic design: two rows of tiny metal scoops mounted face-to-face on cloth tapes. The ball of one scoop fit snugly into the socket of the next so that the closed zipper formed a firm but flexible seam of interlocking scoops. In 1913 Sund-



CLASSICS

The Zipper

BY JOHN BERENDT

back and his partners bought out Judson and set up shop as the Hookless Fastener Co. in Meadville, Pennsylvania.

For the first ten years, Hookless sold its wares to makers of corsets, gloves, sleeping bags, money belts, and tobacco pouches. Then in the early 1920s, B. F. Goodrich decided to put Hookless fasteners into rubber boots. When it came time to name the boot, the president of Goodrich, Bertram G. Work, is

reported to have said, "What we need is an action word—something that will dramatize the way the thing zips up. Why not call it the zipper?"

The Zipper Boot was a big success, and the market for zippers began to expand. Still, there were limits, especially where men's trousers were concerned. Custom tailors disdained zippered flies as vulgar, and mass manufacturers claimed they were too expensive—a zipper added a

dollar to the cost of a pair of trousers, buttons cost only two cents. That's where matters stood until 1934, when the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and their second cousin "Dickie" Mountbatten suddenly started wearing zippered flies. It wasn't something they flaunted, obviously, but word got around.

They didn't flaunt it, but word got around; the zippered fly was respectable.

anyhow. The zippered fly was finally respectable.

There were holdouts, of course, and there always will be. Even today, 20 percent of the customers of Henry Poole & Co., the old-line Savile Row tailors, ask for button flies. "It's often the younger men who want the buttons," says manager Angus Cundey. Levi's classic 501 blue jeans still have riveted metal buttons, they wouldn't be 501s if they didn't. And the U.S. Army still puts button flies in combat uniforms. "We're concerned about zipper failure," says an Army spokesman. "You can't fix a zipper in the field, but you can always sew on a button."

As for the name *zipper*, Goodrich registered it as a trademark in 1925. In consequence, Hookless Fastener (now called Talon Inc.) has always referred to its own invention by the rather chaste name of "slide fastener." For a while, Goodrich zealously fought off infringers, to the extent of sending letters of protest to publications that used the word *zipper* without indicating that it was a registered trademark. *Life* magazine received such a letter in 1937. "The Goodrich Company must be aware," *Life* replied, "that its trademark has passed into the English language." There it was. A mere five years after publication of *Brave New World*, the zippered future had arrived. **E**

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See Reader Service Card after page 128

The Queen and I

By Bob Greene

IHAD JUST been escorted to my room on the *Queen Elizabeth 2*, and as we sat in New York Harbor I played a videotape called *Elvis '56*.

When booking passage on the ship, I had been informed that one of the amenities of my stateroom was a color television set with a VCR attached. The QE2 has thirteen decks and can carry almost two thousand passengers and one thousand crew members. As you

can imagine, it takes a while to board that many people and get them to their rooms. I had packed some videotapes for the trip across the Atlantic Ocean and back, and now, as the ship was preparing to depart, I was watching *Elvis '56*, an important historical document. I have only watched that tape two hundred or so times in my life, but I always manage to find something new.

I felt a vague sensation of motion, but I was mesmerized by watching the old kinescope of Presley on Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's *Stage Show*. Elvis was singing "Baby Let's Play House."

There was a knock on the door, and then an older gentleman with a crisp British accent entered.

"Sorry to interrupt you, sir," he said. "My name is David. I'll be your steward on the crossing. I just wanted to tell you that we've left port, and that if you want to go down to Boat Deck, we'll be passing the Statue of Liberty in approximately five minutes."

"Well, I'd like to," I said. "But I'm watching Elvis."

"Oh," he said. He glanced at the television set. "So you are, sir."

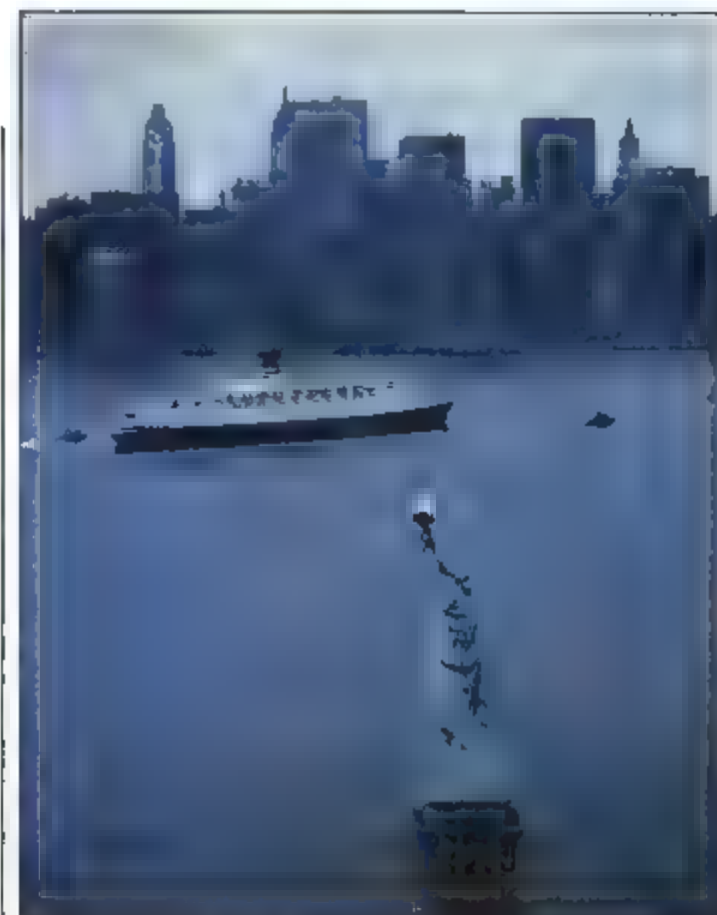
He backed toward the door.

"Very good then, sir," he said.

"You might want to watch this next part," I said.

"Thank you all the same, sir," he said, stepping back into the corridor.

Bob Greene is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. His new book is *Homecoming*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.



A trip across the Atlantic and back can affect one in unexpected ways

THE IDEA HAD BEEN to see what it was like to cross the ocean to England and back again. Cruises, of course, have become immensely popular in recent years. Most cruises, though—the ones you see advertised on TV and offered as prizes on game shows—are "love boat" stuff. Endless sunshine, limbo contests, stops at different Caribbean islands every day. Club Med with stabilizers.

The QE2, I sensed, was something different. There was a time when Atlantic crossings were the faraway dream of the masses. Back then, different ship lines would compete on the New York to England run. Close your eyes and envision a yellowed newspaper photo: Gary Cooper waving from the railing of

the promenade deck.

Now, though, the QE2 is the last ship with regularly scheduled service between the U.S. and England. Five days across, with no land in sight for all that time. Formality and understated dignity. Lectures and orchestra music and ballroom dancing. I had the sense that if I wanted to see this, it probably would be wise to make the trip sooner rather than later.

ON A TUESDAY morning I walked toward the gangplank of the QE2. There was a minor bottleneck. As I got closer, I could see what it was: a ship's photographer was snapping pictures of the happy couples as they prepared to embark. They stood next to a floral arrangement as the photographer cried "Bon voyage!" and clicked the shutter.

I stepped up. "Just you?" the pho-

tographer said.

"Yes," I said.

He shrugged and took a picture.

A porter asked me if I needed help with my luggage.

"This is it," I said.

I was carrying one of those little bags that can fit under an airplane seat.

"Yes, that is your carry-on," the porter said. "But what about your regular luggage?" All around us were bulging suitcases, crates, steamer trunks.

"This is all I have," I said.

"You're going all the way across the ocean and that's all you have with you?"

"Actually, I'm going all the way across and back," I said. "I'm not getting off with the other passengers."

"I've never seen anything like this," the porter said.
 "Is there a laundry on board?" I said.
 "Of course," the porter said.
 "Then I'm fine," I said. "I'll just get my clothes washed every night."

I KEPT WALKING and suddenly I was in an ornate rotunda where violinists were playing. Immaculately uniformed men and women were standing with their hands clasped behind their backs.

"How much longer till we get to the ship?" I said, my bag still in hand.
 One of them looked at me.
 "Sir, you are on the ship," the man said.
 I peered around me. This was like the most elegant hotel lobby I had ever seen.
 "This is the ship?" I said.
 "Yes, sir," the man said. "Welcome aboard the QE2."

WHEN NIGHTFALL CAME, David returned to the room. He checked to make sure that Elvis had disappeared from the TV screen.
 "Sir," he said, "they have informed me in the Queens Grill that you have yet to select your table for the crossing."
 "I don't think I'm going down there," I said.
 "So you won't be having dinner tonight?" David said.

"No, I mean I'm probably not going down there at all," I said.
 "For the whole crossing?" he said.
 "I think I'll just do room service," I said.
 "If I may say so, sir, the Queens Grill is one of the finest restaurants in the entire world," David said.

"You know, I get sort of itchy sitting in fancy restaurants," I said. "That ever happen to you?"

"I shall bring you a menu, sir," he said.
 HERE IS A PARTIAL LIST of what was on the dinner menu in the Queens Grill on one night of our crossing:

Russian Molossol caviar served with chopped onion, egg, and sour cream. Smoked Scottish salmon with horseradish cream. Fresh garlic bread. Spaghetti carbonara with cheese, cream, and bacon. Mock turtle soup with cheese sticks. Chilled vichyssoise. Cold lobster tails served with sauce cardinale. Lobster thermidor. Lime sorbet. Veal medallions served on bell pepper strips with mushrooms and gorgonzola cream, accompanied by peaches stuffed with mashed sweet potatoes. Breast of chicken stuffed with mango, breaded with almond and coconut crumbs. Hazelnut soufflé with strawberry cream. White-chocolate mousse with mango sauce. Italian tiramisu. Banana flambé.

David stood in my room as my pencil-wielding hand hovered over the menu. I was preparing to circle my choices, like a child on the night before he has to get his tonsils taken out.

"Long way from the Toddle House, David," I said.
 "I beg your pardon, sir?" he said.
 "Just a place we used to hang out," I said.

AFTER THREE NIGHTS AT SEA I was invited to a reception in the captain's private quarters. There were thirty or forty people in the room, stewards circulated with trays bearing crystal glasses of champagne.

A woman wearing a fur coat entered the captain's cabin. She said this was her ninety-eighth Atlantic crossing, and the captain said he had been informed of that. She wasn't kidding. She ignored the steward's offer of champagne and said to the captain, "Do you suppose I could have a Harveys Bristol Cream instead?"

"Of course," the captain said.
 It was a pretty obvious power play. Those of us who would only be doing this once in our lives were thrilled to be up here in the captain's quarters being served champagne. The woman in the fur coat wanted the extra mile gone for her. Thus, a steward went in search of a bottle of Har-

veys. Ninety-eight times across the Atlantic, you can drink what you want.

While we waited for the steward to return, I said to the captain, "I have to ask you a stupid question."

"Yes?" he said.
 "Where do the birds sit?" I said.
 For three entire days we had seen nothing but water. I mean nothing—water in front of us, water behind us, water to each side of us. Yet there were all these birds that kept flying past the ship. I just couldn't imagine that they had to keep flying until a ship came by that they could rest upon.

"You must be joking," the woman in the fur coat said.
 "No, I'm not," I said.
 "Actually, they sit on the water," the captain said.
 "Really?" I said.
 "Yes," the captain said. "They can either sit on the water or stand on it. They're built that way."
 "I've been worrying about them," I said.

THAT'S NOT ALL that I had been worrying about. The trip—which I had begun as sort of a lark—had started to affect me in ways I could not have predicted. We all know that water covers two thirds of the earth, but when you really do see nothing but water for five days over and five days back—not a

speck of land—and when you think about the vastness of our world, and our individual smallness in that world, it is humbling and scary and unexpectedly emotional.

Not just that, though—not just the sensation of sailing so far. But the people, the city at sea that forms at one port and then disbands forever at the other end, the quiet civility...no one will say it on the record, but there has to be a question as to how long something like this—the regular transatlantic runs—can last. The Japanese city of Yokohama has chartered the QE2 to sit in port for six weeks in 1989, as a party ship. There is an option for three months in 1990, should the Japanese like the ship.

If people want to get to England these days, they can do it by jet in a matter of hours, sometimes at bargain-basement prices. The QE2, with its black-tie dining and formal orchestras and fully stocked library...I just find myself wondering about the continuing demand for it. A rule of thumb I often use is to ask myself whether my three or four best friends would choose to do a certain thing if given the option. If they had to get to England, would they book passage on the QE2? And if they wanted to take a cruise, would they head for Britain, or opt for one of those sun-drenched floating parties in the Caribbean? I recently read a story about one of those

party cruises. The story said that at the height of the poolside drinking in the afternoon, there are competitions: a "hairy chest" contest and a "best legs" contest. In the first, women are blindfolded and asked to rub their hands over the chests of male passengers, passing judgment by sense of feel. In the second, men are blindfolded and invited to rub women's legs.

I think about that, and I am left with one vivid memory of the QE2, and I don't know why it should stick in my mind. It really wasn't an important part of the Atlantic crossing—no one on the ship's staff even mentioned it when recommending the liner's activities. It was just there.

In an interior corridor on the Quarter Deck, a large table had been set up, and on top of the table were the pieces of an enormous jigsaw puzzle—the biggest jigsaw puzzle I had ever seen. All the way across the ocean and all the way back, people would pause as they passed that table. They would stop and—in the company of men and women they had never met before and would never meet again—they would try to assemble the puzzle. In the minutes just after dawn and in the hours well after midnight, you would see the people trying to fit the jigsaw puzzle together. This gigantic ship, so tiny in the midst of the ocean—and there were the people and the puzzle. □

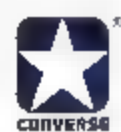


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The Sporting Life

That's Earl, Folks!

By Mike Lupica



IT IS SATURDAY morning. Earl Weaver's life is full of Saturday mornings now. Weaver's house sits by the fourth and seventh fairways of the Country Club of Miami. He has a golf cart of his own. When it is time to play, he gets into the cart and drives to the first tee, where he gets into things with a regular foursome. He schedules his matches as carefully as he once did pitching rotations, using everything except his famous white file cards.

Weaver says he plays golf every day that he's not hung over. He does not have to worry about umpires, or Jim Palmer's feelings, or what the Yankees are doing in Milwaukee. He is like a lot of people in Florida. He is fifty-nine years old and his biggest concern is generally clouds.

On this particular Saturday, the sun is in complete charge. The sky is a ridiculous blue. Weaver is waiting for the rest of his foursome to show up in a place called the Sports Bar. He is sipping a Lite beer. It is 10:30 and he is retired. He can have a cold one before he goes out if he wants one. Weaver has been trying to explain to me that baseball was never the end for him. It was just the means.

He says he was moving toward the first tee and mornings such as this back in 1948, when his career as a bad ballplayer began in West Frankfort, Illinois. It was always a golf course he saw at the end of the rainbow, not a ball park.

"Come on," I say to him, "you were the biggest star of all of them. You have to miss managing."

Weaver lights up a Raleigh. He still smokes Raleighs, he just doesn't have to sneak them in the dugout runway anymore.

"No, no, no," he says. "It's all over for me. Let somebody else explain to them guys now what they did wrong." He barks out a laugh the cigarettes have

Mike Lupica is a contributing editor of Esquire.

He looks behind him and makes a motion to his playing partners that means one minute. There is a little baseball in the morning now, golf can wait. He lights up another Raleigh.

"It wasn't just Wiggins," he says. "I'm talking about the good guys too, guys like Bobby Grich. Now, I squared off with him one time. Toe-to-toe. Face-to-face. When Grich first came up, I was pinch-hitting for him in the late innings. So finally he comes back to the bench one time and he hollers, 'How the hell am I ever gonna learn to hit in the big leagues if you never let me hit?' So I holler back at him, 'How do you expect me to keep my goddamn job if I let .180 hitters go up there?' Which he was hitting at the time, you see. Now, I respected Grich. But I gotta level with you. I got real tired of that shit."

He stands up. He is wearing a white golf shirt with pink trim and red slacks and white shoes. I look at him and think of a Christmas ornament.

"Don't get me started," he says.

I had come to Florida to get Weaver started, of course.

I had not seen him since he walked away from baseball the last time. Not since a failed comeback with the Orioles that ended after the 1986 season and left this big hole. Nobody turns a hat around anymore. Nobody rips up the rule book. Even if they did, they wouldn't be Earl. There are better managers. I think Sparky Anderson is the best, and Tommy

**The only thing missing
in his life now is an umpire to
kick the crap out of**

done something to.

"Some of them guys, they never fucking knew what they did wrong. Alan Wiggins. Remember him? Now there was a beauty. With Wiggins it was always, 'That wasn't my ball.' He played second. That was always after one dropped right behind him. 'That wasn't my ball.' It's not like they were trying, but guys like that could run you out of your goddamn job."

Lasorda, believe me, keeps moving up. Earl Weaver won only one World Series. He was the biggest star anyway. No contest.

On the way to the first tee, I told him about my all-time favorite performance of his. One Saturday night at Yankee Stadium, he went to all four umpires, one by one, to bitch and plead his case about something. He held up the game for fifteen minutes, even after he got tossed. No one in the crowd could hear a word he was saying. It was like watching Pavarotti.

Weaver shakes his head sadly. "Wouldn't you think one of them fuckers would have seen *something*?" he says.

BASEBALL MANAGERS are the character actors of sports.

There used to be people like them in college football. They all died at once. Basketball coaches? Most of them, especially in the NBA, look like people you see the U.S. attorney taking off Wall Street in handcuffs. Pro football has Mike Ditka and several dozen people named Schottenheimer.

Baseball has Whitey and Tommy and Sparky. Before them, it had Casey and the Lip. And Ralph Houk, known as Major, and Billy Martin, known as Billy the Kid. And it had Earl.

These are the ones who narrate the game from offices and dugouts. They spit and curse and tell stories. They are more than character actors, really. Some of them are philosophers, and all of them are outrageous hams.

You listen to them talk in bars late at night. They did not go to Harvard. They learned what they know on buses, the way Earl Weaver did, riding from West Frankfort to St. Joseph to Winston-Salem, Houston and Omaha, Denver and New Orleans, and that was before he started managing in Montgomery. Then came Fitzgerald, Georgia, and Aberdeen, South Dakota, Appleton, Wisconsin, and Elmira and Rochester. And then, finally, Baltimore.

Sparky says he wants to manage until he is seventy. Earl says that he got tired long before that. Now he plays golf three times a week at Bonaventure and the rest of the time at the Country Club of Miami. He is twenty minutes from Bobby Maduro Stadium, where the Orioles play spring training home games. The ball park could be on the moon. He golfs, or he goes to the track.

"Miami's got everything you'd want out of a big city," he says. "Except maybe the culture. It really doesn't have too many fucking museums. But I'm not too interested in museums. I'm more interested in Gailstream, Hialeah, and Calder."

THERE IS A WAIT on the third tee. Weaver gets a beer out of the cooler attached to the back of his cart and talks a little bit about

pitchers. Dave McNally, one of his stars in the '60s and '70s, once said of Weaver, "The only thing Earl knows about pitching is that he could never hit it."

I remind Weaver of the line.

"Look at some of the guys I had pitch for me," Weaver says. "Jimmy Palmer. McNally. Mike Flanagan. Oh, yeah, I been associated with some of the wittiest bastards you ever wanna meet."

Palmer and Weaver were famous for their disagreements about pitching. They debated in the Orioles clubhouse, in the dugout, and on the mound. Palmer was tall, handsome, graceful, and would finish his career with

**"Look at the guys I
had pitch for me. I been
associated with
some of the wittiest bastards
you ever wanna meet."**

268 wins. He also had some diva in him. As an active player, he was high strung and temperamental; only working for ABC has calmed him down.

Weaver was the short-legged bulldog who never did anything as a player. But he wasn't going to take much guff from Palmer or anybody else. Weaver would take Palmer out when he wanted to stay in. He would leave Palmer in when Palmer wanted to come out. It went on for the career. Weaver and Palmer shared in Baltimore and then in an ABC broadcasting booth.

There are plenty of stories. Palmer tells of the time he thought Weaver left him in to take a shellacking. Palmer stared into the dugout, hands on hips, and yelled, "Don't you *know* I don't have anything?" Weaver smiled at him, shook his head, and went to have a Raleigh in the runway.

"That sounds like one of them stories Jimmy likes to tell," Weaver says. "We had our fights, but we also stayed together fifteen years, if you count all the times we went a month or so without speaking."

The group in front of Weaver's is looking for a bail in the rough. Weaver tells about a night against Boston when he let Palmer pitch into the ninth despite the fact that he was tiring. With two out, a Boston player, Weaver can't remember which one, hit a home run to tie the game.

"So now I do something a manager shouldn't do. I say, 'I'm gonna leave Jimmy out there, let him have this out. Maybe we can score in the bottom of the ninth and he can still get a win.' Well, shit, the next guy,

he hits a home run, and we do nothing in the ninth. We lose Jesus Christ, there's another month he don't talk to me. And I was trying to do the s.o.b. a favor."

He gets up and spansks a drive down the middle of the fairway. Weaver does not have an elegant game. His feet are too far apart, his swing too flat, he doesn't hit the ball far enough. He just has a hell of a time. He makes a lot of noise and goes around with a 7-handicap.

On the way to the green, Weaver sighs. The sound is all about standing in all those dugouts all those years, and knowing that ultimately, it isn't about you, it's about the guy with the ball making the pitch or the guy with the bat putting the ball in play.

"I believe there's a genius required to managing," Weaver says. "It takes a certain genius to select the right club, and it sure takes a genius to manage that clubhouse. But it comes back to what kind of players you have. You need help from your veterans. Now, early on I had Brooks

Robinson and Frank Robinson, which wasn't so bad. Brooks was the kind of guy who inspired people just by putting on his uniform. Frank was more vocal. He told people how they were supposed to act. You gotta have people like that. It all comes back to them. Tommy Lasorda had a hell of a season last time. And you know what? It don't mean shit if they don't sign that schmuck in the off-season."

"Kirk Gibson?"

"Yup."

"You don't like Gibson?"

"Doesn't matter. What I'm saying is, it comes down to your players in the end. They either get your ass fired, or make you a hero."

EARL WAS MAGNIFICENT with umpires. Billy was famous for kicking dirt, but he wasn't creative enough to go anywhere with it. Lasorda will throw some neat tantrums, but they are only memorable because Tommy is so fat that he looks like a turnip yelling at the umpire.

Earl was the best of his time. When he came out of the dugout mad, it was as if he were a whole marching band. No one could tell how much of it was an act and how much was for real, but you could never fault him for effort. He says he will be remembered best for ripping up that rule book in Cleveland in front of umpire Larry Barnett.

"I don't remember what year it was," Weaver says. "But Barnett made a wrong call. It had to do with that call in the '75

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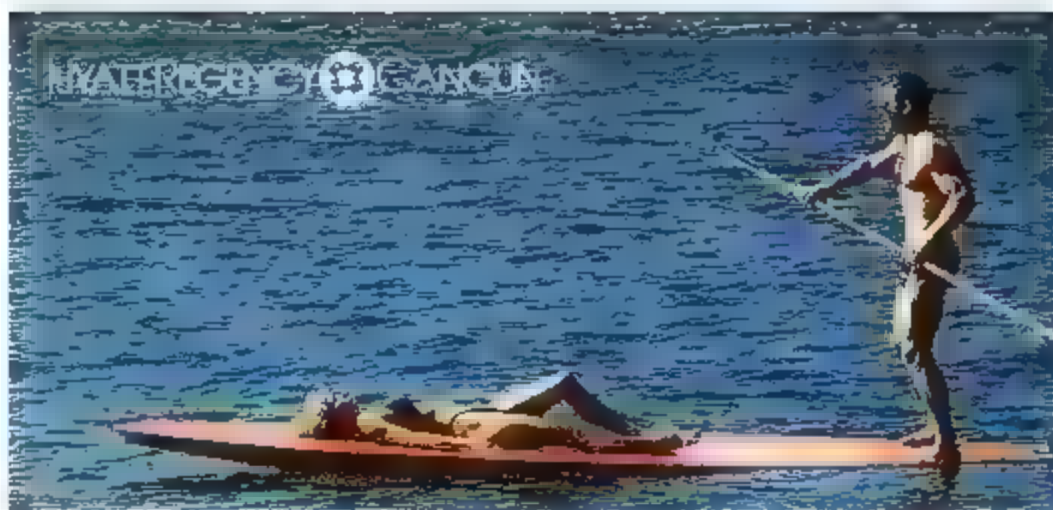
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Series when Carlton Fisk had that guy from Cincinnati, Ed Armbrister, get in his way. They changed the rule, but Barnett fucked it up in Cieve and anyway. So, of course, I go out there and get into it with Barnett. I say to him, 'Since you don't know the rules, I better go get the rule book.' And Barnett says, 'Don't you bring out that rule book, Earl, I mean it.' I say, 'I think I better go get it.' He says, 'You bring that rule book out, Earl, you're gone.'

"So of course I go get the rule book. Bang, he tosses me. Now I'm mad. I say to him, 'Well now, if you're not going to read the rules, what's the point in having a god-damn book?' So I rip it up in front of his face. Shit, I was gone anyway. I don't know if he laughed at me or not. They used to laugh at me a lot, the bastards."

HE QUIT THE FIRST TIME in 1982. The Orioles made a great run at Milwaukee during the last week of the season. They went in four games behind the Brewers and won three in a row. Then they lost on the last Sunday and Earl said goodbye.

He went to Florida. For good, he thought. He worked on television, "saying inane things and getting pretty good money for it." But he had promised the late Edward Bennett Williams that he would come back if needed. The Orioles owner called during the 1985 season, thinking Weaver could dust his team with some of the old magic, but the Orioles finished 53-52. Then came a 73-89 record in 1986. The fire had gone out in the little man. He went south for good.

Now he has all these Saturdays, a life full of them, and sun, and golf, and horses. On this day, he ends up even par on the front and wins more bets than he loses. He carries on a running commentary from tees and greens, working over his companions the way he used to work over the other team. He looks as happy away from dugouts as Sparky Anderson and Lasorda look in them.

As we walk off the ninth green, I ask Weaver if he ever gets to thinking about the Hall of Fame.

"Yes," he says.

"I don't even know how managers get in," I say.

"Neither do I," Weaver says. "But if you find out, could you give me a call? People ask me that question all the time. Like they ask me when I'm going back to manage."

He grins. "That's really what you came down to ask me, wasn't it?"

It was what I had come down to ask Earl Weaver. It took him only nine holes and two beers to give me the answer. The little man always had his own idea about the end of the rainbow. ■

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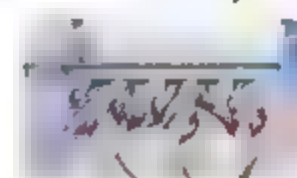
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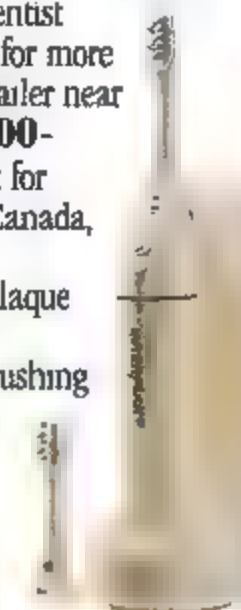
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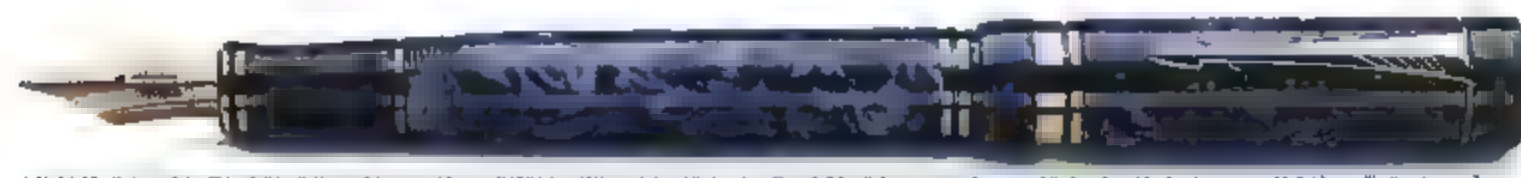


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PARKER

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Smart Money

A - PROFESSIONAL'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL MATTERS

This month I've chosen to share this tragic letter from a distant acquaintance. His name doesn't matter, but I can assure you that all of it is true —DRK

The monkey hangs heavy from my back now, old friend. It whispers in my ear all day and crowds out my dreams at night. I write you at the end of trading on the fifth of the month—some nine days before my options expire—in the fourth year of my addiction. Yes, I admit it. I am an addict.

I purchased these particular index options as I usually do, in the middle of the previous month, with around twenty-five trading days left. Each contract cost me about five hundred bucks. I cannot even remember what inspired me, for I am drawn to the Street now like a druid to a full moon. I do know that today the price of those same contracts, those sirens of the pits, has fallen to \$150 each. Rather than despair, I am elated. All of us index-option junkies have seen \$150 options contracts turn into \$800 beauties in a two-day run.

And to think that at first I scoffed at the invention of futures and options tied to changes in the level of stock indexes like the Dow Jones and the Standard & Poor's 100 (known on the Street by its ticker symbol OEX). Index options and futures were mere abstractions that could never be "delivered" like a boxcar full of corn. At least the player of a single commodity or stock can back up a hunch with fundamental research, but nobody can know where the entire market is headed. I'd already experimented with the soft stuff back then: notably, the equity option—a simple leveraged wager that IBM or Kodak will move the way you think it will over a specified period of time. But by 1985 it seemed that everyone else



THE INVESTOR

Confessions of an Options Eater

BY DONALD R. KATZ

was onto playing something bigger. Every time I picked up a paper or a phone, somebody was grinning at me. "Try an OEX," they'd say. "It's the only pure play in town."

I would hedge at first—playing only with income derived from government bonds, using straddles and spreads—but then I would get this feeling in my chest. It was as if I knew where the market was going, and I could do nothing but take the

ride. The feeling...oh, how to describe the craving...well, you know that moment when your horse has been trotting, dangling you about like a rag doll, and then it breaks into a perfectly metered canter. Suddenly you feel in sync with all of nature, suddenly you are in complete control of something hundreds of times stronger and bigger than you. The wind is in your hair, the world whirls by, and you will ride forever.

And we are legion now, we OEX addicts. Sometimes 250,000 OEX options are traded in a single day.

I mean, do you know what ten OEX put-options bought the week before the October '87 crash were worth the following week? Let's talk for a minute about a \$7,500 investment turn-

I felt it in my chest—it was as if I knew where the market was going.

ing into more than \$100,000 in a single day! And the thing is, I knew the market was going down then. I told everybody it was going down the damn rathole, but my jones was playing with me that week!

Damn junkie luck. It could have been me!

...Now it's the thirteenth of the month, old friend, and I'm fighting an urge. The price dies on the sixteenth, and the price is down to \$87 per contract. The options are talking to me, taunting me. They know that if I buy three more contracts for every one I hold, the S&P 100 index will have to rise only a point or so for me to be even. The OEX usually moves about a point for each seven or so points on the Dow. I realize you know the game, of course, but all the books say you have to start by offering up all the gory details.

First your monkey whispers, then you call up the man. You choose from an array of strike prices, set at five-point intervals. Say the S&P 100 index is at 270, and the voice tells you it's headin' up. You can buy OEX "call" contracts (the price of "puts" goes up as the market falls, down as it rises) at 260, 265, 270, et cetera. The 270 con-

tract is "at the money," and if the OEX is still at 270 on the day the option expires—or below—you get nothing back in settlement. If it's at 272, though, the contract is settled in cash at 2, or \$200. The bet is on where the index will end up, and during every minute of trading until then, the contract price will change.

Choose an "in the money" strike price (below the current index) or an expiration date two months off and the contract is more expensive because there's more time for large moves. With

One time my broker even said, "Aren't we getting greedy?" "No!" I cried.

nine days until expiration, on the other hand, you can pick up options ten points "out of the money" for \$35 each. Out of the money is where the true cowboys roam. The closer the expiration date, the more the play's like pure speed, because the "wasting-asset factor"—the factor of time—is no longer of import. It's just you and the price now. The market can easily move four OEX points in an afternoon. So who cares that the contracts cost you \$400 apiece; you just need to buy more, just this time.

Once you're hooked, an amorality tends to creep in where there once were ideals. It bends your ethical boundaries, this thing, like a highway guardrail catching a piggyback semi at seventy-five. What you live for is volatility, markets that fly, so what you crave is enough radical destabilization of the economic and political order to make your index move. The unemployment rate among nonfarm payroll workers was up only 100,000 the other day, and I found myself cursing the fact that twice that number hadn't lost their jobs for the sake of my contracts.

And I'm so tired of it all. Tired of taking the cordless phone into the closet; tired of coming home at lunch to take the confirmation slips out of the mailbox.

My own broker calls every so often out of concern. "Hi," she'll say casually, "thought you'd want to know the OEX is up two points. I knew you'd want to know because of all those options. Want me to unload 'em?"

"Thanks, Claudia," the monkey says. "I'll let 'em ride."

One time she even said, "Aren't we getting greedy?"

"No!" I cried out (after I'd hung up). "We are not getting greedy. We are getting very ill. We are hooked. We are nearing the bottom of the barrel!"

"Thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh just, subtle, and mighty opium!"

Every month the rationalizations become more grandiose. J. M. Keynes himself was drawn deeply into the arbitrage plays of his time, I reason. But Keynes, who scorned speculation as but a bubble upon free enterprise and who once had to be bailed out of some bad German mark positions, still ended up making a fortune at his games. I lost three times for every four times I played during 1988, but I realized my losses without regret, for they were always more than overcome by potential profits.

It's the last good Friday now, and all is almost lost. I didn't double up on my positions, deciding to wait instead for this morning, the morning of the "witching hour," when a complex set of market forces inspired by fellow addicts pretending to insure portfolios via indexing and computer trading occasionally comes together to cause the prices to reel madly. My strike price is 265 and the market opened at 262. Rather than considering my loss of \$463 on each \$500 investment and the fact that in a few hours, if the OEX doesn't rise over 265, all will be lost, the monkey speaks of the chance to buy new contracts at \$35 apiece, and of the many times that the OEX has notched four points in an hour. I hear the phone, though it's off the hook. I see the prices, though I've turned off the screen.

And you want to know the worst? I honestly believe you can't win at this. I've read of studies that prove that even if you can predict eight or ten market moves, the OEX will get you. When the market falls, the contracts fall in lockstep, but when the market flies, they drag. Still, I've played on.

...Now it's a few minutes from the closing bell, and the screen's back on. I see my darlings dying.

The market has done nothing. Soon the screen mirrors nothing but my haggard visage, nothing but the image of a victim of a venal time. Warn your readers, old friend. Tell them my sad tale. **E**

FINANCIAL HOTLINE



Burger and a RELP to Go

Stripped of its tax advantage, real estate looks to be an ugly investment these days, but there is at least one way to dress it up. In a "triple-net" lease deal, you buy into a real estate limited partnership, which buys commercial properties in order to lease them to fast-food and retail franchises. The lessee avoids the mortgage burden but pays the insurance, upkeep, and property tax (the triple net) as well as the rent, which is divided up among the partners. When the lease runs out, the property is sold and the partners get their principal plus any capital appreciation. Partnerships are offered by companies like W.P. Carey & Company of New York and Realty Income Corporation of Escondido, California. Check out any of them in *The Stranger Register* (1129 Broad Street, Shrewsbury, New Jersey 07702), which tracks the industry. In the past five years, triple-net partnerships have figured prominently in the *Register's* list of top income producers.

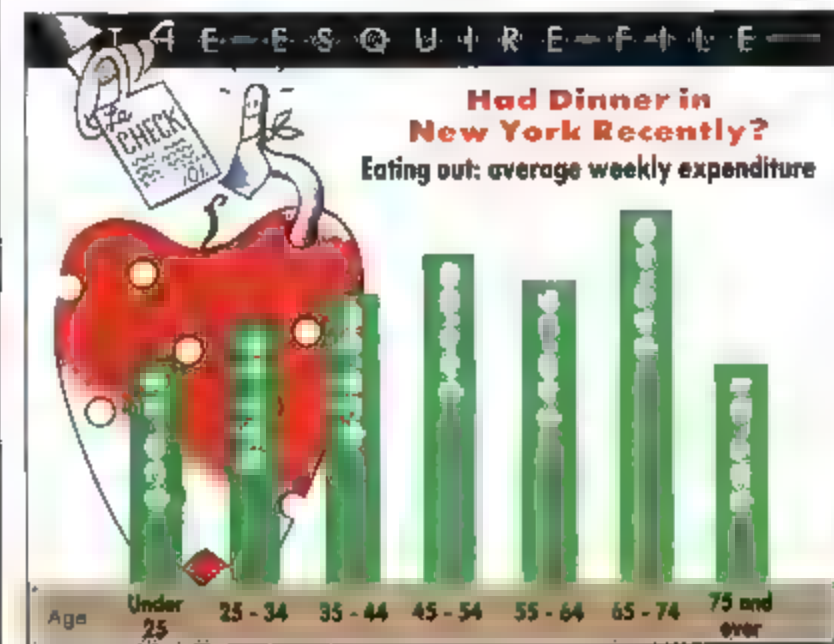
How can you have breakfast with a friend for less than \$3?

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- Dine and dash.
- With an AT&T Long Distance call.



AT&T gives you breakfast prices that are easy to swallow 20 minutes from Seattle to Miami on weekends for less than \$3* Questions about prices? Call anytime, 1 800 225 7466, Ext. 1011.

*Dialled direct out-of-state, use nights and weekends, excluding Alaska and Hawaii. Add applicable taxes and surcharges.





THE BUSINESS TRAVELER

So It's Come to This

BY GLENN EICHLER

When do you feel most embarrassed at having been part of the 1960s? When politicians your age compare themselves with Jack Kennedy? When ad-mongers your age use Beatles music to sell cars? When TV producers your age finance their beach houses by editing your childhood into fifty-four-minute chunks of folk legend? How about when executives your age report that nothing makes them feel like the guys in *Easy Rider* so much as putting on a suit, calling a cab, and heading off to the airport for a no-holds-barred, all-stops-out, mind-blowing business trip?

For months now Hyatt has funded a huge research and marketing project, studying travelers' likes and dislikes with an eye to improving the travel experience (and its own market share,

of course). The median age of the travelers was forty-one, and one of the more disconcerting conclusions drawn was that despite the physical and psychological stress caused by business travel, most of them, in their heart of hearts, find it thrilling. And do you know why? Because it reminds them of the 1960s.

Steve Barnett, the psychologist who headed the study, says that baby boomers get a rush from travel because they're in the "householder" phase of life. "They've got jobs, families, mortgages; in other words, they're leading exactly the kind of mundane life they eschewed back in college—except when they travel." Then, the business traveler has much more autonomy than he has at the office. He's not just going out to sell something, he's going out to make decisions, think on his feet, bring

home the bacon. It's a heady, free, 1960s kind of feeling. Or at least close. "It's not exactly *On the Road*," Barnett admits. "But maybe you could call it *The Dharma Middle Management*."

Well, it's a theory, anyway. Moving on to more practical matters, the study did identify three major causes of traveler's stress— anonymity, uncertainty, and downtime—and said that there's virtually nothing to be done about the first. The most successful travelers just live with the realization that no matter how big a shot you may be at the office, you've got no more sway than anyone else on the road (call it the Sherman McCoy factor). Some mitigate anonymity somewhat by using hotel concierge floors and joining airline clubs.

Uncertainty is easier to deal with, travelers face the unpredictable by creating the illusion of control. Virtually every respondent said he or she had devised certain routines, be it watering the plants as the last thing before leaving or opening the mail as the first thing upon returning.

Downtime is easiest of all to manage, and the travelers who plan for it are the happiest. They take little electronic worlds with them—computer chess sets, CD players. Or they bring paper work to make the time useful. Barnett predicts that in the next decade, airlines and hotels will institutionalize creative downtime. Airlines have already begun, with onboard phones and experimental "seatback" entertainment centers. Barnett foresees a time when hotels offer in-room VCR courses, handing you a new videotaped lesson each time you check in.

Barnett emphasizes that the happy traveler doesn't require an absence of stress to enjoy the experience; as he puts it, "You can experience stress and have fun at the same time—you just have to decouple the two." *Decouple*. I like that word. I don't know what it means, but it sounds like something people might have done in the 1960s. ■

TRAVEL HOTLINE

Damage Control

The era of the collision-damage waiver (CDW) may have come to a crashing halt (sorry) with American Express's announcement that holders of its "green card" will now receive CDW coverage when they use that card to rent a car. Observers in the rental business think that Visa and MasterCard will have no choice but to match the move, virtually ending the sale of CDWs—but don't celebrate yet. Hertz has already announced that it is compensating for the lost Amexco revenue by raising the rates it charges for noncontract rentals by as much as 5 percent, and says that it may raise them again if Visa and MasterCard go along.

Them Bonus, Them Bonus...

USAir and Piedmont have revised their frequent-flyer programs to cushion the impact of their merger on passengers. Qualified customers have until November 6 to choose awards from either carrier's previous offerings; after that date, new rules apply to all awards. Meanwhile, Midway Airlines announced that any member of its FlyersFirst program who accrues at least three more (round-trip) flight credits this year than he did in 1988 will earn double his total of 1989 credits for use in 1990. Got that?

Which cigarette tastes as good as these but has up to 50% less tar?



Subtle hint:

Enriched Flavor,[™] low tar. A solution with Merit.



Also available in Menthol.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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Regular and Menthol Kings. 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

INSURANCE

More Likely Than Death

The figures are startling, which in this context means startlingly bad. A thirty-five-year-old has a 45-percent chance of being disabled for ninety days or more before reaching the age of sixty-five. Even the trouble-free fifty-five-year-old runs a 26-percent chance. The odds of dying young pale by comparison, so if we all thought like actuaries, we would buy disability before we bought life.

Traditionally, though, people have thought that employers picked up disability (to the extent that people have thought about it at all). And in fact, about two thirds of this country's companies do offer some form of "salary continuation" in case of incapacity, but many such policies don't come into effect until you have been employed for two years, and others have benefit limits that may be well below what you need to cover the mortgage. Worse still, small-company employees and the self-employed

often have no disability coverage at all. No matter who you work for, it's worth taking a close look at your policy.

Among the leading providers—Provident Life, Monarch, Northwestern Mutual, New York Life, and UNUM—disability coverage hasn't changed that much in the past few years, with one notable exception: UNUM, the industry leader in group coverage, is pushing its Voluntary Long-term Disability policy, a group plan that the individual pays for entirely himself. That, on the face of it, wouldn't seem like much of an advance, except that the plan is being offered to companies that don't provide any disability. Given that even the richest corporations are being squeezed by rising health costs, it's unlikely that they ever will. But if UNUM can sign up 25 percent of the company's eligible work force, the enrolling employee at least gets the benefit of a rate close to the preferred group rate. If the employ-

ee leaves the company, he gets to keep the coverage for a year, in effect a grace period to find a new group plan to join.

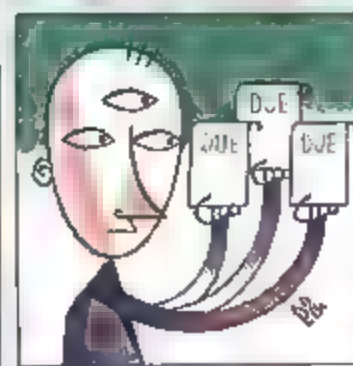
Virtually no company's disability benefit is going to replace a very high salary at the recommended 60- to 70-percent level, so professionals and executives would do well to consider supplementing their coverage with an individual plan. For the person who works for himself or for a company without disability benefits, it's individual coverage or nothing. Owning the right individual policy means never being in the shoes of the executive who has to pass up a desirable job with another company because that company doesn't have group disability and the executive can't meet the medical underwriting standards for a new individual policy.

Such a policy should be "non-cancelable" and "guaranteed renewable," meaning that the insurer can't cancel the policy or raise the premiums even if you change jobs or your health deteriorates. Also, beware of policies that define disability in terms of "any occ" rather than "own occ"—that is, unless you're a brain surgeon who doesn't mind the prospect of being denied benefits because you're still qualified to sell hats.

As usual with insurance, the mix of options can greatly affect the price of coverage. A policy that kicks in after only thirty days could run as much as \$400 more a year than one that begins paying out after three months. Similarly, if you want payments to continue until death rather than age sixty-five—when social security and retirement benefits begin—have your checkbook ready.

With New York Life, a thirty-five-year-old professional with an income of \$100,000 would pay \$1,783.50 a year to ensure a tax-free \$60,000 a year in benefits (paid, after an initial ninety-day waiting period, to age sixty-five). In insurance terms, that's the cost of not having a boss—or of having a cheap one. **E**

FINANCIAL HOTLINE

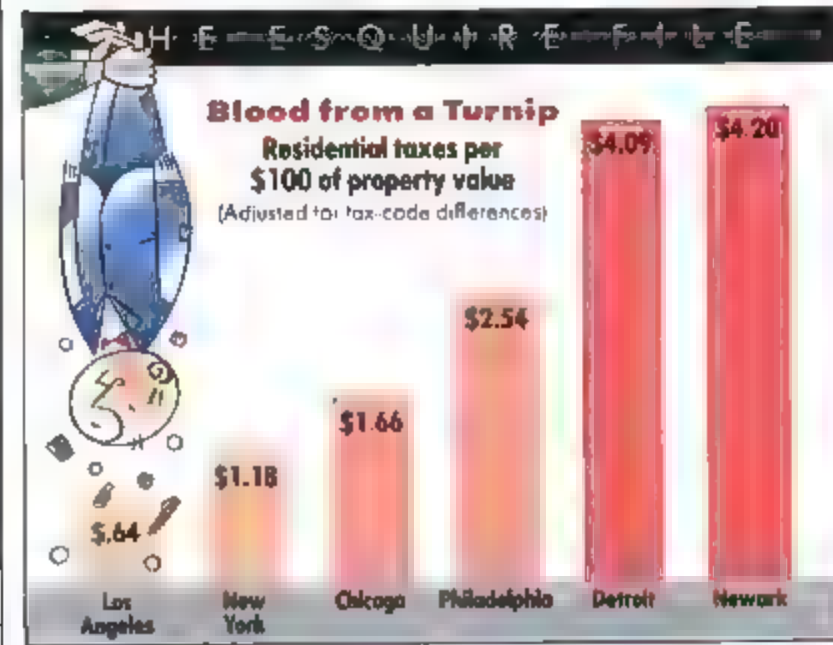


Citizen Shopper

If you vote with your feet, why not with your shopping cart? The Council on Economic Priorities has published *Shopping for a Better World*, which rates 1,300 brand-name products according to the social consciences of the companies that make them. Good citizens will wash with Ivory (to support childcare at Procter & Gamble); bad citizens will reach for Alka-Seltzer (maker Bayer fails on animal testing). For a copy of the \$4.95 book, call 800-U-CAN-HELP or peruse your local B. Dalton.

Student Loaner

First American Bank of Washington, D.C., has devised a new student-loan plan funded by the Student Loan Marketing Association (Sallie Mae to her friends). FamilyEd Financing is for families that don't qualify for or that have exhausted state and federal programs. Repayment terms are generally more liberal and interest rates (based on ninety-one-day T-bills) lower than on a conventional unsecured bank loan. Call 800-831-LOAN.



The Most Comfortable Boat Shoe On Earth.

BY GARY STAMEISEN



Gary Stameisen is a two-time national land yacht sailing champion, and is currently preparing an assault on the land yacht world speed record. Land yachts have exceeded speeds of over 100 mph.

"They call that sailing? Let me tell you something I've seen armadillos move faster than some of those glorified bathtubs they call sailboats. I mean, I know that three-quarters of the earth's surface is covered with water, but come on, guys. Some of us do spend a little time out here on the other quarter, you know."

"You can imagine my delight then, when I picked up a pair of these Navigator boat shoes back in town the other day."

"Okay, okay. I'll be honest. If I sailed on water, I'd still really love these shoes. They've got all kinds of good stuff. Water repellent leather. Salt-resistant eyelets. Water escape

channels on the bottoms.

"But I'll tell you where these babies really leave all those other boat shoes in the dust—the way they feel on dry land."

"I'm here to tell you, these shoes are every bit as comfortable cruising around the desert as they are cruising around the Pacific or whatever."

"For one thing, they've got something called a 'luxury liner'—cute, huh?—that gives the shoe extra cushioning and flexibility. Not to mention handsewn construction and a cushioned leather footbed."

"All of which leads me to wonder: If Dexter could come up with a shoe that feels as good on land as it does on water, how come everybody else missed the boat?"

"I just finished reading the latest issue of one of those sailing magazines and, once again, I'm really steamed."

"I mean, to read some of these boat shoe ads, you might think the only place people sail is Santa Monica Bay or the Gulf of Mexico or Lake Michigan or something."

shoes. They've got all kinds of good stuff. Water repellent leather. Salt-resistant eyelets. Water escape



THE NAVIGATOR
In a variety of colors and soft, natural leathers. Available at Nordstrom's, CA, OR, WA, AK, Wash. DC, Hoftstetter's, VA, NC, Regal and Castleby Shoe Shops and other fine stores nationwide.

Dexter MADE IN USA

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In the waning years of this violent, corrupt, and successful decade of American business, at least one thing stands clear: ethically, we stink. On the other hand, I've got to believe there are many, both in and out of prison, who feel that moral relativism presages the end of civilization as we know it. With Drexel denuded, Boeskyism in disrepute, and a crew of honest mediocrities replacing the sleazoids who headed up the deconstruction of government during the last administration, now may be the time to stiffen our rectitude and evaluate where we as individuals stand. If not now, when? If not us, who?

Here, then, a test for those who wish to ascertain where on the ethical scale they lie.

Section One: Rank in terms of ethical atrocity (40 points):

- (a) Fornication with subordinates who would rather not.
- (b) Calling in sick when you're simply sick and tired.
- (c) Crossing a picket line made up of people whose labors contribute the better part of your bonus, and then laughing about it with your management buddies.
- (d) Withholding key information from a hated office rival to make sure he screws up.
- (e) Using the company MCI calling card to phone your girlfriend in Borneo for an hour or so.
- (f) Trading on inside information so that the company involved becomes so weakened that it falls prey to Kohlberg, Kravis & Roberts, and is destroyed.
- (g) Ripping off your mattress tag.
- (h) Cheating on your expense report occasionally, especially since you're underpaid.

Section Two: Measure, on a scale of one to five, how much these things disgust you (35 points):

1. T. Boone Pickens talking about stockholders' rights.
2. Inside traders preaching democratization of capital.
3. Greedy dealmeisters buying a company with its own debt.
4. People who own the corpora-



THE STRATEGIST

The Bing Ethics Test

BY STANLEY BING

tion discussing the issue of "Who owns the corporation?"

5. People who made a fortune using the tactics of Michael Milken now expressing revulsion at those tactics.

6. People who made a fortune using the tactics of Michael Milken now defending those tactics.

7. Editorials in *The New York Times* defending airline deregulation, and most particularly, Frank Lorenzo.

8. Underpaid employees who occasionally cheat on their expense reports.

Section Three: Multiple choice (15 points):

1. One morning your telephone rings, and lo and behold it's a headhunter interested in searching you executive. After an extensive chat, he announces that your prospective new home is notorious for assisting in the

overthrow of a wide range of democratically elected governments around the world. You:

- (a) Hang up, after expressing appropriate disgust.
- (b) Observe that you'd be interested in the right position as long as you don't have to take a personal role in any junta.
- (c) Have a good laugh with the headhunter about it, and mention that you used to inform on campus protesters when you were a member of the Young Americans for Freedom.

2. The chairman tells you that the entire Legume Solid Fuel Conversion Group is to be sold to a consortium that intends to fire every single decent person involved. You have a lot of friends in that division, but you're instructed to "tell no one until it comes down." You

- (a) Tell no one.
- (b) Tell no one but indicate to

one close associate that it might not be smart to buy that new Maserati, due to "changing market conditions."

(c) Tell no one but a couple of security analysts who appreciate that kind of information and know what to do with it.

3. You are invited out to lunch by an old friend from college. Thinking that he's paying—since he invited you—you order the fillet mignon and a muscle bound Bordeaux. When the check comes, your pal looks at it as an article of intense archaeological interest but does not touch it. Naturally you pick it up. When it comes time to submit your expense report, you:

(a) Eat the cost since it's not business related.

(b) Think about your 3-percent cost-of-living increase and put it through, attributing the cost to "Les Minster, industry analyst."

(c) Put it through, as always, along with every other credit-card slip of the week, including one for Pampers bought at the corner Pathmark.

Section Four: Essay question (10 points):

Explain, in 150 words or less, what is wrong with this statement: "The exercise of the unregulated free market functions to the benefit of all who live in our economic system."

Send all entries to me, care of Esquire. I promise not to publish your answers as my own, unless I like them a lot and might have thought of them anyway.

Answers:

Section One: a, f, c, d, e, b, g, h; five points off for every error.

Section Two: The perfect score is 35, since number 8 should not disgust you at all. Take off 1 point for every point above or below the perfect number.

Section Three: Give yourself 5 points for every (a) answer, 3 for every (b), 0 for (c).

Totals: 0-50 points, you're a scumbag and should do very well, 50-80, you're normal, for what it's worth, 80 plus, congratulations, Mother Teresa. ☛

Renters. Insure your boxer shorts against windstorm, falling objects, explosion, lightning, fire, theft, vandalism, riot, or hail.



Renter's insurance covers stuff in your apartment you probably didn't know could be covered.

Things like sweaters, shirts, socks, ties, coats, and suits. Those little things can add up

to a lot if you must replace them.

Of course, your big things like computers, sound systems, and jewelry are protected, too.

What's more, if someone trips on your rug or slips on your

floor, you're covered for liability.

And, maybe most important, whenever you have to make a claim, you receive quick and courteous service.

So don't wait any longer.

After all, a renter needs protection from life's mishaps, too.

Allstate
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It's not easy finding
a road that's up to the Beretta Gil

With large 1.2" diameter front and 0.8" rear stabilizers. 3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty.

Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty.

THE
Heartbeat
OF AMERICA
TODAY'S CHEVROLET

This driving enthusiast's performance coupe loves to straighten out any pretzel or hairpin the road can throw at it. That's why Chevrolet Beretta SS drivers go all out to find a road to unwind. And wind up having so much fun.





Man Power

PORTRAITS OF IDEAS IN PROGRESS

EDWARD VILLELLA

ARTIST/DIRECTOR

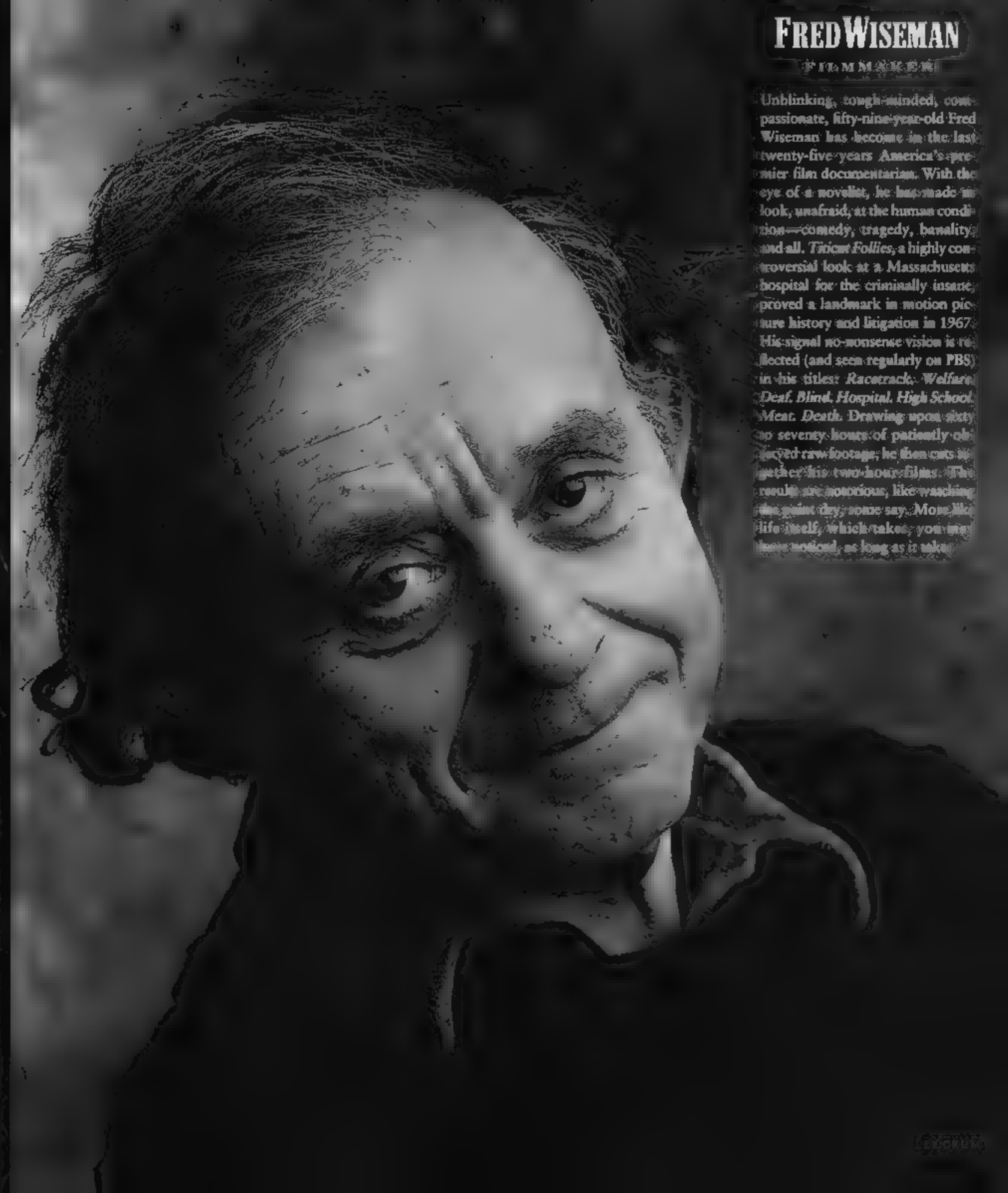
Edward Villella could never wait for the curtain to go up. Neither could his audience. The most exciting American-born ballet dancer in history, he introduced a generation of us to the power, passion, and instant beauty of classical ballet. But in 1976 Villella walked away from New York City Ballet's stage—draped away, really, because after nineteen years of breathtaking leaps, he was as beat up as an NFL running back. "It was extremely difficult for me to leave," he says. "The adjustment was very, very severe." And slow. He finally completed it, after a couple of false starts, as the founding artistic director (since 1985) of the Miami City Ballet, the unlikely flagship of a startling cultural explosion in Miami. "As artistic director, you become the giver, the passer-on of knowledge the way George Balanchine was to me," Villella says. "I can also go back and revisit old friends, the roles I used to dance. That's a good feeling. Very good."



ORRIN PILKEY

MARINE GEOLOGIST

It boils down to this: the ocean is going to do whatever it damn well pleases. It's a natural fact, says Duke University marine geologist Orrin Pilkey, so we might as well get on with the critical business of saving beaches, not property, along our nation's seashore. He's already convinced North Carolina and Maine to pass laws prohibiting the erection of seawalls of any kind; Texas and Florida may soon follow. He predicts that by pumping sand from the continental shelf we could virtually replenish every developed mile of North Carolina coast for the price of a single B-1 bomber—a regular bargain, judging from all the wet beach towels. That wasn't just one wave, by the way: sea levels are suddenly on the rise.



FRED WISEMAN

FILM MAKER

Unblinking, tough-minded, compassionate, fifty-nine-year-old Fred Wiseman has become in the last twenty-five years America's premier film documentarian. With the eye of a novelist, he has made us look, unafraid, at the human condition—comedy, tragedy, banality, and all. *Twice Told Tales*, a highly controversial look at a Massachusetts hospital for the criminally insane, proved a landmark in motion picture history and litigation in 1967. His signal no-nonsense vision is reflected (and seen regularly on PBS) in his titles: *Racetrack*, *Welfare*, *Deaf, Blind*, *Hospital*, *High School*, *Meat*, *Death*. Drawing upon sixty to seventy hours of patiently observed raw footage, he then cuts together his two-hour films. The results are notorious, like watching life itself, which takes you into the unnoticed, as long as it takes.



You're late.
 I know.
Again.
 I know.
It starts at seven.
 I know.
Keys?
 Uh, no.
Tacchini's?
 Yeah.



FIND ANOTHER PAIR AT
 SELECT FOOTWEAR STORES.

 **Sergio Tacchini**

See Reader Service Card after page 188
 In selected markets, see Dealer Directory after page 144

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Beverly Hills

FOR MEN

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The Nineties

When \$2 Million Isn't Enough

By Phillip Moffitt

WE WERE SITTING in the living room in my house in California, looking out at the Bay and Sausalito and the Golden Gate Bridge. The first rainstorm of the season was in full fury outside the big windows. My visitor was pacing, staring at the huge eucalyptus trees swaying in the wind. He was not someone I knew very well personally, but his professional reputation for innovation and fairness were well known in his industry.

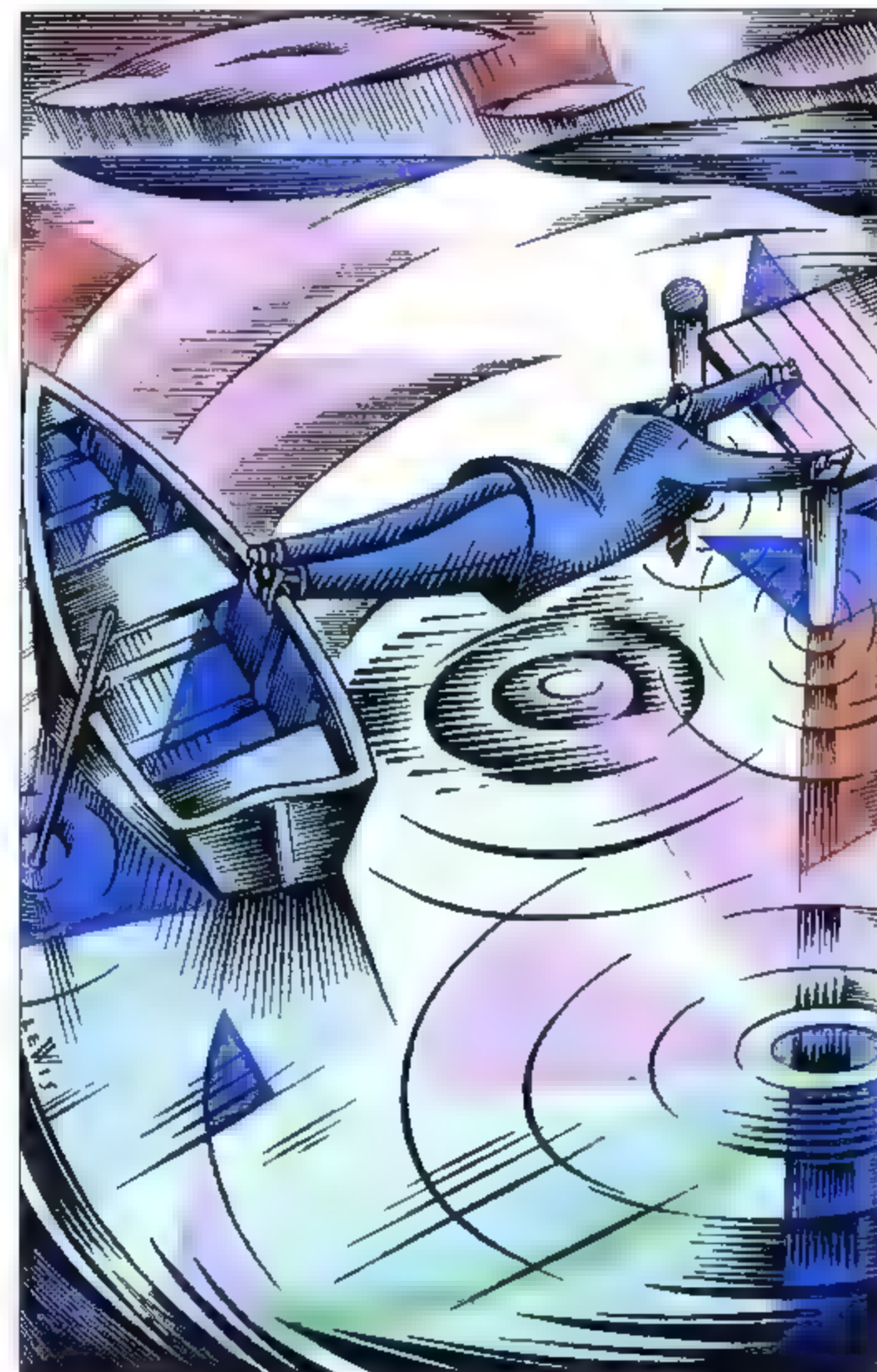
"A storm can be really beautiful when you are on the water," he said as he finally sat back down on the couch with his papers in front of him. He is in his late forties, of the corporate world, and struggling with the idea of starting

Making it these days is one thing; having it made is something else

his own business. He found himself with this possibility because the company for which he worked had been bought and merged into another corporation. Ostensibly we were meeting so I could help him plan his new venture, but in truth he was still caught in his own storm.

He picked up a yellow pad, put it back down, and muttered almost to himself: "You know, two million dollars just isn't enough. I mean, I know how crazy that sounds. When I started out, the idea of just owning my own home was my biggest dream. Now this deal happens and I get a couple million bucks, which is more money than I can really conceive of having, and yet it

Phillip Moffitt's piece is the first in a series that will run from time to time on business, political, and social issues





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doesn't mean anything—it's just not enough to change things for me."

He sat fidgeting. Obviously the money mattered, but now he had a new problem—one of self definition and self-motivation. He had clearly lost the sense of what his work-life was about. He tried to say it again. "I mean, put it in the bank and try to live and what have you got after taxes and inflation? Maybe one and a half percent to live on? What's that, \$30,000 a year?"

I told him that, given his business experience, he probably could make it about 3 percent after taxes and inflation. Still, he was essentially correct, and the paradox was evident. By any demographic comparison, he was rich, and yet, given everything he wanted, he was too "poor" to stop working. In his mind, being a millionaire had always meant being through with money worries. Yet here he was with a couple of mil free and clear, and his life situation hadn't really changed. He just could not compute it.

He went on to say that what he needed was about \$150,000 a year—at least while he had kids in school and probably \$100,000 a year after that. "And not to live like a rich man, just like a regularly successful executive," he exclaimed, shaking his head in wonder.

I laughed and told him that this simply meant that he was still a working stiff, but one with a big chunk of security. Then I said, "Look, you don't exactly qualify as a hard-luck case. There are thousands of professional men and women who would understand what you're saying, but the average American would have a pretty tough time feeling anything but anger and indignation. After all, what you want is a very special degree of economic freedom, one that allows you to maintain your lifestyle regardless of whether you work."

He remained silent, so I continued: "The freedom you are seeking," I said, "probably requires that you accumulate about \$5 million over and beyond any assets that are necessary to your lifestyle, such as houses, boats, or art and antiques. This type of financial freedom is much harder to achieve than most people realize. Of course, at some point you could simply start spending your capital and let it be consumed by about the time you and your wife die, but it is a little tricky knowing just when that will happen and how to adjust for inflation."

My visitor didn't seem to find that remark as funny as I had intended it, but he did get the point. After all, who wouldn't like to have his problems, all two million of them? Oddly, this was at least the sixth time I had participated in a conversation like this within about two years. In one in-

stance, it was a million-dollar gain, in another about three million, in another almost five. In all situations, the people who were speaking to me were not essentially money driven, but they had nevertheless come to focus on having some amount of money well beyond what they needed as security for everyday survival. In each instance, achieving this certain magical level of wealth was a dominant idea, dictating many lifestyle decisions. Moreover, these people only represented the winners in the money game. Listening to my visitor, I thought of all the people who were trailing behind him in achievement but had just the same ambition.

So what's going on in America, where the average household has *total* net assets of about \$33,000 and yet many of the professional class feel somehow impoverished despite having assets—*other* than their house—of \$300,000 or \$1 million? The unsettling answer is that there is a sourness seeping into the American Dream.

To an observer, it often seems there are two groups of professional men and women in America, which meet only occasionally. One group lives in the America of the 1950s, where life is a struggle and the goal is to get ahead so that the lake house, the really nice vacations, the good education for the kids, and the other accoutrements of the "good life" are possible. The other group, which includes my visitor, lives in some 1980s version of America, where two homes and expensive foreign automobiles and vacations are simply part of the everyday basics, yet there is still a lot of grumbling about economic achievement. In a sense, this is the familiar dichotomy between the middle- and the upper-middle class, but in recent years the numbers have changed radically. In fact, they have changed so much that it is finally time to stop misusing the idea of a middle class.

The hard truth is that during the past two decades in this country, the prosperous have become more prosperous and people of modest means have lagged significantly behind. To quote a recent *New York Times* editorial: "In 1966 when the prototypical American man turned fifty, he had enjoyed a 31-percent increase in income over ten years. For his present-day counterpart, the increase has been only 10 percent." In other words, the typical American is barely getting anywhere, yet the upper end of the middle class, as represented by my visitor, is continuing to expand the advantage it already has over everyone else.

People in the middle class now fall on either one side or the other of this economic split, and the difference between the "haves" and the "have-nots" is accelerating so much that it simply is no longer ap-



PHENOMENON.

appropriate to refer to them as being of one economic class. A gap is growing in the middle of America's economic spectrum. A hole is forming in the heart of this country, whose very foundation is that of an egalitarian society where the majority moves in tandem toward better or worse times. This is one source of the sourness that is beset-

fortunate group of Americans are doing great, they, too, are coping with feelings of frustration over their economic status. In material achievement, they have already gone far beyond any dreams that the old middle class might have had. Yet emotionally, psychologically, they remain middle class in attitude, enmeshed in the "have-not" mentality.

Take my visitor's newly found interest in financial independence. Has there ever been a time in America when such large numbers of people expected to achieve the kind of economic success that would make work represent a lifestyle option? During the last decade, I must have heard a hundred people tell me that this was their goal, almost

Unfortunately, the intense concern, almost fixation, with wealth that preoccupies so many of the "haves" of society has led to a second problem in recent years. Most of them are forever caught in an upward inflation of lifestyle patterns. When they break through into ever-higher categories of success, they quite naturally continue to redefine their lifestyle to reflect their increased income. So when they, like my visitor, finally get a big windfall or have steadily accrued a certain level of assets, they discover that \$2 million isn't enough to maintain their lifestyle. A new magic number has to be created. People used to dream of becoming millionaires. Now they want to become "nickel millionaires."

The country's growth in productivity in the last twenty years or so has been much lower than it was in the 1950s. And for a large number of American professionals to experience ever-increasing prosperity, a significant portion of them must do so by "transferring" wealth from others to themselves. What has made the 1980s markedly different from the three previous decades is that more people have found they can "rewrite" and then manipulate the economic rules to achieve their expectations. They shuffle paper assets, force hourly workers to take cuts in pay, and take the savings as profits by charging unprecedented fees for

services, and by creating "status" products whose prices aren't justified by actual costs. It is the growing awareness that many who prosper are doing so without contributing proportionate value that is the second stream of bitterness that threatens the nation's sense of its economic identity.

It's not that everyone who is making big

writes the rules, but his situation is a perfect example of the change that is occurring. He is a fellow needing \$3 million. His first choice is an immediate one. "You know," he says, "it's tempting to join up with one of those buyout groups." It is indeed a temptation. If he could find the right situation, he could pick up a large part of his

\$3 million at the beginning and receive most of the rest even if the buyout didn't work very well.

On the other hand, what he would really like to do is build a new business and satisfy his own creative instincts. Of course, starting a business is a much riskier process. Even if he creates greater economic value on his own, he could end up making a lot less

money. And then there is the possibility that the business might not work at all and he would get nothing. One can see why my visitor is caught in the storm of choices. In a society that favors the clever manipulator, why should he take the hard road? Starting his own business would not even represent an opportunity for higher status among his friends—and certainly not with his banker.

What could I tell my visitor? I thought his business idea was sound, and I would

invest if he pursued it. But I didn't know what the right decision for him was, given the current economic rules in this country. I only knew that his decision was a microcosm of a pattern acted out hundreds of times each day. I am certain that the rules must be changed to discourage our most innovative minds from choosing to be asset players when innovation and productivity and leadership are needed. The economic rules need to favor those who create in manufacturing, marketing, technology, and services. Those who take true risk and invest for the long run should receive greater rewards than those who take paper risk and think short term.

The storm was starting to ease outside, and I made a silent prayer that it not stop, for northern California, like the rest of the nation, was desperate for water. In this country we seem to have lost ourselves in consuming all things common and exotic. My visitor was about ready to leave. I looked at him for a long moment and said: "If attaining financial independence matters most, then the asset play is your smart move and I am of no help to you. But if you really want to be a creator, my door is always open." As I watched him walk to his car in the now drizzling rain, I had no idea whether or not he would come back to my door. ☐

Two million dollars isn't enough. A new magic number has to be created. Now people want to become "nickel millionaires."

ting the American Dream, and it is a subject that is seldom discussed, because it makes almost everyone very uncomfortable.

My visitor, and the many others I know who are much like him, fall on the "have" side of the equation, where they have experienced and will continue to experience increasing affluence. The great irony is that this success seems to feed on itself so much that the expectations grow even faster than the affluence. Therefore, even though this

taking for granted that it was realistic to achieve—and many of them will succeed or come close to it. Think of this fixation on financial independence as a new frontier that has opened in the minds of society's affluent during the 1980s. To dream of conquering this new frontier is to give meaning to one's work life. It symbolizes an achievement that justifies striving economically even after a basic level of success has been reached.

Those who take true risk and invest for the long run should receive greater rewards than those who think short term.

money is failing to make a significant contribution, for many clearly are doing so. Certainly my visitor in his past job was—to the extent that the company he ran became subject to a takeover. What cannot be denied is that there are also many who are not making a contribution, and the unfairness and counterproductivity of this situation casts a shadow on the whole.

My visitor is not concerned with economic gaps in the middle or about who



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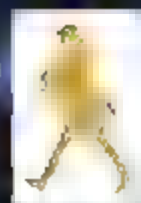
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Esquire

BLACKS AND JEWS

In the beginning, there was Moses.

Now there is Farrakhan.

All along, there's been an epic struggle
of power and of pride

THE UNCIVIL WAR

By Taylor Branch

Photographic illustrations
by Andrew Moore

CHICAGO MAGNIFIES REALITY. Everything seems rawer and bigger than elsewhere—the wind, the heat, the cold, the memory of great fires and bloody gangsters and vast stockyards that reeked of entrails and beef. Its concrete looks thicker, denser, more massive than New York's. Gothic glass and sculpted granite mingle with frontier classicism, hewn by giants. Political subtlety remains

elusive in the city that produced archetypal riots of labor (1886), race (1919), and ideology (the 1968 Democratic convention). Chicago

go regulars are extraregular, like the legendary Boss Daley, and its high-octane radicals range from Jane Addams and Saul Alinsky to Minister Louis Farrakhan. The city owns the mold for machine politicians who run what amount to street gangs for grown-ups, carving up turf in ethnic rumbles called elections.

It seemed perversely fitting that the quarrel simmering for two decades between blacks and Jews should have erupted last year in Chicago. News broke last May that Steve Cokely, a minor aide to acting mayor Eugene Sawyer, had been lacing his moonlighting speeches at Farrakhan's headquarters with vulgar, anti-Semitic remarks. Although clerks and street vendors from the Nation of Islam had been peddling tapes of his speeches for seven months, the chasm between Chicago's races was so vast that the *Tribune* claimed discovery of Cokely's words as an investigative coup. The world found little news in his drumbeat use of the word *nigger* to scold prominent fellow blacks, such as sociologist William J. Wilson ("dumb nigger"), Michael Jordan ("air nigger"), Jesse Jackson ("a nigger running fourth in Iowa"), and Mayor Harold Washington ("this nigger up there placating the Jews"). But Cokely was granted no license to violate other taboos. He pictured the wholesale victimization of the black underclass by a LaRouche-style conspiracy that includ-

ed a supersecret Jewish cabal, and his darting, nihilistic theories ripped across the grain of public sensivity.

Mounting pressure pried Cokely loose from his city job within a week, by which time the controversy was spilling into other regions of the country. After years of intermittent conflicts between blacks and Jews—the 1979 forced resignation of UN ambassador Andrew Young for his unauthorized contact with the P.L.O., Jesse Jackson's "Hymietown" scandal in 1984, among others—the Chicago crisis brought widespread acknowledgment of a fundamental rupture in the old civil rights coalition. Al Raby, the gentle holdover from the King years, declared in July that "the evil of bigotry threatens to poison the atmosphere of our city."

The conflict between blacks and Jews amounts to a parable of pride. Even its surface realities are deeply disturbing. Two minorities of long-standing mutual empathy have suddenly become both the victims and the perpetrators of racial hatred. In the arts, a political feud endangers a historic creative collaboration between America's foremost outsider cultures. Two sources of votes for the Democratic party, and moral guidance for both parties, appear to have split apart. More ominously, these spasms of enmity affect two of the most volatile areas in contemporary politics—the Middle East, which remains a most likely spot for the world's next major war, and the black inner cities of the United States, which already seethe with signs of social breakdown.

What they share

BLACK AND Jewish leaders have projected themselves as rescuers against a protracted siege, organizing peace parleys and prayer breakfasts in New York, New Orleans, Atlanta, Chicago, and elsewhere. But a layman's journey through Chicago produced countless scenes that did not fit the hostile pattern described by most organizers. The ordinary ranks of blacks and Jews, who are alleged to nurse explosive grudges based on memories from op-

Taylor Branch is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. His most recent book, *Parting the Waters: America in the King Years 1954–1963*, won the 1988 National Book Critics Circle Award.

posite sides of the pawnshop counter, were consistently oblivious to street-level conflict between them. Among Chicago's black underclass in particular, questions about the teud elicited puzzled shrugs. The fabied resentment toward ghetto entrepreneurs was aimed not at Jews but at Koreans and, ironically, at Palestinian shop owners who are seeping into the South Side. There was plenty of anger—at whites in general, at fate, cops, drug dealers, bosses, kinfolk, and the system—but Jews were an unfamiliar target. Many Chicago blacks are doubtless correct in asserting that they have never seen a Jew, as Jews evacuated their neighborhoods more than a generation ago.

The leaders masquerade as peacemakers, but the fight is almost exclusively theirs. It is confined not just to the articulate but to those whose chosen role is to speak of power, pride, and religion. Waged between two peoples who have practically no daily contact, this war continues precisely because they are peoples for whom such abstractions reach deeper than pocketbooks or parking spaces. The ancient Jews forged religious and historical ideas so powerful that they blended into a distinctive race (making the followers of Moses what Disraeli and others called Mosaic Arabs). Working in the opposite direction, some blacks have struggled to fit a religion to race. Even so, they often find themselves borrowing their symbols from Judaism. Farrakhan, for instance, appropriates the Hebrew prophets along with their concepts of Moses, Exodus, and the chosen people.

For mainstream American blacks, the vast majority of churches have Hebrew names—Ebenezer, Mount Zion, Canaan, Mount Moriah, Tabernacle, New Hebron, Mount Olive. Hebraic traditions run deep in the black church. More than any people on earth, including the Jews, American blacks have adopted the Mosaic model of social organization, with the exalted politi-

Zionism Jews, who have canonized no new prophets in two millennia and who shudder at the memory of their false messiahs, look with both longing and horror upon the last generation's procession of black prophets. Malcolm X, Martin Luther King Jr., Louis Farrakhan, and Jesse Jackson. Depending on one's prediction of the outcome, blacks and Jews are either intimate enemies or quarrelsome cousins.

A century of exodus

THERE IS LITTLE in the early record of blacks and Jews in Chicago to foreshadow a Steve Cokely. Throughout their early history, the two groups traveled on parallel tracks, and when they overlapped, they did so with surprising calm.

Chicago's first Jewish colonists were fortune seekers on the great tide of emancipation that followed the Enlightenment. By the 1840s, a minyan (religious quorum) of Bavarians established the first Jewish body of worship, *Kehillath Anshe Maariv* (Men of the West Congregation). In a revolutionary era that had churned fitfully between egalitarian nationalism and Napoleonic empires, the financial emergencies of early capitalism helped liberate the Jews of Western Europe from more than a thousand years of Christian and Muslim repression. German Jews had distinguished themselves in a prolonged campaign of assimilation, penetrating the upper reaches of sophisticated culture. Germans pioneered the nineteenth-century Reform movement within Judaism, aimed at "rationalizing" the faith in the tradition of Maimonides and Spinoza. A new class of Reform rabbis stripped Jewish observance of rules that seemed

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cal prophet bonded to the "children of Israel" below. Blacks and Jews have in common a history of cyclical swings between cultural separatism and assimilation. Black Zionists helped establish an independent Liberia in 1847, some fifty years before the emergence of modern Jewish

most foreign to the gentile mainstream.

By 1880 American opportunity and failed revolutions in Europe had driven some ten thousand German Jews to Chicago. As elsewhere in the United States, most of them belonged to Reform congregations. The Chicago colony and the Reform move-

The black prophets: Jesse Jackson, Malcolm X, Louis Farrakhan, Martin Luther King Jr.



ment itself seemed to be grand scale achievements until a great, unexpected tide overwhelmed them from the East.

A single murder in 1881 became one of the decisive turning points in Jewish history. Russian and eastern European Jews had been oppressed for centuries before the murder. Barred from most professions and deprived of the right to own or rent land, they fell into a fatally unstable position as overseers and rent collectors to the post-feudal nobility. Serfs hated Jews as the faces of oppression. Nobles—often indolent and absentee—blamed them for the decline of the old order, and the czars considered them a blot upon the embattled Christian motherland. By czarist ukase, some five million Jews were squeezed into a region of the sub Baltic provinces known as the Pale of Settlement, and when an assassin struck down Czar Alexander II, frustrations from all quarters fell heavily upon the Jews.

Romanov officials struck from above with draconian edicts, such as the summary expulsion of ten to twenty thousand Jews from Moscow on the first day of Passover, and the May Laws, which further quarantined Jews within the Pale. They abetted an endless series of confiscations and murderous pogroms across the remaining decades of czarist rule. During the next thirty years, a sudden but continuous flood of Russian and eastern European emigrants poured forth, of whom more than two million reached the United States.

Chicago's share of the new immigrants swamped the prosperous colony of Reform German Jews. The newcomers were conspicuously destitute. They spoke Yiddish. The men wore wide-brimmed hats, beards, and long black overcoats called kapotes. The women wore heavy shawls. Nearly all of them supported Orthodox rabbis. Their only education was in the Torah, which seemed a poor qualification for employment in brawling, sprawling, Victorian Chicago, but the odd-looking Jews adapted with alacrity to the needle-trade sweatshops and other exploitative cottage industries that followed their bulging settlements southward and westward from the downtown Loop. By the turn of the twentieth century, they had recreated a giant American version of their familiar shtetl around the intersection of Maxwell and Halsted. Called Jewtown by

less polite Chicagoans, the Maxwell Street ghetto was a bustling, self-contained world of open-air markets, live chickens, pawnshops, Yiddish newspapers, street musicians and magicians, *moyle*s (circumcisers), *shochtem* (ritual meat slaughterers), and other specialists in Jewish custom. Poverty wore people to the edge of starvation, which moved Jane Addams to create Hull House as a community refuge in 1889, but the boundless energy of Maxwell Street also produced talents ranging from Al Capone's accountant Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik to swing clarinetist Benny Goodman, from "Boss" Jake Arvey to CBS tycoon William Paley and Justice Arthur Goldberg.

Chicago's elite German Jews reacted to the eastern Europeans with a mixture of solidarity and revulsion, in keeping with the cyclical class dynamics of minority ethnic groups. They donated millions for resettlement assistance—for clinics, language schools, and housing—and for some of the highly assimilated patrons, the shocking experience reawakened their Jewish spirit. On the other hand, most established German Jews saw the unwashed newcomers as a profound threat. They were "too Jewish," too foreign, and much too Orthodox. They made the German Jews feel like flushed fowl. Jacob Schiff headed a delegation that actually pleaded in vain with European authorities to divert the tide of emigrants elsewhere—anywhere but the United States.

German Jews also tended to disparage the Zionist movement that sprang up in the early years of the twentieth century as escapist, tribal, and primitive, not to mention as a ground for suspicion about professions of undivided American loyalty. But eastern Jews longed for the Promised Land of Zion as protection against the accumulated woes of their history. As they spilled outward from downtown, the Germans pushed

their beloved founder of modern Zionism. Herzl Elementary still operates seventy-five years later, now a windowless fortress against surrounding drug dealers and vandals in an all-black neighborhood.

Southern blacks invaded Chicago in a compressed march that was even more spectacular than the flight of the eastern Jews. Its catalyst was a turn-of-the-century settler named Robert Abbott, founder of the *Chicago Defender*, who decided at the beginning of World War I that the parallel surges of defense jobs in the North and the Klan in the South made it foolish for blacks to cling to farms in segregated Mississippi or Alabama. A flamboyant editor, Abbott fixed a date—May 15, 1917—for the beginning of a colossal migration that he called "The Flight Out of Egypt." He lied shamelessly about the attractions of the Chicago climate and gave banner headlines to stories of blacks who froze to death in Georgia or Louisiana. EXODUS TO START, cried the *Defender*, and within two years of Abbott's starting date, some 65,000 southern blacks had moved to Chicago. The *Tribune* warned of the national phenomenon in scare stories tinged with economic pride: HALF A MILLION DARKIES FROM DIXIE SWARM TO THE NORTH TO BETTER THEMSELVES.

Following the path of least resistance, the black immigrants pushed into South Chicago behind the less numerous German Jews. The Jews absorbed them slowly at first, then leaped to better neighborhoods along the North Shore, but non-Jewish whites adopted a pattern of warfare and evacuation. More than twenty-six bombings plagued black homeowners between 1917 and 1919, when thirty-eight people died in the terrible riot touched off by the

The new Jews:
Scenes of fresh
commitment
and old
monuments slide
by side
in Chicago.

he Slavs petitioned for a school named for Theodor Herzl, the founder of modern Zionism. Herzl Elementary still operates seventy-five years later, now a windowless fortress against surrounding dealers and vandals in an all-black neighborhood.

southward while the newcomers pushed into separate neighborhoods to the west. The Slavs' great numbers—some 200,000, about twenty times the city's entire Jewish population of 1880—enabled them to petition the local government successfully for a public school named for Theodor Herzl,

stoning of a young black swimmer who unwittingly floated across an imaginary segregation line in Lake Michigan.

Abbott's refugees kept riding north on the Illinois Central, and the most prosperous of their kinsmen inched southward along Grand Boulevard. The black Bethes-



da Baptist Church bought B'nai Sholom Temple Israel, which was later bombed, reportedly by the Klan. Greater Bethel A.M.E. bought the Jewish Lakeside Club in 1922. Mount Pisgah Missionary Baptist Church bought the imposing Temple Sinai building, designed by Alfred Alschuler in the style of the Italian Renaissance. Finally, Chicago's oldest "Bavarian" synagogue, KAM, retreated south into Kenwood, leaving to Pilgrim Baptist Church its magnificent edifice at the corner of Thirty-third and Indiana. Since then, black worshippers from Pilgrim have entered through old Temple KAM's scalloped stone archway, beneath scripture carved in Hebrew and English: "Open for me the gates of righteousness, that I may enter through them, to praise the Lord."

The roots of tolerance

BY 1930 CHICAGO WAS a city of 3.5 million people, nearly three quarters of whom came from immigrant or refugee stock. White ethnics checkerboarded the city by neighborhoods—Poles, Germans, Italians, Irish, Lithuanians, and assorted others. A few Jewish refugees soon trickled in from Hitler's Germany, but most of the city's 275,000 Jews came from the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Chicago held the third largest Jewish population among the world's cities, behind only New York and Warsaw. Most of the Slavic Jews had abandoned the picturesque Maxwell Street shtetl after a generation's incubation. Some 100,000 of them rolled in a dense wave into the Lawndale community to the west. Even against the grim unemployment of the Depression, Lawndale flourished as a lively middle-class settlement of Eastern Jews. All along the central artery of Douglas Boulevard, known then as the *Judenstrasse*, synagogues and yeshivas sprang up in stately rows.

During World War II, a renewed mass exodus of southern blacks streamed into Chicago. Eventually, the largest public housing project in the world went up: Robert Taylor Homes, twenty-eight gargantuan sixteen-story buildings along the South Side Rock Island tracks. They were segregated, built to hold 100,000 people per square mile, and because 20,000 of the first 27,000 tenants were black children, city officials themselves expressed instant

remorse over the giant configuration of concrete griddle stacks. "What is the role of a fourteen-year-old boy in a large project?" wondered housing director Elizabeth Wood. She saw the construction as "anti-family and inhumane," but inevitable "because land acquisition was so difficult."

Still, they were not enough, and many other large housing projects failed to stop the overflow of black newcomers, who, blocked by the hard-shell white ethnics elsewhere, had filled up the Maxwell Street ghetto and spilled westward among the Slavic Jews of Lawndale. Only small numbers had moved into Lawndale by 1950, but then a titanic double rush replaced nearly 100,000 Jews with blacks. Fifteen historic synagogues closed in the year 1953 alone, and the Jewish identity all but disappeared after the Hebrew Theological College moved in 1954. By 1960 all forty-eight synagogues had vanished from Lawndale.

Since Robert Abbott's exodus of 1917, rivers of black immigrants had overrun Chicago in the same pattern as the Jews who had gone before them. They even duplicated the status cleavage among the Jews, such that South Side blacks—and especially those whose Chicago roots went back before 1917—claimed privilege over the parvenu west-siders. Even today, it is an axiom of Chicago politics that no west-sider can be elected mayor.

Since World War I, there had occurred massive, street-level displacement of Jews by blacks—block by block, synagogue by synagogue. Yet for all the wailing of the uprooted, and the ceremonial cries of the rabbis ("Do not forsake us, O God, at our old age..."), there was surprisingly little rancor. The sum of public protest over four decades came nowhere near the uproar over one Steve Cokely speech in 1988. As usual in those days, Jews seemed willing victims. They gave ground, sent their kids to public schools with black children, and

college-educated professionals. Sophisticated, perhaps more secular than their forebears, they sought larger homes along the North Shore or in the suburbs, where distinctions between Slavic and German Jews had blurred.

On the South Side, the forbearance of the Reform congregations sprang from their emphasis on the populist morality of the Jewish prophets. From the heart of their tradition, Reform Jews believed in, and supported, the cause of the downtrodden blacks who were crowding in upon them. In the 1930s and 1940s, Rabbi Jacob Weinstein of KAM became an eloquent advocate of civil rights and one of the foremost Reform rabbis in the country. When angry WASPs tried to silence black artists such as Paul Robeson and Langston Hughes, Weinstein repeatedly offered them a platform in his synagogue. He also welcomed union organizers, social gadflies, black preachers, crusaders for the homeless, and many others who had married the universalist stream of Reform thought to the radical politics more common to Slavic Jews.

By Weinstein's time, Hitler had chilled away most of Reform Judaism's comfortable, universalist scorn toward Zionism. Apologetic Reform spokesmen waxed strong even before the creation of Israel in 1948, laying stress on their exceptional predecessors who had supported the movement in its less fashionable days. "By the end of World War II," wrote a Reform historian, "only three anti-Zionist pulpits were to remain in Chicago." What remained distinctive was Reform's egalitarian spirit. The Jewish prophets had introduced mankind to a religion grounded in universal moral codes that applied to

A man with a message: Ex-mayoral aide Steve Cokely is still heard, in spite of his critics.

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relocated when tides made them feel lost or threatened. Often the Orthodox Jews of the West Side were ready to move anyway. After a generation in Lawndale, and perhaps an earlier one around Maxwell Street, their families had raised themselves from frightened, Yiddish-speaking peddlers to

kings no less than commoners, to outsiders as well as fellow tribesmen. In fact, the prophets went further to extol a justice that leaned to the side of the downtrodden, glorifying their righteous humility: "What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?"



saith the Lord of hosts" (Isaiah 3:15).

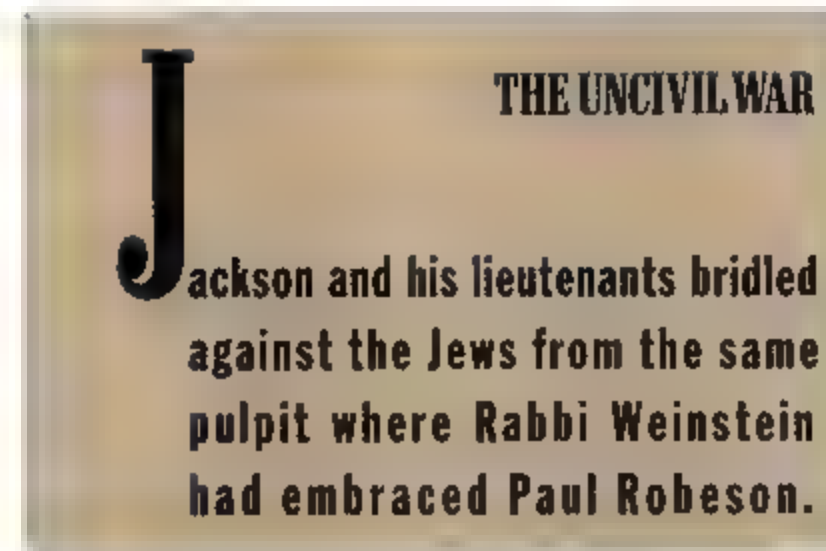
The founding Hebrews had inverted the pagan value system by identifying pride as the most heinous sin and by calling down the wrath of Jehovah against those who put their faith in great armies, temples, and worldly possessions. An ethos of righteous, humble awe became Judaism's lasting answer to the mysteries of creation and existence, liberating the mind for more rational exploration of the world. This ethos became a central tenet of Christianity—inverted by converted Jewish writers into the very beginning of Gospel accounts, even before the arrival of the stable-born Jesus: "He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree" (Luke 1:51-52).

Such a moral sensibility has appeared at various times in all the warring phases of Jewish identity. Karl Marx—an assimilated German Jew from the effusive period of early Reform and an atheist nominally baptized into Christianity—took a Jewish obsession with the dispossessed and set it against his own raging anti-Semitism. (He associated all capitalists with foul qualities, calling them "inwardly circumcised Jews," and predicted that "in emancipating itself from *bucksterism* and money, and thus from real and practical Judaism, our age would emancipate itself.") The Marxist result was a theoretical machine aimed toward revolution and revenge.

A century later, during the American civil rights movement, qualified Marxists and ex-Marxists of all stripes joined vague Jews who retained the gentlest instincts of the prophets. "I grew up with a very strong sense that being Jewish was being ethical," recalls Jane Ramsey, who became a cabinet officer under Chicago's first black mayor. All these disparate types felt something special for the preaching of the civil rights movement, and especially for Martin Luther King, whose "dream" speeches consistently invoked the rhapsodies of his favorite Hebrew prophets, Amos and Isaiah.

At the other pole from the various secular Jews, Conservative Rabbi Abraham Heschel also came marching with King. A lyrical philosopher, Heschel was known for his paradoxical argument that the millennium of confined Jewish suffering in eastern Europe had produced the religion's golden age. By making alliance with King, Heschel proved that even the most self-absorbed, mystical Jews responded to the sweep of the prophets' cries for justice. For a moment at least, the democratic moralism of the civil rights movement touched every corner of the Jewish heritage—from Isaiah to Marx, from Einstein to Schwerner and Goodman, from the Rosenbergs to Rabbi

Heschel. In keeping with this association, it came as no surprise that Chicago's original Congregation KAM, on finally retreating from all-black Kenwood in 1971, should turn over its eight-columned structure to become national headquarters for Jesse Jackson's Operation PUSH. The shock came more recently—when Jackson and his PUSH lieutenants, engaging equal venom from Jewish critics, bridled against the Jews from the same pulpit where Rabbi Weinstein had embraced Paul Robeson.



The warriors' pride

IT WAS ISRAEL'S SIX-DAY WAR of 1967 that cracked the psychological bond between the blacks and Jews. Contrary to popular assumption, many American Jews had felt less than intensely involved with Israel before then. A Chicago survey from the late 1950s, cited by author Jonathan Kaufman, found that "only one in five Jews thought being a good Jew meant it was essential to support Israel. Twice as many believed it essential to support the struggle for the Negro in America." Undoubtedly, many American Jews felt uncomfortable about Israel because its very creation raised the expectation that all good Jews would make aliyah (literally "ascent") as emigrants to their natural homeland, or because they were too agnostic to accept rabbinical teachings that a reestablished Israel foretold the imminent advent of the Messiah. Or perhaps they were simply complacent about Israel as a protected ward of the Great Powers.

All this psychic distance vanished when Nasser blockaded Israel's egress from the Gulf of Aqaba and moved seven divisions of the Egyptian army across Suez. The armies of Syria, Jordan, and Iraq advanced under united command. Mass demonstrations for jihad, or holy war, broke out in Muslim nations from Saudi Arabia to Morocco. French president De Gaulle shut off military supplies to Israel, and the U.S.

Congress, mired in war commitments to Vietnam, stalemated all efforts to defend Israel against enemies on three sides. Israel appeared fated to a second Holocaust.

At this moment, wrote Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, American Jewry "supported Israel with a vehemence that astonished itself." Hertzberg saw instantly that the mood in the American Diaspora "underwent an abrupt, radical, and possibly permanent change." Pollsters found that 99 percent of all American Jews firmly backed Israel's war aims.

Jews who had not visited a synagogue in years crowded into them spontaneously and stood vigil at continuous, unannounced services. Huddled together, they experienced a historic swing of emotion as the threat of extinction suddenly became a miracle of triumph. Fighting alone, Israel defeated the superior numbers of each opposing army. American Jews let loose a torrent of joy and money that has not since abated. One man sold his gas station and donated the proceeds to the Israeli war effort.

The senior black leaders of the American civil rights movement rushed to Israel's defense. Dr. King issued a statement in support of Israel's "independence, integrity, and freedom," and A. Philip Randolph, speaking to labor leaders in New York, pledged the united effort of 22 million black Americans to help protect against Arab attack. The Chicago *Daily Defender* published tributes to the stunning new valor of Jewish soldiers: ISRAELI GENERALS LIKENED TO BIBLE'S MOSES, JOSHUA. Against all this cross-racial euphoria, however, the newsletter of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) planted a seed of ominous protest. The more radical black students denounced Zionism. They adopted Arabs, especially displaced Palestinians, as fellow Third World allies of color.

The Six-Day War had come only one year after SNCC chairman Stokely Carmichael publicly espoused his electrifying "black power" slogan. American blacks had begun a sharp shift of identity. They changed the most commonly accepted name for the race from "Negro" to "black" almost overnight. SNCC soon expelled its white members, discarded the old "We Shall Overcome" rhetoric as sappy, and fashioned an ideology blended of separatism, Pan-Africanism, Marxism, racial pride, and don't tread-on-me-ism.

Blacks and Jews veered off on parallel

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courses of militant ethnic separatism, turning inward upon themselves. America's secular Jews bonded themselves to Israel with special fervor after the Six-Day War, for it was through it that many of them re-discovered their Jewishness. They stopped changing their names, stopped trying to blend in with the Gentiles. Similarly, blacks put on their dashikis and strutted their culture.

Separatism seemed alternately thrilling, grimly necessary, fearful, and ridiculous. The special burden of the black nationalism that took hold in 1967 was that its cultural satisfactions bore few fruits in politics. Against the backdrop of the Six-Day War, black nationalism was but a dreary shadow. The Israelis had a real army that had just whipped the surrounding hosts; the guns of the few U.S. black nationalists never amounted to more than media props. (Even so, the Black Panthers and other careering separatists were viciously suppressed by the authorities even before the white press grew bored of them.) In falling back to regroup, black nationalists had no ready-made psalms, no private comfort or accumulated wisdom of four thousand years. Their own heritage remained largely to be discovered, let alone evaluated and tested. Jews already had the Torah; blacks waited for Alex Haley to write *Roots*.

Prejudice and pride

IN CHICAGO AS A STUDENT at the all-boys Catholic high school, De La Salle Institute, Steve Cokely bristled with the energy of the black-power movement. During the Six-Day War, he survived disputes with the priests and fights with some white boys over the propriety of Afros and power salutes, then went on to three different Illinois public colleges under open-admission/low-tuition programs that were a short-lived legacy of the civil rights movement. Having studied penology, Cokely secured a job as a federal prison guard in 1975. From that position, with his Mau-Mau street chutzpah finely tuned, he walked into the local NAACP office and accused its officials of "stealing the people's money" by running a social club disguised as an engine of racial progress. The NAACP recoiled from Cokely's effrontery but promptly awarded him a seat on its board of directors. He ran an NAACP voter-registration team but never forgot the demonstration that the black establishment could be hypersensitive and hollow.

Cokely kept his prison job until 1979, the year Andrew Young took the conflicting pride of blacks and Jews to the national headlines. Young's reckless candor had

earned him a mixed record as Jimmy Carter's ambassador to the United Nations. He single-handedly raised American stock in Africa, but his trenchant comments on the racism of nearly every national grouping in the world produced more resentment than insight. Young badly miscalled the Iranian revolution—predicting a near sainthood for the Ayatollah as a vast improvement upon the Shah, and hailing the spirit of the Iranian Muslims as a positive energy for the Middle East. What finally ruined Young

ly replaced the tradition of seeking refuge in Enlightenment principles. Jews had served as the vanguard inventors of neo-conservatism, which now felt menaced rather than protected by the old moralism, protected rather than menaced by the cold statecraft of Metternich. Neoconservative Jews suddenly saw danger from the political Left instead of the Right. They adapted quickly to power, and some of them fixed the source of the world's evil in Soviet communism, writing as though Lenin had introduced anti-Semitism to Russia.

For American blacks, the fizzling of black power as a sound bite revolution had given way to a re-trenchment of pride in a lower key. Their leaders became regular fixtures on the editorial pages and a familiar sight in the downtown business districts, conquering professions on their own prowess and taking over cities on the strength of racial soli-

darity. Like Jews, prominent blacks became more reluctant to advance moral claims, because to do so gave implicit recognition to a universal community. Outward appeals to principle receded in favor of inward cries for unity. Cross-cultural awareness became a chore, clannish grievance a ticket.

Steve Cokely lacked the experience and the pedigree for front-rank service in politics or education, but he possessed enough flair to insert himself as a tourist among Chicago's politicians at a time when blacks reached the near fringes of power. To do so, Cokely resigned from the Bureau of Prisons, cashed in his pension fund, and spent the early 1980s as a free-lance observer at city hall. He became an errand runner and an amiable fixer, capable of glad-handing both black and white aldermen. Billing himself as a "community organizer and political researcher," Cokely filled a gap between the black leaders and their increasingly desperate constituents on the South and West sides. He applied his precocious talents as a black-pride theorist to the paradox that the ghetto underclass was sinking even as the power of Chicago's black politicians was growing. There was no easy explanation for this rankling phenomenon.

By the spring of 1981, Cokely was lecturing at Chicago conferences such as a forum on government spying and white national violence. The program for the event featured a flag-draped skull of Uncle Sam on the White House lawn, holding up a mirror

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seemed relatively trivial by contrast: in violation of U.S. policy, he met privately in New York with a PLO representative.

Cut loose by Carter, Young went on a consolation tour that soon took him to the old Temple KAM in Chicago, where guests of Operation PUSH fumed over the short shrift given the highest ranking black man in the United States. Having recovered his usual polish as a long-range politician, Young smoothly and perhaps truthfully assured the PUSH crowd that organized Jewish pressure had not engineered his downfall. This was too much for Jesse Jackson. He sent an aide scurrying for a newspaper listing Jewish groups that had called for Young's resignation, and at first opportunity he read the entire list with an impish, scolding look. Jackson, who had long resented Young's air of aristocratic superiority, was delighted to see him playing the unruffled schoolmaster even after he had been paddled. The crowd booed the name of every Jewish group. Young managed a weak smile. "You could have bought Andy for a dime," recalled a journalist who had slipped into the event.

A dozen years had passed since the explosions of black and Jewish pride in 1967. For American Jews, the bonds of identification with Israel had strengthened over half a generation of grim but triumphant consolidation, including the Yom Kippur War of 1973 and a decade of front-page terrorism. A new "muscular Judaism" had large-



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with bullets on its rim and Dr. King's face centered in its cross hairs. Cokely had immersed himself in the details of the 1970s investigations into the 1960s spy operations against the civil rights movement, especially the FBI's Cointelpro. From these facts, far more detached minds than his had been drawn to the theory of a government plot to assassinate King. Adopting conspiracy as pride's answer to baffling showers of pain, Cokely postulated a parent conspiracy that was at once subtler and more sinister than murder, capable of co-opting black leaders for camouflage while bleeding the underclass. Its masters were the Trilateral Commissioners. Its moneymen were bankers such as Felix Rohatyn, who were designing mortgage plans for bankrupt school systems and cities.

Cokely's most original stroke was to identify what he called the "early warning system." From Chicago's celebrated "Red Squad" lawsuit, he seized upon the disclosure that the police had maintained files on the city's "inter-group communications project." The project, modeled on the U.S. Justice Department's Community Relations Service, was designed to "monitor developing racial tensions" in order to administer timely doses of troubleshooting and dialogue. The inter-group roster included the leaders of all the major black and Jewish organizations—such as the American Jewish Committee, the NAACP, the National Council of Jewish Women, the Urban League, the Association of Reform Rabbis—plus the ACLU, various church confederations, and assorted do-gooder coalitions. Cokely marked them all as infiltrators.

Only a transfused black nationalism could stand against such an insidious combination of enemies, Cokely decided. In private sessions, he drew his allies into a circle tightly bound by wariness and race, much like the posture the Israeli government had developed toward the Palestinian Arabs. Ironically, since he was beginning to count the most progressive Jews within the hostile camp, Cokely looked to establish a black champion ever more in the mold of Moses. He landed a job on the staff of Alderman Marian Humes and began to evaluate the contenders while he developed his reputation as an innovative theorist of black nationalism. There was no scarcity of potential champions within his orbit, as all the potential black prophets—obscure and famous, national and local—hailed from the heartland of Chicago.

Four in the role of Moses

THE LEAST LIKELY MOSES was Ben Carter. As a young Chicago bus driver in the 1960s, he had been intrigued by rumors

of a strange neighborhood on the West Side—black people who spoke a quaint language called Yiddish. The origins of the Black Hebrews remain obscure, but Ben Carter was soon captured by the neighborhood's sectarian pull, which included the dietary regimen, the special prayers, holidays, clothes, and other elements of a complete way of life. Carter, in turn, captured the Black Hebrews. To mark his growth into the group's self-trained rabbi, he changed his name to Ben-Ami Carter. In

Israel falls short of both its democratic and religious ideals, that it is reverting to the primitive tribalisms of the ancient Hebrews. Spurned by the rabbis, Carter claims to be more Jewish than they.

Whatever the prospects of Ben-Ami Carter's exodus, he is a quirkish and obscure version of the original Moses. To the majority of black Chicagoans, the thunder of modern deliverance hit their city in the far more traditional person of Mayor Harold Washington. In 1982 U.S. representative

Washington was still a machine politician who had risen through the ranks of Mayor Daley's black ally, William Dawson. But recognizing his shrewdness and his humor, the city's black activists, including Cokely, persistently urged Washington to become the first serious hope for a black mayor.

The mayoral race in early 1983 became a great divide in Chicago history. In the Democratic primary, the Jewish

vote split between incumbent Jane Byrne and Washington, and at first the black vote itself appeared uncertain. When some 150 black preachers gathered to endorse State's Attorney Richard Daley, son of the old Boss, the Washington campaign mustered only twenty preachers to oppose them.

In the end, however, the most consequential split was among the city's predominantly white, Catholic voters. Byrne and Daley, both underestimating Washington's appeal, campaigned against each other. Byrne and Daley each gathered nearly 400,000 votes, but Washington's 419,000 gave him the Democratic nomination under the plurality rules. His "It's Our Turn" miracle instantly transformed the pro forma general election into a titanic struggle. Bernard Epton, a Jewish businessman who until then had been the token Republican nominee, suddenly became a desperate white hope. Ironically, Jewish voters gave Washington his victory margin. He won more than 40 percent of their votes, whereas Epton drew less than one percent of the blacks'.

Epton withdrew to a short remaining life of open bitterness, consuming depression, and failing health. "I don't belong in politics," he said. "I never did. I've got nothing to be happy about." Denouncing his fellow Jews, he attributed their failure to support him partly to self-barricade and to the corresponding assumption that a Jewish

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1969 a host of black Chicagoans followed his command to give up their possessions for a journey of alyah to their ancestral homeland in Israel.

Some three thousand black American settlers still live today in the ancient city of Dimona. The rabbis and bureaucrats of Israel first welcomed them as Jews, then changed their minds, and for most of the succeeding twenty years the two sides have been locked in mutual vexation. The Black Hebrews demand Israeli citizenship under the Law of Return. Israeli authorities demand that they first convert to Judaism under Orthodox rabbinical supervision, but the Black Hebrews refuse on the ground that to do so would make their prior Judaism confessedly false.

The potentially embarrassing dispute has been kept mercifully quiet, from an Israeli point of view, largely because the Black Hebrews have been passed off as a kookish sect. Ben-Ami Carter is too literal a mimic of Moses. He demands a childlike obeisance from his followers and, in the style of Solomon, reportedly advocates polygamy.

Yet the Black Hebrews remain an affront to Israel. Since the days of Herzl, Zionist theorists have struggled to reconcile the idea of a Jewish homeland with the principles of the secular, enlightened nation-state. Now, in the form of a strangely charismatic former bus driver, Israeli leaders confront a man who swears on the sacrifice of three thousand Black Hebrews that

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mayor would reactivate anti-Semitism. "All I can tell you is there was almost a Hitler mentality," he said. "The Jews were so afraid of the violence that might result if a Jew were elected." Poils soon showed Epton to be widely despised by much of the same white ethnic constituency that had supported him. Some disliked him as a Jew, or as a Republican, and many others as the politician responsible for Harold Washington's election. Other whites blamed Daley or Byrne. Happening upon Daley in McCrory's department store, a young employee of the city's Department of Streets and Sanitation attacked the losing candidate for "selling out city hall to the blacks." Daley and his assailant traded punches in the store aisles, proving to any doubters among the startled bystanders that ethnic patronage is serious business in Chicago.

American readers elsewhere might well have taken the McCrory's brawl as a symbol of modern Chicago. Much of the national press portrayed the Washington regime as a racial slugfest. To those nearer the city, however, the deeper reality was that Washington gradually expanded beyond his original base into coalition politics. He added more Jews and white ethnic reformers to his inner circle of advisers. Much of Chicago cheered his efforts to transcend the old machine government, but this very broadening made Washington a turncoat to the black nationalists who had first urged him to run. In their eyes he was leaving too many of the chosen people behind.

To Steve Cokely, it was a danger sign that Mayor Washington threw his lot in with the very white liberals Cokely had marked as infiltrators from the hidden conspiracy against the black underclass. But Cokely's early lectures on the insidious control exercised by the Trilateral Commission aroused little interest. "Our community is not into facts," he says. Working on the theory that his constituency learned most readily from public manifestations of white anger, Cokely searched for what he mischievously called "a pebble to throw in the cave and trick the beast out." He found his pebble at Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam headquarters, where a visiting author lectured on his theory that African explorers had reached ancient America long before Columbus.

After many excited trips to the library, Cokely produced a leaflet advertising his "First Annual Anti-Columbus, Anti-Colonialism Day" for October 1985, to compete with the traditional Columbus Day parade and rally. His tactual predicate was simple: the holiday insulted American Indians by implying that they had not existed until Columbus "discovered" their land, it celebrated colonialist expansion at the ex-

pense of those who had been enslaved or wiped out in the process. Besides, Cokely argued, Christopher Columbus never set foot on American soil, did not speak Italian, and was probably not of Italian origin, being most likely a Genoan related to the Sephardic Jews who were expelled from Spain in 1492, the year of his voyage. Cokely was especially proud of the Jewish twist. He figured that while some Jewish scholars actually did lay claim to Columbus, they would shrink from a public

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There was almost a Hitler mentality," Epton said. "The Jews were so afraid of the violence that might result if a Jew were elected."

squabble with the Italians.

Cokely's pebble drew an instant bellow of rage in the white press of Chicago. Aldermen of Italian extraction lined up to denounce him as a "loudmouth" who was "full of baloney." Even before the story broke, a furious Alderman Humes called from her Las Vegas vacation to demand an explanation from her aide. Humes, who would lose her seat in 1987 and be indicted for corruption, banished Cokely from her city hall office.

As Cokely was packing to leave, he was surprised to receive a visit and a job offer from then-alderman Eugene Sawyer. As a rather dull, conventional politician, Sawyer seemed to be among the last of the black aldermen to welcome a troublesome gadfly like Cokely, but the seasoned vote counter saw in Cokely a partial answer to a vexing problem: Black-voter turnout—especially among the marginal and the dispossessed—was diminishing across the city. These former voters from the fringes of the underclass were precisely the ones who responded most heartily to Cokely. His guerrilla theater and his jousting matches with the white establishment created excitement in the roughest areas, where the best black politicians were beginning to draw cold looks of despair.

Only the professionals noticed the threatening drop-off. Although Mayor Washington won reelection in the spring of 1987, his black support fell ominously in

the city's poorest wards. By then the *Chicago Tribune* had published a devastating, book-length portrait of North Lawndale entitled *The American Millstone: An Examination of the Nation's Permanent Underclass*. The *Tribune* reporters found that the number of welfare recipients in North Lawndale had grown by 45 percent over the preceding decade. Along the former *Judenstrasse* of Douglas Boulevard, the run-down condition of converted synagogues testified to the battered persistence of the black middle class.

Crime was, and is, epidemic in the streets around the old landmarks. The high school dropout rate exceeded 50 percent in most schools. At one school, nearly a quarter of the female students gave birth during a single year.

These afflictions gave new meaning to the phrase "white collar," as the inner city of Chicago seemed to be ringed by a noose of af-

fluence. Drained of tax base, talent, and hope, the poorer black neighborhoods crumbled inexorably toward rebellion or coma. All the more galling to black nationalists, this un-American, retrograde trend gained recognition precisely in the years after blacks had finally grasped the advertised levers of deliverance. Chicago had a black mayor, police chief, school superintendent, and so on—all prospering in their second terms, markedly in contrast to the mass of their fellow blacks.

It was this wrenching divergence between the fortunes of politician and voter that Cokely sought to explain in his street-academy lectures. "We have been led into a collapsing industry," he said. Cokely struggled to refute the theory that seemed to be gaining at least tacit endorsement among whites—that the underclass was indeed permanent and baffling, caused perhaps by an inferior substrain of humanity that was best left forgotten. Such thinking foreshadowed a kind of "new segregation" policy, in which middle-class blacks and whites would constitute a separate world from the open-air prisons of the underclass.

Only hints of such resignation reached polite society. Downtown Chicago shined with the edgy prosperity of the late Reagan years, and Mayor Washington commanded advancing respect. By the fall of 1987, Cokely did make the media beast howl with a new pebble—he identified the sailing vessel on the official city seal as a "slave

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ship"—but the campaign had an air of a nervous comedy. That October, Cokely's third annual "Anti-Columbus Day" protest attracted Farrakhan but no members of the city government. When Cokely begged Mayor Washington himself not to march in the traditional Columbus Day Parade, he received only an exasperated look. "I got to march in the parade," Washington replied. "There's votes out there."

The next month, vandals struck three synagogues and six shops in the transplanted Jewish commercial district of North Chicago. All along West Devon Avenue—a neon-lighted strip with the jumble and bustle of an Eastern bazaar, featuring Gandhi Electronics near The Four Cohn's Shoe Store, the Old Style Russian Restaurant near Pakistani Videos—painted swastikas and shattered windows made for a chilling anniversary of *Kristallnacht*. Exactly forty-nine years earlier, Nazi raiding parties had simultaneously struck thousands of Jewish businesses and hundreds of synagogues, killing ninety-two Jews and hauling off some twenty thousand others to concentration camps. Jews in Chicago were relieved to learn that Mayor Washington personally called their leaders on the night of the vandalism, even before the news broke. The next day, he toured West Devon Avenue with the rabbis and the heads of Jewish organizations, assuring them that the city of Chicago would act swiftly.

These acts of immense reassurance to Jews struck Steve Cokely as more hostile infiltrations of undercover social control. Ten days after the vandalism, Cokely delivered a lecture at Farrakhan's headquarters. His announced purpose was to explain the lemminglike destruction of black children in the Chicago public school system. The speech was a cross between a Richard Pryor monologue and a Paul Goodman essay—raw and insightful on the surface, driven by humor born of pain. In the face of such an immense personal disaster, the only explanation accessible to Cokely was that the school system was *designed* to produce cretins, just as the stockyards had been built to make bacon. Practically speaking, he told a ghetto audience, school only hampered their children's prospects. "So I advocate that we leave school," he concluded. This was empty bravado, to be sure, and from a distance it was suicidally or subversively insane, but at least his remedy was proportionally desperate to the condition it addressed.

More dangerously, so was Cokely's estimate of the conspiracy supporting the status quo. The racial-crimes intelligence unit—just created in response to the vandalism on West Devon Avenue—was to Cokely an insidious tool of repression. Its

purpose was to build secret files on racially motivated radicals. "In other words," he said, "we will be accused of being racists. We've been slaughtered, killed, beat up, locked down four hundred years, and we the victim, and we will be accused of being racist when we have oppressed nobody."

Cokely, lacking the slightest historical appreciation for the significance of *Kristallnacht*, could interpret the amazingly swift government response only as a sinister trick. The excitement on West Devon must

JACKSON HAD SEIZED THE ROLE OF cheerleader, shouting, "We want it all! We've won the playoffs! Now we want the Super Bowl!"

be a mere pretext—"Them four little windows that was broke on them four little Jewish businesses up north by some Jew..." The conspiracy made a puppet of Mayor Washington: "Made that nigger go up there. They bustin' peoples' heads in our community. He went up there for some windows... When infant mortality went up, he didn't come out and pledge to help the babies. He renounced the statistics."

At the close of 1987, scattered events marched with ghostly precision. Chicago's little *Kristallnacht* on November 9; Cokely's school lecture on November 18, Mayor Washington's death of a heart attack on November 25, the outbreak of the Palestinian *intifada* on December 9 after four Palestinians were killed by an Israeli truck in Gaza. Of these, only Washington's sudden death in city hall became an instant news sensation. Thousands of mourners gathered spontaneously. In its funeral edition, even the staid *Tribune* registered shock in banner headlines: RITES OF GRIEF AN EMOTIONAL OUTPOURING FOR MAN, SYMBOL. Citizens of all races spoke of the transcendent loss, the irreplaceable man. Monsignor John Egan, a civil rights activist from the 1960s, remarked that not even the assassination of President Kennedy had affected him so deeply. In death, Washington acquired the aura of a modern Moses. He had led at least the politicians and the respectable Chicago citizens into a promised land of hope. To Cokely and those he represent-

ed, however, Washington had failed as a Moses figure by putting politics over racial pride and deliverance.

Much the same would be said in Chicago of Jesse Jackson, who flew in from the Mediterranean to throw his weight behind the candidacy of South Side alderman Tim Evans for acting mayor. But the white anti-Washington aldermen engineered the compromise choice of Eugene Sawyer, Cokely's boss, as a respectable but none-too-formidable caretaker. When it was over, some black politicians criticized Jackson for trying to "anoint" Evans as mayor and, alternatively, for failing to succeed. The episode reinforced Jackson's image as one whose political wishes were not honored in his own city. It recalled the night of Washington's primary victory over Daley and Byrne nearly five years earlier, when Jackson had seized the role of cheerleader, shouting, "We want it

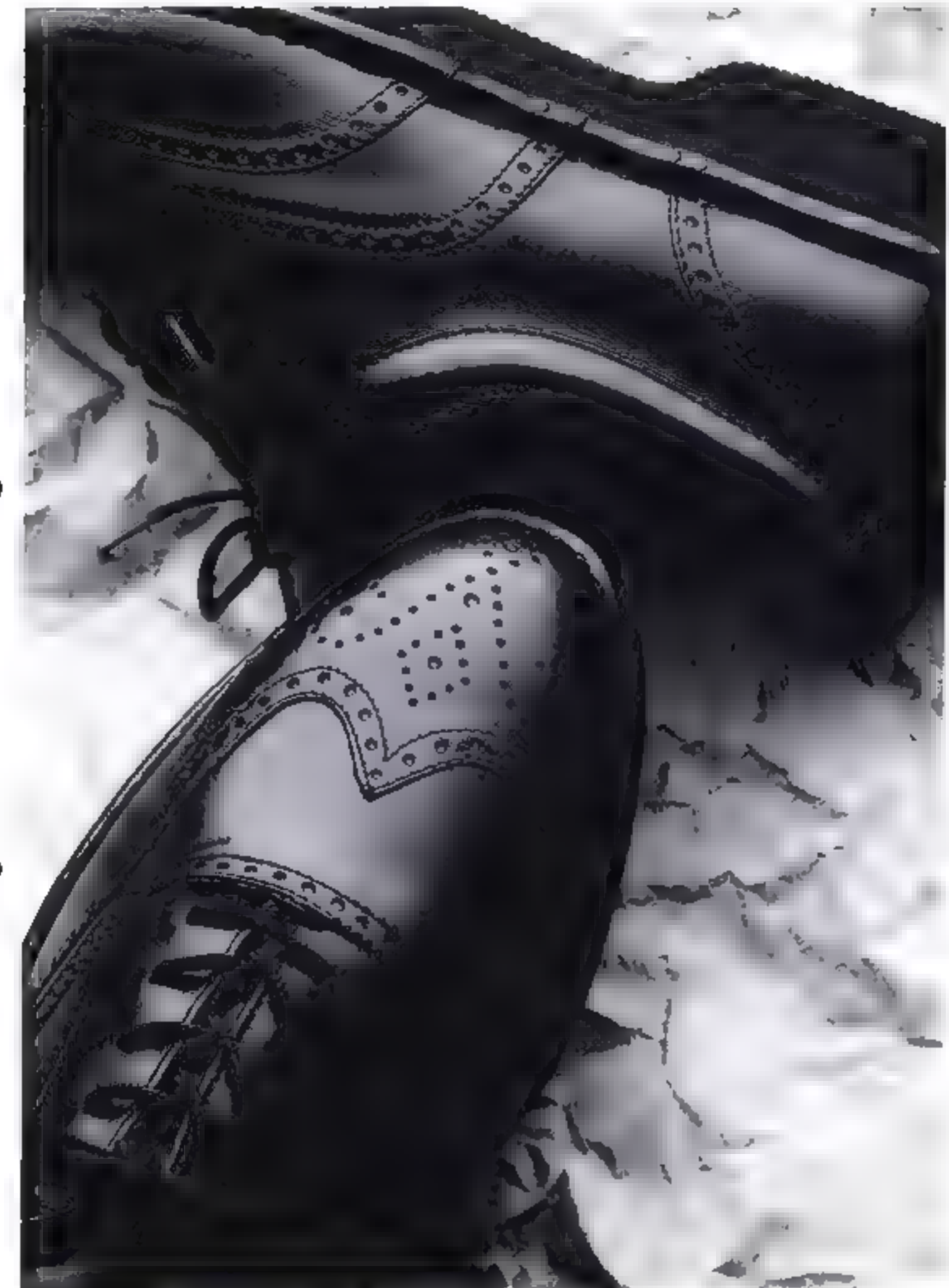
all! We've won the playoffs! Now we want the Super Bowl!" Over and over. His performance had seemed oddly out of keeping with Washington's own thankful magnanimity, and there was an air of self-revelation to it that had plagued Jackson since, compromising both the practical and the prophetic aspects of the Moses persona. Jackson was too special, too removed to gain political power in Chicago. He could only pay homage to Harold Washington. But there was also a self-seeking side to him that ill suited the principles he espoused. The great prophets abased themselves as well as the pride of their people. Neither Isaiah nor Martin Luther King could have pictured his mission as a Super Bowl.

On the national political scene, Jackson remained, despite his visibility in the 1984 presidential race, a hybrid figure. He was too big for any office except the one he wanted, too black or too principled for national politics. A smoother, more disciplined campaign in 1988 gained Jackson second place. Cultivating farmers and other white voters with a vengeance, he suffered no "Hymietown" scandal. Still, Jackson ran into a ceiling support of 9 percent among white voters. At the end of the campaign, a poll for the American Jewish Committee showed that 59 percent of American Jews considered Jackson an anti-Semite. In mainstream America, he remained shackled to Louis Farrakhan. Although Jackson shunned him through-

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out the campaign, he convinced few that he really wanted to. He sought out Jewish audiences, but convinced few that he wanted to do that, either. On both fronts, Jackson projected an evasive discomfort that served neither a politician nor a prophet.

Louis Farrakhan is the closest thing to a banned person this side of South Africa. Banned from television and many black colleges, he is a man whose inclusion makes any prospective gathering almost instantly disresponsible. Far more actively than Jackson, Farrakhan has pricked the issue between blacks and Jews. He is the source—the cause or release point of tensions. Although Jackson gathers hosannas from coast to coast, hailed as the new black Moses, it is Farrakhan who for better or worse is more closely modeled on the prophet.

Like Malcolm X, who was his mentor, Farrakhan began his career in deep obedience to the patriarch Elijah Muhammad. Muhammad had been born Elijah Poole, after the ancient Hebrew prophet said to have ascended deathless to Yahweh. By keeping his given name, Muhammad bridged the two religions built on scripture and authoritarian regimen.

Louis X, a converted calypso singer, dutifully received the new surname Farrakhan from Elijah Muhammad in 1965. By accepting it, he severed any competing loyalty to Malcolm X, who had become a devil instead of a disciple by challenging Elijah Muhammad's black supremacist interpretation of Islam. Talented but badly damaged by the schism and subsequent assassination of Malcolm, Farrakhan preached in relative obscurity until Muhammad's death in 1975. Then came a new torment when Muhammad's sons effectively repudiated their father by taking the Muslims back into more orthodox, nonracial Islamic faith. Farrakhan obeyed for three years before leading a fresh secession into his own Nation of Islam. Isolated from a recognized world faith, Farrakhan sought alliances with the political rebels within the vast Muslim world, such as Muammar Qaddafi. At home he found himself embroiled in protracted litigation over church property. When evicted from the Muslim mosque, he landed in the run-down office building in South Chicago where Cokely would give his speeches. Farrakhan led a remnant of followers on behalf of the black dispossessed, who had no money.

Like Jesse Jackson, Farrakhan entered the 1980s essentially as a Chicago street preacher in midcareer crisis. Each of them sustained a creaky, revolution-minded institution largely by hustle, brains, and lung power. Each was mightily inspired by the election of Harold Washington in 1983. Farrakhan registered to vote for the first

time in his life, sidestepping Elijah Muhammad's separatist teaching that only fools participated in white man's politics. He and Jackson began to cooperate on plans for their overlapping causes, often traveling together. Farrakhan knew Arab politicians and Muslim etiquette well enough to be of help to Jackson on their daringly successful trip to rescue Lieutenant Goodman, the black American pilot who had been shot down over Syria. Farrakhan was so little known that his role drew no public notice,

idle threats. We have no weapons... If you want to defeat him, defeat him at the polls. We can stand to lose an election, but we cannot stand to lose our brother." As always, Farrakhan qualified himself in a number of safe directions, but the quotable spike of death and retaliation was there.

Shortly after this rally, the late Nathan Perlmutter of the Anti Detamation League reportedly compared Farrakhan to Adolf Hitler. An enraged Farrakhan replied in scattershot quotations. "How in the hell am I a Hitler?" he cried. "I haven't killed nobody... don't compare me with your wicked killers." But he also said that Hitler had been "a great man" because he had raised up his people from the defeat of World War I, just as Farrakhan was trying to raise up his people from the ashes of slavery. The "great man" quotation stuck to Farrakhan in the press, making him a confessed admirer of Hitler.

From a business point of view, being branded a black Hitler was a great boon to Farrakhan. By 1988 he was able to buy out the disputed title to the Elijah Muhammad Mosque #2 and also Elijah Muhammad's yellow-brick residences near Hyde Park. The acute sensitivity of the American press briefly opened to him the formula that had made rich men of sectarian religious leaders such as Father Divine: any black man who can make white America leap on its chair in fright or revulsion will win the generous admiration of suffering black America for the sheer guts of the deed.

Up close, Farrakhan's performances give an effect mixed of discipline, theater, and pathos. The discipline is a legacy of Elijah Muhammad's iron laws of psychic conversion, which have made new creatures of hardened criminals since the days of Malcolm X. Stiff Muslims assume the quasi-martial pose of drug-rehab boot camp. They eat but one meal a day, glorify the family as the unit of salvation, and reject all aspirants who are too weak to purge themselves of society's major poisons, ranging from smack to cigarettes. Such fortitude earns the Muslims respect from literati and black aristocrats as well as the poor. Abdul Wali Muhammad, Farrakhan's young chief of staff, is the son of *Ebony* magazine's distinguished correspondent who covered the Freedom Rides of 1961, Simeon Booker.

By swearing off self-disgust and pessi-

A **THE UNCIVIL WAR**
lthough Jackson is hailed as the new black Moses, it is Farrakhan who for better or worse is more closely modeled on the prophet.

but all that changed when the "Hymietown" scandal broke a month later. With hostility between Jackson and Jews crackling in the press, Farrakhan hosted one of the early Jackson-for-President rallies in Chicago. As a national politician, Jackson has never recovered from that night.

Farrakhan is mercurial, perhaps even unstable. He began what was supposed to be an upbeat introduction of the next president with a disputation on Jewish lineage. He cast doubt on the existence of the original Moses from the Bible, saying that the Exodus story does not appear in contemporary African or Arab history. Although stupefyingly out of place, he was correct so far, as most experts on Jewish history concede that the Torah is the only evidence of Moses. Then Farrakhan offered up one of his unique turns at this juncture of racial and religious genesis. He declared that black people were the "real Israel." By this he meant that the role of God's children had been offered to blacks along with the original "mixed multitude of Jews," and that after unrighteousness had successively spoiled the Jews, Christians, and Arabs, blacks carried the mantle of faith.

Never had a presidential rally begun with such a speech. From there, Farrakhan warned American Jews not to dislike Jackson too much. "We are ready to talk," he said. "But if you harm this brother, I warn you in the name of Allah, this will be the last one you harm. We are not making any

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Rolling Rock.
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mism, the Muslim stalwarts drew large crowds of dispossessed blacks to their public events. The elaborate Fruit of Islam security searches awe or terrorize those visitors who cannot appreciate them as advertising spectacles that purposefully occupy an otherwise idle army of bow-tied young men. Then to the stage comes Farrakhan with his prophet's denunciation of America as a land morally blinded by guttury, followed by his showtime declarations on "evil America" and the "errant Jews." Finally, however, to the eventual deflation of those who arrive hungry for jobs and survival, Farrakhan often urges the audience to buy the Muslim line of skin-care products. Holding their arms aloft to show where POWER deodorant belongs, they halfheartedly echo his chant of "Power! At last! Forever!"

Within his mosque, Farrakhan often evokes the pathos of a man laboring to create his own religion from a jumbled past. "Talk to me!" he commands, soliciting the call and response of the black Christian church. "Right!" comes the reply. "Yeah!" "Go ahead!" Farrakhan preaches from Isaiah: "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord..." After a detour through the story of Jacob wrestling with the angel, he veers suddenly into a graphic description of the crucifixion: "A nail goes in. Unnnhh!"

Sometimes distracted, sometimes nearly incoherent, Farrakhan speaks intermittently of Pharaoh's army, of Simon Peter's rejection of Jesus, and of the decline of Islam after the Four Rightly Guided Caliphs. In lectures, he usually returns to the quest for righteousness on the part of the ancient Hebrews. After reverently describing the moment in the Passover seder when the door is opened for the return of Elijah, harbinger of the Messiah, he abruptly asks, "But what would you do if Elijah came and he was black?" His tone flashes between dead cold and impish humor. "Would you say 'Call 911'?"

Farrakhan works vainly to explain away his attacks upon Jews, saying that he believes all nations have dishonored their respective faiths: "Now look, Muslims have practiced dirty religion. The Koran is pure. Our actions are not. Christians have practiced dirty religion. Jesus didn't tell none of you to bring us into slavery.... I said that the practice of taking that land from the Palestinians, leaving them homeless and vagabonds, I call that unclean." While praising the Jews as pioneers in world civilization, Farrakhan challenges them to live by the laws of righteousness that their prophets gave to the world. "If God made a covenant with you," he asks, "did you uphold it?"

The new Jews

AT TEMPLE KAM/ISAIAH ISRAEL, not too many miles away from Farrakhan's mosque, lay volunteers run the Friday evening services. Taken out of context, Farrakhan's question about their principles would not sound unfamiliar. The service retains an organ, a full harmony choir, and a sermon, but nearly all the other nineteenth-century reforms, except for the movement toward equality for women, have retreated

THE UNCIVIL WAR

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in the face of a general yearning for piety and tradition. Young Jews lead the Conservative revival. They are more likely to learn Hebrew than their parents, the men more likely to wear head coverings than their fathers. Those brought up Reform are likely to try a Conservative congregation, Conservatives to flirt with Orthodoxy. Jonathan Levine, director of the American Jewish Committee's Midwest office, switched to a synagogue with more Hebrew in the service even though he understands little Hebrew—just because he found the ancient language more reassuring.

A young woman psychologist delivers a passionate sermon on Moses, whom she introduces as "the greatest human being that ever lived." Even Moses was human, she declares, summoning up the morality of the prophets. "Once we raise ourselves above any other human soul in this universe in a judgmental capacity, we have sunk lower than low...." she says. "We are responsible for trying to make peace where there are those who are so twisted with pain and their own internal agonies that they strike out at everyone in their paths in pain. We are responsible for respecting each other and for the grace to forgive even where forgiveness is not asked, to understand even where insight could not be accepted."

Her message applied to Israel as well. By May 1988 the Palestinian *intifada* was in its sixth month of sustained protest, mostly by young people. In response, Israeli defense

minister Yitzhak Rabin had announced a policy of "force, power, and beatings" to repress the revolt. Most international reaction condemned the "broken-bones campaign," but the Israelis made only modest adjustments between real bullets and plastic ones. Rarely did a day go by without at least one Palestinian killed. Some Israeli soldiers carried sledgehammers to break open the doors of shop owners who honored work stoppages. Others bulldozed clumps of homes belonging to Palestinian suspects and, in one especially poignant case, destroyed a small garden because it was deemed dangerous for anything Palestinian to grow too near a Jewish settlement in the occupied areas.

American Jews writhed in distress. One national leader defended Israel's predicament by saying that the Palestinians "are not people joining hands and singing 'We Shall Overcome.' They're throwing rocks and Molotov cocktails." This was partly true, but the larger point was that one of Israel's staunch American allies was identifying with Bull Connor and taking pains to distinguish the Palestinians from American blacks under segregation. Once that happened, character defects could not long impeach the Palestinian cause, any more than bad grammar had disqualified blacks from full legal citizenship.

Shut out

JUST BEFORE LAST YEAR'S scandal erupted, *Chicago* magazine profiled Steve Cokely as a whirlwind "facilitator" and glad-hander in Mayor Sawyer's office: "Like Cortés striding onto the shore of Mexico, he takes big steps." The article portrayed Cokely as a man matured by responsibility. He had reconciled with the Italian aldermen over his Anti-Columbus Day crusades. He had even cried at the sight of Sawyer dancing with a blonde at a German-American masquerade ball. They had joined hands to sing a German song. It felt like the old "We Shall Overcome" to Cokely, "only with more oompah."

There is some evidence of cooperation between anti-Sawyer politicians and the Chicago office of the Anti-Defamation League. When the tapes of his "placating the Jews" speech reached the front page of the *Tribune*, Cokely heard himself denounced and supported by politicians he barely knew. The



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public furor spread across the country within a matter of days as resentment of Cokely's anti-Semitism overwhelmed the layers of Chicago politics. Sawyer slowly grasped the strength of the pressure to fire Cokely, who forgot all about reconciliation and oompah. When tossed back on the street, Cokely first glowed as a new celebrity, boasting that blacks crowded around just to touch him. He tried to take his most inflammatory ruminations about Jews onto the promotional circuit, but he got no further than a few lectures and an appearance on *The Morton Downey Jr. Show*. By the end of 1988, Cokely felt shut out, like a black dropout from the public schools. "Jews suppress dissent rather than reasoning with it," he complained. "That's gonna be one of their undoings."

The sounds of Chicago

AT WVON TALK RADIO in South Chicago, black activist Lu Palmer had taken his shoes off and was squinting into the microphone. His studio might have passed for the back office of a gasoline station in the countryside. Off the air, Palmer scoffed at the possibility that callers might fuss at the Jews. "Let's keep rolling," he growled, and what roiled in was a chorus of disgust. A man announced that Chicago's black churches reap about \$10 million every Sunday and wondered how to siphon off just \$2 million to fight unemployment. He predicted that the Muslims would control the country by the year 2000. A breathless woman reported seeing a man buy his girlfriend \$13,000 worth of leather clothes at the posh Water Tower Place. "These white people have got *beaucoup* of money," she said. To declare their intention of boycotting the next election, several callers asked for a fishing pole. A Robert X called to say, "I am not a Muslim. That 'X' is for ex-American." A woman said, "All black men are not black." A man denounced blacks for being too dependent upon the government. "You don't find the Chinese getting upset about the President and the mayor," he said. "Or the Arabs. Or the Italians."

An alderman in the studio took up the last point. "We need to teach kids how to go into business," he said.

Palmer squinted. "But Ed, how can we teach them if we don't know?" he inquired. The alderman squinted back. "There are people who know," he replied.

After a few more Muslims, two crime reports, and several political gripes, Palmer rolled the tape of chirpy Jesse Jackson urging listeners to register. "Your vote can make a difference," he said, sounding at once Pollyannaish and impossibly brave.

The ladder and the leadership

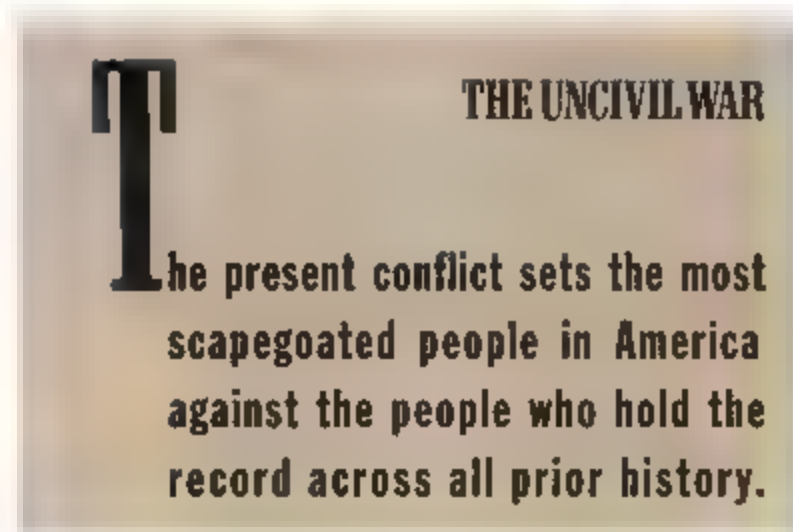
AN INVISIBLE RING protected Mount Sinai Hospital during the 1968 King assassination riots. Not a window was broken at the last Jewish establishment in North Lawndale. The hospital board had nearly moved out when the Chicago Medical School scooted thirty-seven miles north to the suburbs, but after the miracle survival of the riots they decided to stay on the same site where Slavic immigrants had built Mai-

For Jews, the crisis lies in the combination of worldly comforts and a reestablished Israel, which are both the promise and the curse of Judaism. Nearly all the religion's distinctive traditions developed in the absence of a Jewish state. Passover, Yom Kippur, the other holidays, and indeed the social and religious canons of Rabbinic Judaism itself were all born in the Diaspora. For a culture steeped in exile and outsider status, the core teachings present success as a threat to Jewish morality, and history warns that a kingdom of Israel has brought a flash of glory followed by corruption and destruction. This has occurred both times Jerusalem was a Hebrew capital, first after King David and again under the Hasmonaean kings.

American public life is accustomed to the faces and words of tormented black prophets, but none of them dares to tell their people that they may have to be-

come more like Jews—rising from the rubble family by family, shop by shop. They summon the rest of America to help them avoid this awesome chore rather than to join it, and most of the lesser black prophets speak for those who would rather picket a business than run one. Against this surfeit of black prophets, Jews have no commanding voices. There are rabbis who tell them that unstable societies, with extremes of poverty and wealth, are a threat to Jews, but there is no preeminent leader who summons Israel to do justice by the Palestinians in the name of Amos and Isaiah. In many respects, blacks and Jews need an exchange rather than a war of leadership, but their steep paths are littered with pride.

The pain of such forebodings is worse than having no ears. The faintest sound of them usually drives leaders into fits of prideful avoidance, or into scapegoating, a practice invented by the Hebrews and other ancient peoples to project upon sacrificial animals a ritualized cleansing from mortal confusion. A recurring perversion of this primitive idea—the mass scapegoating of people by tribe—has shamed empires and spawned evils that have numbed historians and theologians alike. Ironically, the present conflict sets the most scapegoated people in America against those who hold the record across all prior history. Having regenerated interchangeable limbs for old wounds, they are wrestling over mixed pieces of a hybrid identity. ■



monides Hospital in 1912. In 1988, twenty years after that decision, Mount Sinai employed 350 doctors and 1,500 staff. Nearly all the patients were blacks and Hispanics from the immediate neighborhood.

Most of the Jewish patients at Mount Sinai were fresh immigrants from the Soviet Union—almost two thousand of them new to Chicago last year. For them, the chain of assimilation still worked. Organized Jewish groups welcomed, placed, and settled them, helped teach them English, and competed by synagogue and denomination for their allegiance. Most often they still made it from language classes and taxis to the suburbs within ten years. No such ladder exists for the blacks of North Lawndale or elsewhere. Overwhelmed, they lack the social cohesion and the facility to adapt that Jews have acquired over a four-thousand-year obsession with literacy.

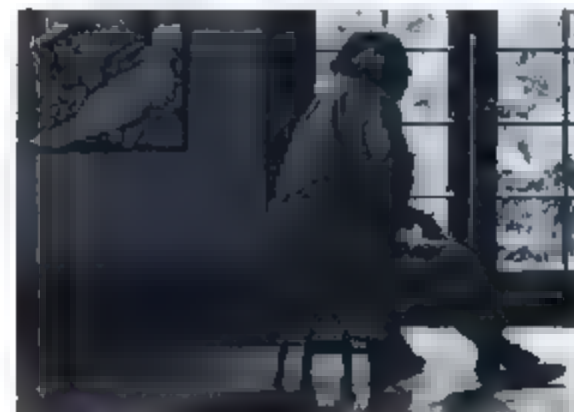
In 1989 blacks and Jews each face historic, largely unacknowledged, crises of leadership. For blacks, it is that the Mosaic model may not serve to raise the underclass from suffering—that a great march now may lead to a blind door rather than the land of milk and honey. The historic model of uplift by politics, in a mass march behind a great Moses figure, may have no application to the modern dispossessed. This possibility, together with the realization that American Jews themselves did not reach prosperity by such a path, presents dilemmas of nearly unbearable sensitivity.

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In the Workshop of Peter Matthiessen

Photograph by Arnold Newman

PINNED TO THE WALL, just above a faded cigarette ad captioned WHEN YOU'VE BEEN THERE AND BACK, is a Ziploc bag with a letter attached. "Dear Peter," it begins. "You must certainly be wondering why you have received this packet of ashes from the Himalayas. No, it is not holy ash, or the ash of the cremation ground. It is the ashes from your book *The Snow Leopard*, after I burned it."

Peter Matthiessen grins, mostly along the corners of his eyes. "You could write a whole story of my life just looking at the walls around this room," he tells you.

The room is actually a converted playhouse across the grass from the writer's eastern Long Island home. Every vertical space that isn't an overfilled bookcase or an odd-shaped window looking out onto the flat coastal land is covered to the reach of a tall man's arm with clippings, scribbled quotes, pictures, maps, postcards, addresses, feathers. Every horizontal space, with the exception of his long, built-in desk and rickety office chair, is a museum. There's a carved praying-mantis nose ornament that Michael Rockefeller sent from New Guinea just before he disappeared; a shard of slate covered with strange writing that George Schaller (the "GS" of *The Snow Leopard*) saved from

the wreckage of the Potala palace in Lhasa; a poisonous sea snake found dried into a coil on the beach at Baja California. In one corner is a formidable collection of round beach stones. It appears that Matthiessen, whose characters are often victims and refugees in a material world, has spent sixty-two years accumulating the things that please him and adjusting his surroundings, adding an arrowhead, giving away a fossil.

For the last thirty of those years, he has risen early and come to this place to work, usually taking an afternoon break to cut wood or play touch football. Much of his new book, *On the River Styx, and Other Stories* (out this spring), was done here, and on the wall are artifacts of earlier writings—a FREE LEONARD PELTIER poster, a tattered United Farm Workers flag. There is also a hint of his novel in progress, a map of somewhere in Florida with the legend, LOST MAN'S RIVER TO WIGGINS PASS.

"I hate to travel now," Matthiessen says, looking out a window at a small stone Buddha perched on a stump. "I get homesick halfway to New York City." It is an odd comment, coming from a man who has written of the world's farthestmost places. But as you leave, you look back across the yard to the cottage with its mismatched, vine-covered clapboards, and you begin to understand. There is an equilibrium here between man and place that is as perfectly evolved as that between any hunter/gatherer and his surroundings. This place is Peter Matthiessen's natural habitat. ■



FOUR BY FOUR

The art of a family

Portrait by Frank Ockenfels, XOutline



Broken Path Study
with Blue, Black and White Tiles
with a Gym Shoe,
1985/86, painted fiberglass,
72" x 138"

TO BEGIN WITH, NO: that's not a photograph below. Well, of course it's a *photograph*, but it's not a photograph of a path. It may look like a photograph of a path, because how else could you get that incredible play of shadow and light, those pebbles, those cracks and smudges? How else could you capture the depth and precision that make the thing look so *real*?

The short answer is that what's actually on this page is a photograph of a six-by-eleven-and-a-half-foot piece of painted fiberglass, or, to look at it as its creators do, a small rectangle of truth, painstakingly constructed to resemble a part of the world. The long answer is that what's on this page—and the pages that follow—is the work of the four artists who make up Boyle Family, a gloriously eccentric group with a gloriously eccentric mission.

Boyle Family—capital B, capital F, no *the*—consists of four very passionate people: Mark Boyle, fifty-four, Joan Hills, fifty-three, and their children, Sebastian, twenty-seven, and Georgia, twenty-four. Together they have traveled around much of the world, bringing back their replicas of plowed fields, tiled paths, still beaches,

roads, and sidewalks, and living the kind of untrammelled life that is usually the stuff of dreams. Their goal sounds simple. It is to see—*really* see—the world as it is. No aesthetic prejudices. No preconceptions. No giving in to the natural impulse to make things prettier or more interesting.

For artists who have begun to be heralded, collected, and shown in numerous museums and galleries worldwide, the aim of avoiding the aesthetic impulse may seem an awfully odd one, but it truly is the source of Boyle Family's work. With marching intensity, all four of them reject the traditional view that art must be the product of a solitary soul with a unique vision. For one thing, they have worked as equal partners since Sebastian and Georgia have been in their twenties. For another, it is their shared view that if they could just capture the world as it really is, that would be vision and beauty enough. "We believe," Mark explains, "that in some way people filter out most of the visual signals that they get from the environment, for the very good reason that if they didn't the world would be so brilliant and beautiful and astonishing and amazing that they just couldn't bear it."

To help them convey that inherent astonishment, the Boyles rely on randomness in much of what they do. In the Broken Path series, for example, they picked the courtyard, but to choose the actual site, they tossed a carpenter's right angle into the air. Where the angle fell, they laid down their frame. *The World Series*, represented on the next page, is the Boyles' most random project and probably their best-known. It began one evening in 1967 when

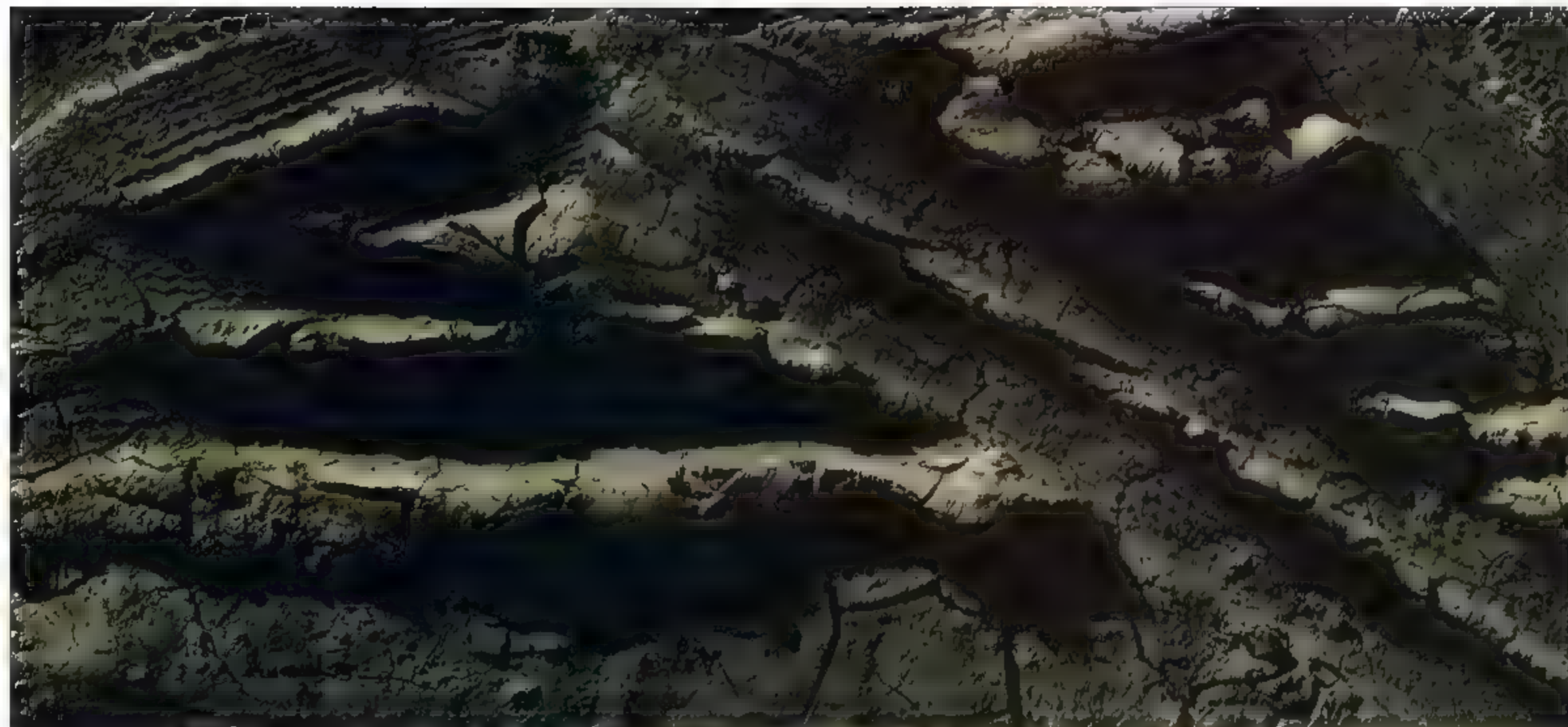
Where the bullets hit, Mark and Joan decreed, a work of art would be made.

toss the right angle into the air.

The right-angle bit is the Boyles' guarantee of a certain amount of objectivity. Despite the fervor with which they hold to their ideas, they are always up against the temptation to interpret rather than report. Had they not lived by where the angle fell in the Broken Path study, for example, they might have been tempted to put that sneaker in the middle of the frame. Says Sebastian: "To give in to that urge would be to falsify the whole thing. I mean, we'd undercut it, and we'd just start doing the traditional-artist thing."

Traditional is the last word that could be used to describe Boyle Family. Mark and Joan first met in 1957 at a café in Leeds and started living together six weeks later (they've never married). Mark was a poet then; Joan was painting, running a beauty salon, and raising a son, Cameron, from a former marriage. Eventually Mark and Joan began to work on the same canvases. They moved from Leeds to Paris, had Sebastian and Georgia, and worked in a restaurant to make ends meet. Then one night they simply decided that if they didn't get out of the restaurant business, they might stay in it forever. As Mark has put it: "We gave in our notice when we were com-

Mark and Joan hung a map of the world on the wall of an avant-garde London gallery. Visitors were blindfolded one by one, then handed a gun and told to shoot. Where the bullets hit, Mark and Joan decreed, a work of art would be made. Successively smaller maps and darts would dictate the city and street until at last they would stand on their "World" site and



Study of Urban Lorry Park with Fragment of Orange Carpet, 1979/86, painted fiberglass, 72" x 144"



Study of a Weighbridge with Cobbles and Draincore, 1987, painted fiberglass, 72" x 144"

pletely broke, on the principle that if you're going to step off a precipice, the sooner you hit bottom the better." That night they spent the last of their salary on some champagne, sold one painting to a group of friends who managed to scrounge up the dough, and lived sale to sale and rent to rent for seventeen years before they turned a profit. Along the way, they created films, sculptures, paintings, and poems, took part in "happenings," created a light show for a Jimi Hendrix tour, and taught their children what they knew.

Now that Boyle Family's pieces command up to \$65,000 a pop, they seem to be approaching success with the same philosophy they had toward frustration: the work comes first. Says Joan: "I think once you get started on something like this, you don't have a real choice but to go on." ■



Sandy Pavement Study with Fragments of Blue Sign, 1988, painted fiberglass, 72" x 72"

Women We Love

MERCEDES SOSA

She grew up, this shy singer, in Tucumán, Argentina, a province so fantastic in her memory as a landscape created by Borges. There were huge sugarcane fields. The fruit trees and the flowers never stopped blooming. The place was called the Garden of the Republic, a wonderful name for not only was it lush there but Argentina had not yet been taken over by military dictators. She preferred singing only for her friends; then, in 1970, she suffered greatly from stage fright. Every performance remains a struggle, imagine then, the courage required of her in the Seventies, when mounting stage meant not just singing but facing down death threats from Argentina's paramilitary police. Within the country she constantly kept on the move to avoid becoming one of the "disappeared." In 1976 the government sentenced her to permanent exile. Her offense: she sang the *canção* called "the new song," music of protest and compassion, championing human rights in the face of government brutality. It was a movement that helped revitalize Latin American music. Mercedes Sosa was one of its divas, albeit the most one. Of course, you don't need to know all that when you put the needle down on her version of Violeta Parra's "Gracias a la Vida" and listen to her for the first time. The record captured her first public performance after her 1982 exile to newly democratic Argentina in 1982. Her voice, already strident, now deep, full, soft, steep, and cool, as if she had no moves, you say? It did the fifty thousand adoring fans who could be heard erupting in applause. It may not be good, but Mercedes Sosa is good. Here is the song of all these who overcome their fear of singing out.

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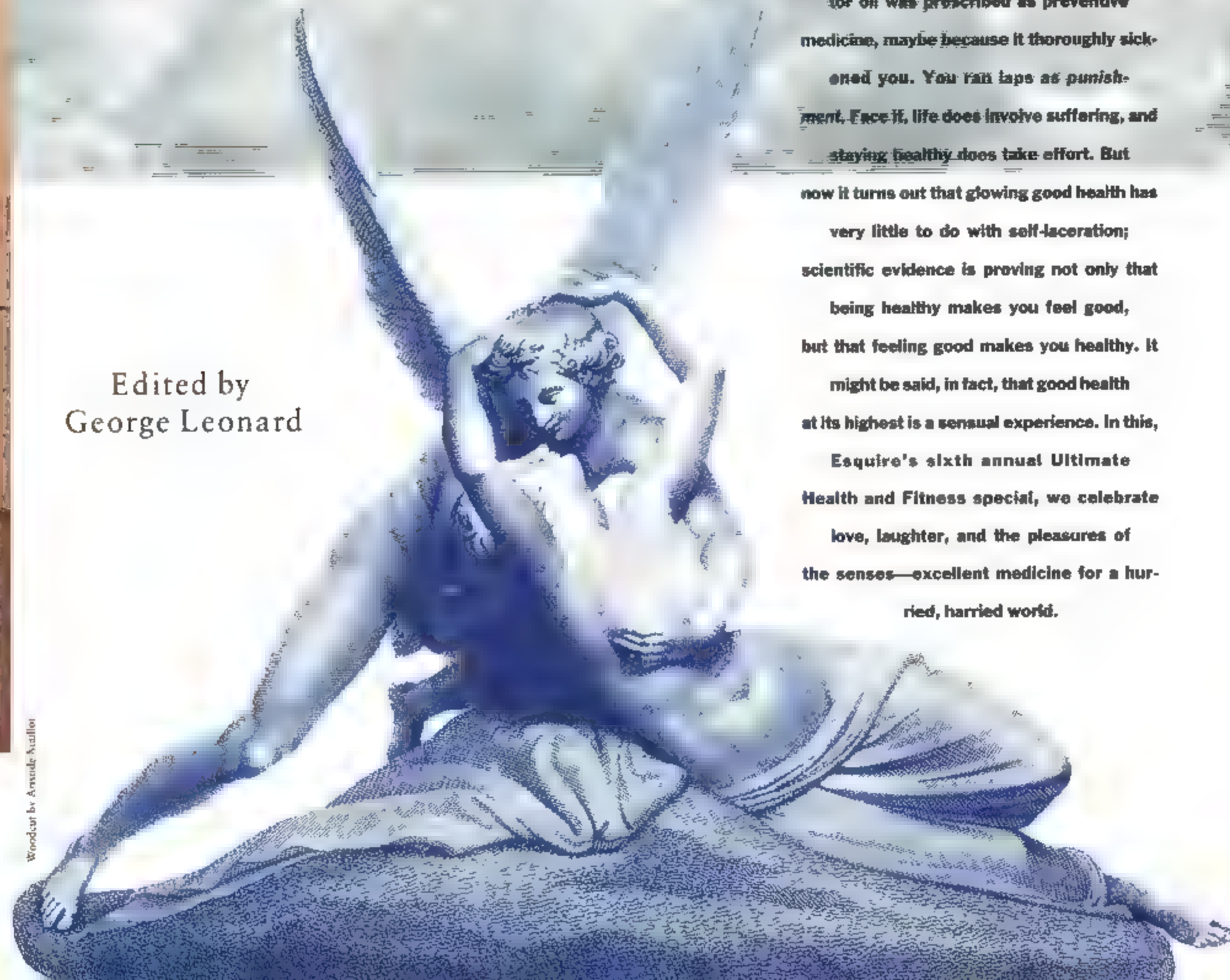
Ultimate Fitness



It used to be that whatever was good for you had to taste bad or hurt like hell. Castor oil was prescribed as preventive medicine, maybe because it thoroughly sickened you. You ran laps as punishment. Face it, life does involve suffering, and staying healthy does take effort. But now it turns out that glowing good health has very little to do with self-laceration; scientific evidence is proving not only that being healthy makes you feel good, but that feeling good makes you healthy. It might be said, in fact, that good health at its highest is a sensual experience. In this, Esquire's sixth annual Ultimate Health and Fitness special, we celebrate love, laughter, and the pleasures of the senses—excellent medicine for a hurried, harried world.

Edited by
George Leonard

Woodcut by Armand Kallier



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WHEN SOMEONE WOULD TELL ME, "Happier is healthier," I'd say, "Yes, that makes sense," but I couldn't make myself believe it. Don't you notice, they would say, people falling in love don't catch colds; we all staved off the flu until after zero hour on the big-bucks presentation; doctors keep writing best sellers about patients with a "will to live" who outlast the hopeless ones. Yes, yes Such tales do seem to contain a dose of common sense.

You take a moment to savor the sun's warmth on your face. Your baby holds out her arms to be picked up and the trust in her smile brings a sting of tears to your eyes. If good feelings like these do indeed turn out to be an investment in good health, why walk in the shade with your blues on parade?

But even if the happier-is-healthier lore has always made good sense, it never could hold a sharp-enough edge to carve out clear understandings about health. *What* happened is an anecdote; only when someone figures out *how* it happened does it cross over to the realm of dependable, repeatable practice. When you're dealing with something as unbelievable as the workings of the human body, you want all the microscope slides, statistics, and evidence you can collect. You want the scientific method.

*Even just the
thought of making love
signals your
body to begin releasing
neuropeptides,
as potent as any drug
you can find*

Science, in spite of its history of stubbornness about jumping from old paradigms to new ones, has lately been accumulating some truly provocative evidence. Just ten years ago, Norman Cousins' book *Anatomy of an Illness* exposed millions of readers to carefully researched explanations for Cousins' certainty that his *attitude* had a lot to do with his recovery from a painful and supposedly irreversible disintegration of his connective tissue. Here was an observer with credentials so fine that his story had appeared first in 1976 in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. His point got grossly simplified as readers repeated it, and a notion took hold that Cousins had laughed his way back to health. That, he has

THE CHEMISTRY OF LOVE

*That special feeling is not all in your head. It's all
through your body and blood too* By John Poppy



pointed out many times, is absurd. As he has written since, he used mirth as a metaphor "for the full range of the positive emotions, including hope, love, faith, a strong will to live, determination, and purpose...[and] a capacity for festivity." And he worked with an imaginative doctor, sampling varied medications, doing everything he could to "mobilize all the natural resources of body and mind."

Cousins' book appeared near the beginning of a period in which a trickle of serious research on those "natural resources" had swelled to a flood. The research has created the field of psychoneuroimmunology, or PNI to anyone who has to say it more than once. PNI is casting light on some mechanisms and pathways by which good feelings actually start up chemical reactions in the body that may boost the immune system—particularly when those good feelings are directed toward other people.

PSYCHONEUROIMMUNOLOGY—the study of how emotions can affect the immune system and how the immune system, in a closing of the loop, can affect the emotions—is not a new word for psychosomatic medicine. The word *psychosomatic* appeared a hundred years or so ago to describe the mind's effect on bodily ailments. Ironically, it kept alive the dualism it was meant to dissolve: Mind. Body. "Our language does not even recognize that the two entities are inseparable," says Dr. Robert Ader of the University of Rochester, the psychologist who pretty much founded PNI fifteen years ago

sea-inducing drug that, incidentally, also depresses immune functions. The rats learned—usually with just one experience—to associate sweet water with throwing up. From then on, they avoided sweet water even though it contained no trace of the nauseating drug. Weeks later, Ader noticed something else: rats were falling ill and dying. Tests confirmed what he suspected—these rats had learned to suppress their own immune systems. That had been thought impossible. Immunologists had envisioned the body's defense department working on its own, independent of the brain. (Never mind that Pavlov's lab conditioned guinea pigs to produce specific antibodies in 1924; that was Russia, not to be trusted.)

"We have simply thrown a monkey wrench" into the old beliefs, Ader said last year. "The immune system is...influenced by both the nervous and endocrine systems. Presumably it is via these same channels that behavior can influence the immune system."

Far from everyone in the biomedical community thinks that has been proved. Ader himself asks, "Will the same things occur in life as in the test tube? Possibly, but we just don't know." Still, "We cannot disavow certain phenomena, like spontaneous recovery from illness, just because we cannot explain them."

For years experiments such as Ader and Cohen's—in which you make the rat sick—have been establishing that under stress, the body can constrict blood vessels, raise blood lipids, and release hormones that degrade some disease-fighting cells in the immune

healthier overall. That isn't surprising. If you're sharing a happy life with somebody, you're not so tempted to take drugs or overeat or drink hard, you probably pay some attention to your looks, which means getting some exercise; it adds up. What is surprising is the single thing that *most* affected longevity: social contact. The more social contact, the lower the death rate, no matter what else people did. The Tecumseh study noted that men who did volunteer work at least once a week outlived men who did none, two and a half to one. Women showed less difference, perhaps because most women spend a lot of time looking after other people anyway. These studies imply that doing something with other people—especially for them, in volunteer work, support groups, and community building—is the most powerful of all stimuli to longevity and health.

SAY YOU'RE JUST ABOUT TO pick up your salad fork when your wife puts her hand over yours and says, "Twice this morning I thought about us making love, and each time I felt a rush of warmth all through me. Just *thinking* about sex made me happy."

You smile at each other. And there are scientists who say you have more reason to than you might have believed a few years ago. Your wife's physical sensations were no mere figure of speech. She did, in fact, describe concisely one powerful theory for the connection between social contact—especially bonding experiences—and good health.

The chemistry of love. It was discovered in the early 1970s that the human body produces its own supplies of the chemicals known as neuropeptides from cells in the brain, in other organs and, of all places, in the immune system. Your wife's thought of you, just the thought, signaled nerve endings throughout her body to release neuropeptides. Swiftly, carried in her blood like leaves on a stream, they suffused her. Her remark prompted similar reactions in you.

Neuropeptides are as potent as any

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Long-range studies imply that doing something with other people, especially something for them, is the most powerful of all stimuli to longevity and health.

with one study that has become a classic. "But it is really not possible to talk about the mind apart from the body."

Ader speaks with the conviction of one who practically tripped over an unexpected truth. In 1974 he and immunologist Nicholas Cohen were doing a standard taste-aversion study with rats. They gave the rats a saccharine solution to drink, then injected them with cyclophosphamide, a nau-

John Poppy writes *Esquire's* monthly *Active Health* column.

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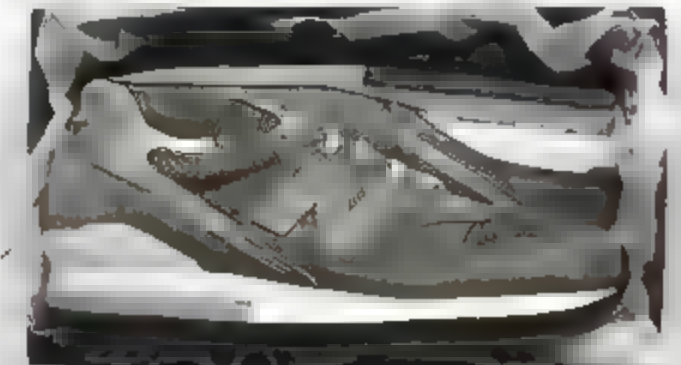
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drug you can take into your body from outside—one, dynorphin, is a pain reliever nearly two hundred times stronger than morphine. Their major job is to convey information. They make things happen by homing in on "receptor sites" on the surfaces of cells. The richest clusters of receptors have been found deep in the center of the brain, in the areas that control mood and motivation—the so-called limbic system that includes the hypothalamus (the "brain of the brain" that regulates appetite, rest, temperature, heart rate, sexual desire, and more) and the pituitary gland (the master hormone maker). These receptors are identical to others in distant organs (among them the gonads, kidneys, spleen, and gut), and, of all places again, in the immune system. The implication of all this? Chemicals that fit the juncture points for emotions are probably carrying messages back and forth between brain and immune system.

A clue to the potency of peptide molecules is their purity. They are nothing but strings of amino acids. (The twenty amino acids make all the proteins and peptides in the body. If you think of them as differently colored beads, you can imagine varying their quantities and sequences to make different chemicals.) *Neuropeptides* are short strings, created in nerve cells straight off DNA, the double helix that carries the genetic code.

At least sixty neuropeptides have been identified so far. Some are opiates. That your body makes its own forms of opium and its derivatives (morphine, codeine, and heroin) could

opinion of Candace Pert, a bold researcher in the field. Pert and Solomon Snyder first located the receptors for opium in 1973 at Johns Hopkins. She expanded that work as chief of brain biochemistry in a branch of the National Institute of Mental Health. Now scientific director of Peptide Design, a new company that looks for peptide-based disease cures, she still works as an NIMH guest scientist.

The more Pert thinks about the identical receptor sites in the brain, organs, and immune system, the more convinced she becomes that they will lead to "understanding how mind and body are interconnected, and how emotions can be manifested throughout the body." The more we learn, she has written, "the harder it is to think in traditional terms of a mind and a body. It makes more and more sense to speak of a single integrated entity, a 'body-mind.'" Granting that some scientists find the idea outrageous, Pert sees the receptors for neuropeptides as "keys to the biochemistry of emotion."

Some of those emotions are obvious, she said at the end of a long day at Peptide Design. "You might not have tried heroin, but you can imagine the narcotic effects of the opiate peptides. Other peptides that have potent effects throughout the body and the immune system also have receptors in the mood mediating parts of the brain. We just don't know yet what feelings those peptides might induce."

"You can go both ways, theoretically, from one realm to the other. In one direction, from changes in the body through emotions to the mind. In the

he more we learn, one researcher wrote, "the harder it is to think in terms of a mind and a body. It makes more sense to speak of a single integrated entity."

explain phenomena such as "runner's high," the subject of a million anecdotes and no test-tube proofs. The endorphins (*endogenous morphines*), now as familiar to athletes as Gatorade, are neuropeptides. Others of the sixty are hormones such as insulin (until recently believed to come only from the pancreas) that regulate body functions, still others are growth factors that help create cells.

Whatever else neuropeptides do, all sixty-plus of them "can be considered mood altering substances," in the

other direction, from pure 'mind' thought—through emotions into bodily changes."

The neuropeptides flooding through your wife and you moved toward their receptors. Some began making things happen even before they docked—particularly in your immune system. Take their effect, for instance, on the mobile white cells called monocytes, which are pivotal in controlling disease. When a monocyte floating along in the blood recognizes an invader, it eats it, and then prompts

B-cells, T-cells, and others to get busy with other work. A monocyte also carries enzymes that produce and destroy collagen, the protein that builds tissue and heals wounds. And it has

one other important quality—on its surface, a monocyte has receptors for neuropeptides. When it "scent" a peptide nearby, it crawls toward it. The result of the extra movement, and the eventual contact, may be an increase in a monocyte's overall activity, research has not yet shown precisely what happens. But nature does nothing uselessly. By putting receptors for chemicals associated with emotion on vital cells in the immune system, nature seems to have constructed a bridge between brain and monocytes, between emotion and immunity.

Not only do cells in the immune system have receptors for neuropeptides, they also *make* the same peptides that the brain produces. Since the brain is rich in peptide receptors, it could receive messages about bacteria and viruses from those immune cells. The immune system might be a listener and a talker too.

"WE FEEL the pursuit of happiness is a reasonable part of the fight for recovery from cancer," Harold Benjamin said in his office at the Wellness Community in Santa Monica, California. Benjamin retired from his law practice in 1982 to open a place where cancer patients and their families can come, free of charge, to augment their conventional medical treatments with "psychosocial support"—camaraderie, group therapy, and information. Since then more than eight thousand people have found it so useful that ten new Wellness Communities are opening in other cities this year.

What they do, essentially, is trigger the interactions between emotions and health that PNI has been documenting. For instance, numerous experiments have shown that laughter reduces the levels of certain hormones that ordinarily rise with stress and also apparently increases the activity of natural killer cells that attack tumors and other cells infected by viruses.

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AND OTHER
PLEASURES

INDULGENT THE SENSE OF RÊVE



THE DRUG TRAP

WHEN YOU'RE LIVING A GOOD LIFE, your body is exquisitely balanced, producing the right amount of specific chemical substances at the right time to arouse you, relax you, reduce pain, produce feelings of pleasure, or fortify the immune system. Drugs can do some of the same things, but only temporarily—and only by laying a nasty trap.

The opiates, for example. Those you produce inside, the endorphins, soothe you and please you. So do opiates you get from outside, such as the morphine in heroin. The difference is that external opiates are not always available to you, whereas internal ones are—until you mess with the system. Under normal conditions, your body produces a steady supply of endorphins that are stored in nerve cells, against the times when they're needed to balance the chemicals of arousal that make you jumpy and tense—adrenaline and cortisol, for instance. The minute you stick an opiate in from outside, you signal your body to slack off the production of opiates inside. Meanwhile, it keeps on producing flight-or-fight chemicals. The result: just to keep things in balance, you depend on ever-increasing amounts of a drug from outside.

Simply put, when you take in a drug from outside, your brain attempts to adapt to it. A drug molecule either mimics the effects of a molecule that the body makes itself or blocks its effects. It does so by occupying a "receptor" site on the surface of a brain cell, much as a key fits into a lock. The receptor is a complicated molecule itself that can be an on-off valve. Slightly different molecules may compete for the same receptor. One may turn things on (an *agonist*) and the other may turn them off (an *antagonist*). When the one that fits most tightly bumps the other one off, its effect is the one you feel.

Caffeine, nicotine, and other external stimulants play the flip side of the opiates. Caffeine is suspected of speeding up the release of adrenaline. When adrenaline kicks in, the brain normally buffers it with other substances, particularly one called adenosine, that promote tranquillity and relaxation. Caffeine has a second effect, though: it is a potent antagonist to adenosine. A short-term result of too much coffee can be a jag of anxiety, even panic. A long-run result seems to be that the adrenal glands get lazy, the adenosine is still waiting in the wings, and you need repeated jolts of caffeine (or nicotine, or last-minute deadlines, or whatever upper you use) to feel normal.

Similarly, Valium, which is not an opiate, seems to do its work mainly as an antagonist, by blocking a naturally occurring peptide, diazepam-binding inhibitor (DBI), which makes you alert and nervous. Snatch the block out of receptors that have been clogged with it for a long time, and the resulting rush of DBI can make you crazy.

Whatever happens, the brain tries to keep things stable. It works for homeostasis. A drug coming in from outside can trick it into signaling a cut in production of your body's own form of that drug; or a boost of its antagonist; or both. Either way, the brain is doing its best to tamp down the effects of the drug and restore stability. Everything in the brain is interlinked, so one reaction affects others, cascading across entire systems in a profusion of yin-yang effects, with peaks on one side and valleys on the other. When you push your brain and body past their ability to match peaks with valleys, you run the risk of addiction, and possibly death. As with any trap, you're better off not putting your foot in it.

"We never, never tell people that if they come here their cancer will go away," Benjamin said. "It would be absurd to say that changing your point of view cures cancer. There are too many times when biology overwhelms psychology. We do say that people who participate in their fight for recovery along with their physicians—instead of acting as hopeless, helpless, passive victims of the illness—will improve the quality of their lives and just may enhance the possibility of their recovery." He provides details in *From Victim to Victor*, ostensibly a handbook on what the Wellness Community has learned about cancer, but in its lucidity really a book about life.

"May enhance the possibility," Benjamin emphasized. "If I had cancer, and decided with my doctor to take radiation, I would take it because I thought it could kill the cancer cells. I would also try everything else I could to enhance the power of my immune system to kill more cancer cells. That includes enhancing the quality of my life. People participate so actively in jokefests and visualization and social networking here because they want to get better, not because they want to be happier. And they're happier."

Harold Benjamin is not referring to petty happiness, to trivialities that are self-centered, acquisitive, based on the quick fix of drugs or entertainment. Those variations, along with any chemical changes they might initiate, are short-lived; there is no reason at all to believe that the one who dies with the most toys wins. Rather, it is now clear that the possibilities for satisfaction and health over a lifetime emerge from "activity in accordance with excellence," as Aristotle defined happiness.

The practical fact is that feeling good, even sensual, is healthier than feeling grim, lonely, and depressed. Every detail of what makes it healthier may be figured out someday, but don't bet on it. We are too complex. For now, the clues argue for following common sense rather than waiting for every scientist to be satisfied.

It is part of common sense, by the way, to refrain from falling over the edge into promises that nobody can keep: that if you love enough, or summon up enough optimism, you can armor yourself against all misfortune. Love may boost healing and health, but love does not conquer all, not even, at times, the common cold. The coordination of the body's processes, the artfulness and resilience, are dazzling; yet in the end they will fail. Everyone dies. Along the way, though, loving the textures and colors of the world, your sweetheart's lips, your child's faith in you, all the gifts that fill the day, can contribute to making the best of the life we have been given. ☐

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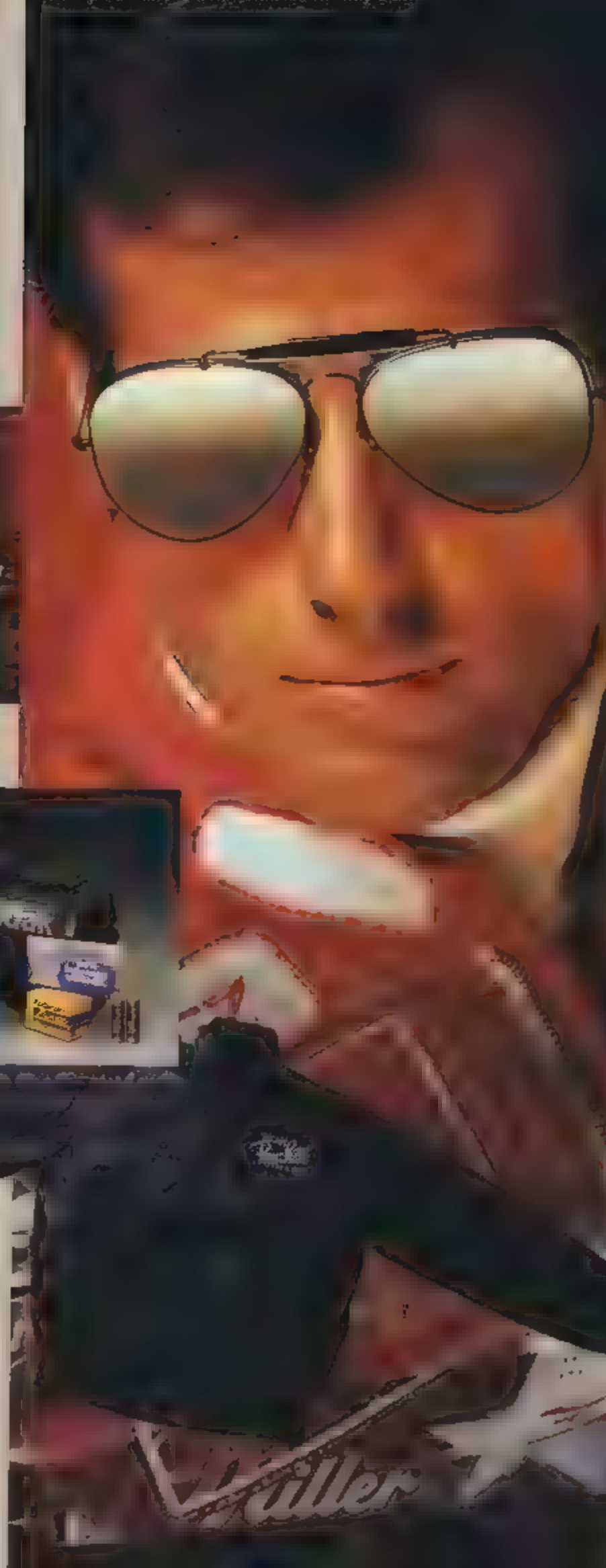
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T

deal has been learned about a supremely physical act—including the fact that it isn't all that different from other intense physical activities.

During sex, the body is transformed in ways that even the participants might never have imagined. "One may become conscious of an increase in temperature in his own or the sexual partner's body surfaces," Kinsey wrote. "The identification of sexual arousal as a fever, a glow, a fire, heat, or warmth testifies to the widespread understanding that there is this rise in surface temperature." At the same time, the skin begins to change color. What is known as the sex flush generally starts on the upper abdomen and face, then spreads to the breasts, neck,



SEX

AND OTHER PLEASURES

Kinsey noted the striking resemblance between the face of a lover nearing orgasm and a runner approaching the finish line.

HE MYSTERY IS AS OLD AS TIME. Throughout most of history—all those centuries, those billions of sexual joinings—the act of love, that intimate act through which our species is perpetuated, had been described with flights of fancy or crude vulgarity. Then came the sex researchers, unwilling to leave sex to the poets and the pornographers. There was Alfred Kinsey with his two massive volumes of 1948 and 1953, reporting on surveys of some sixteen thousand people and summing up all the previous studies on the subject. And in the Fifties and Sixties, William Masters and Virginia Johnson brought volunteers into their laboratory to be watched, filmed, and probed in flagrante, the women provided with a self-controlled transparent plastic biomic penis through which changes within the vagina could be observed.

Throughout the Seventies came more and more researchers with increasingly sophisticated instrumentation, refining the work and gaining new knowledge on the most primal act of the human race. It was a golden age of sex research that was quietly ended in the early Eighties by a new national administration whose leaders devoutly wished to keep sex information right where it had been kept in the past: behind the counter. Nonetheless, a great

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SEX

Sometimes it's better to skip the morning run for an extra hour or two in bed By George Leonard

chest, thighs, arms, lower abdomen, buttocks, and back, deepening in some cases from light to dark red or even to a rich reddish purple. A fine film of perspiration appears on various parts of the body. The eyes dilate and glisten with increased moisture. The blood that rushes to the surface alters the contours of various parts of the body, swelling the lips, thickening the earlobes, enlarging the breasts. As the flesh around the eyes and mouth fills out, facial lines are reduced or erased, and years seem to fall away.

Even more extreme bodily changes sometimes accompany the full course of erotic arousal—bleeding from cut blood vessels, for instance, may be significantly reduced. (This is true, strangely enough, even of those body parts that are engorged with blood.) Hay fever sinus congestion is often eased, and the membranes inside the nostrils can secrete a great deal of mucus. Saliva is sometimes produced in copious amounts.

If these bizarre happenings have escaped your attention, it's perhaps because at the height of passion you have only a vague notion of your surroundings and your actions; loss of sensory acuity is a sure sign of arousal. As soon as you meet your lover's eyes, your range of vision is narrowed. Experiments have shown that at the point of orgasm, you may become practically blind, unable to see bright lights moved directly in front of your eyes. Hearing is also dulled in the early stages of excitement. As climax approaches, you may not be able to hear someone shouting only a few feet

your whole body may become insensitive to touch and impervious to pain. Men and women engaged in sadomasochistic practices sometimes experience damaging blows as mild tactile stimulation. Lovers involved in "normal" sex are sometimes surprised to find bruises or scratch marks that neither person can recall inflicting or receiving. During orgasm, some people become unconscious for a matter of seconds or even minutes—*la petite mort*, the little death.

Is this a description of the lover seeking consummation or the miler trying for a personal best? There are undeniable similarities—the same heat, sweat, flush, mucus, saliva, numbing of the senses, alleviation of allergies, insensitivity to pain, and even the possibility of loss of consciousness at the end. In both runner and lover, muscle tone increases throughout the body, and the muscles of the buttocks, pelvis, and thighs become extremely powerful. What's more, according to Kinsey as well as Masters and Johnson, the pulse rate during sexual intercourse can rise from a normal of around 70 to as high as 180 or above, while systolic blood pressure can increase from 120 to 150, and breathing can quicken to the point of hyperventilation, reaching forty breaths a minute. "The face of the human female or male who is approaching sexual climax," Kinsey wrote, "often bears a striking resemblance to that of the runner who is making a supreme effort to finish his race."

It should be noted that neither Kinsey nor Masters and Johnson claimed

durability of the heart. Expiring in a spasm of ecstasy might be the best way to go, but then, why go now?

As it turns out, most of the research done since Masters and Johnson's 1966 *Human Sexual Response* has pointed up the obvious fact that you don't have to be an olympic athlete to achieve orgasm. Perhaps the most sophisticated experiments were performed in the mid- and late Seventies by Dr. Joseph Bohlen, currently at the Southern Illinois University School of Medicine, and his colleagues. For example, working with ten married couples, Bohlen was able to use a computer to record such things as oxygen uptake, blood changes, skin conductance, heart rate, respiratory rate, and blood pressure in the men—thirteen variables in all—during sexual arousal and orgasm. In separate sessions, the men reached orgasm four different ways: through partner stimulation, self-stimulation, woman-on-top coitus, and man-on-top coitus.

Man-on-top, as might be expected, proved the most strenuous for the men (who were the subjects of this particular experiment), causing heart rates to increase from an average of 62 at rest to an average of 127 during orgasm. The men ranged in age from twenty-five to forty-three and were in good shape; at the end of the experiment their top heart rates averaged nearly 190 on a treadmill. This meant that

heart rate at orgasm averaged only 67 percent of the maximum—the equivalent of a nice aerobic jog rather than an all-out sprint. The average oxygen uptake, sig-

nifying the amount of "work" involved, was even less daunting.

If there was anything Olympian about these volunteers' performance, in fact, it was that they were able to perform at all under the circumstances. As the authors of the study note, "Some physical expression...was limited by the recording equipment. For example, the mask used to collect the husband's expired air kept him from kissing or talking, and the ECG electrode wires and BP cuffs' hoses restricted body move-

SEX

AND OTHER PLEASURES

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A

s you meet your lover's eyes, your range of vision is narrowed. Experiments have shown that at the point of orgasm, you may become practically blind.

away. Your awareness of smells, tastes, and temperature begins to fade as well. Not only do you not know just what's going on, you don't know that you don't know.

On the verge of orgasm, in fact,

George Leonard is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. His most recent book, *Walking on the Edge of the World, a memoir of the '60s*, was published by Houghton Mifflin last fall. This is the sixth year he has edited the *Ultimate Fitness* section.

ment." Perhaps that's why the elapsed time from stimulation to orgasm in these experiments averaged less than six minutes, barely long enough to get warmed up, and certainly nothing to match the exploits of Henry Miller's and Norman Mailer's fictional heroes.

Bohlen's work emphasized that sexual pleasure resides in the mind as much as in the body. He arranged for his volunteers to signal the perceived start and end of orgasm by pushing a button, and also had them fill out questionnaires before and after each session. The amount of heart-rate increase, surprisingly, failed to match the reported level of sexual arousal or the volunteers' feelings about the intensity of orgasm. Men and women in some cases reported intense arousal and orgasm with relatively low heart rates, and vice versa. This lack of statistically significant correlation ran all the way down the line. Some women pressed the button to indicate orgasm even in the absence of pelvic contractions or other physiological evidence that orgasm was occurring.

No question, the activity we carelessly lump under the catchall word sex is mysterious and incredibly complex, involving mind and body, heart and soul. In the words of Anais Nin, "Sex loses all its power and magic when it becomes explicit, mechanical, overdone, when it becomes a mechanistic obsession." It's entirely wrong, Nin writes, "not to mix it with emotion, hunger, desire, lust, whims, caprices, personal ties, deeper relationships that change its color, flavor, rhythms, intensities." The mind is fast-

jog, more who jog than run competitively, more who run competitively than try for the sub-four-minute mile. In the same way, it might well be that most of us get all we need out of intercourse in five or ten minutes without exceeding a heart rate of 120, burning less than three hundred calories in the process and achieving very little in the way of physical conditioning as defined by exercise physiologists.

Yet the physical motions of love do involve the pelvis, to which are attached the long muscles that are the body's most powerful. This creates the possibility, whether realized or not, of strenuous aerobic and/or anaerobic exercise during sex. The couple that achieves orgasm after fifteen or twenty minutes of rather vigorous physical movement obviously gains, among other things, the benefits of aerobic exercise. And for some couples, the burst of energy at climax is similar to the "kick" at the end of a race, producing an oxygen debt and the conditioning benefits of repaying that debt. There are also those people who, for whatever reason, are driven to push their bodies through a lung-searing, heart-pounding session of lovemaking that produces some of the physical and psychic effects of a four-minute mile. Whether accompanied by strenuous exertion or not, any total discharge of the body involves a surrender of the ego that is akin to dying. In this surrender, this sense of death and rebirth, there is health and exaltation.

For the sexual walker as well as the sexual miler, the act of love bears a close relationship to other forms of ex-

tosterone is known to increase oxygen uptake, build protein, alleviate depression, and strengthen the immune system. Both sex and exercise are members of that class of human activity that generally produces *eustress*—that is, good stress—rather than distress. *Eustress* releases the various peptides that make you feel good and bolster your immune system, and also reduces the long-term level of stress hormones in the bloodstream.

Either sex or vigorous exercise is good for you. In conjunction—separately or simultaneously—they are even better. But don't worry. It's not necessary to become a sexual jock to gain the health benefits of physical love; and if you can safely walk up two flights of stairs, the sexologists tell us, you can safely indulge in sexual intercourse. Strenuous physical exertion is not required to enjoy bodily changes of arousal and orgasm. Nor is it a good idea, even if you're in the best of shape, to force yourself into any approach so deliberate that it might rob this intimate joining of its spontaneity.

It is, in fact, the glory and grace of sensual love that it permits us to leave for a while the manipulations, judgments, and general busyness of our daily lives to enjoy a journey of bodily and emotional transformation, during which we are offered passionate connection with another and, through that, a larger sense of connectedness with the world. And that, after all, is the essence of good health.

Dr. George Sheehan, the saint of running, likes to quote Robert Louis Stevenson on the

joys of exercise: "...that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes all understanding." If sex is loving and full of feeling, Sheehan tells us, Stevenson's sentiments apply to that activity as well, especially to what it's like afterward: "Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, what you do is done with pride and a kingy sort of pleasure." ■

SEX

AND OTHER PLEASURES

It is, in fact, the glory and grace of sensual love that it permits us to take leave for a while from the manipulations and judgments of our daily lives.

er than the speed of light, capable, in *potentia*, of endless adventures and inventions. A sensitive and understanding touch holds more erotic power than an unfeeling pelvic thrust.

If the body doesn't exist without the mind, however, neither does the mind exist without the body. The sexual experience remains a supreme expression of the glorious sensuality of existence, offering an opportunity, even for those who are otherwise sedentary, to be unabashedly and exuberantly physical. There are more people who walk than

ercise. People who work out regularly, for example, report a higher interest in sex than those who do not. A study by David Charles Frauman of Ohio University found that the more men and women exercised, the more they wanted sex and the more they had it. In a 1987 survey conducted by *Shape* magazine, young women reported being more easily aroused than usual immediately after exercising. Vigorous exercise increases the testosterone level in men's blood, and so does sexual arousal; a moderate increase in natural tes-

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Fortunoff, 1300 Old Country Rd. (Westbury)
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Heller's Shoes, 4 Pleasantville Rd (Pleasantville)
Heller's Shoes, 92 S. Moger Ave (Mount Kisco)
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Heller's (Pleasantville)
Lang's Shoes, 207 Broadway (Amityville)
Leslie's Originals, 36 Orchard St
M & M Classics, 13th Ave (Brooklyn)
M & M Shoes, 302 Grand St
M & M Shoes, 91 Orchard St
Macy's - All Locations
Markoff Shoes, Main St (Danbury, CT)
McCreedy and Schreiber, 37 W. 46th St
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Prop-R-Fit Shoes 2, 39 Atlantic St (Lynbrook)
Ramsey Outdoors Stores - All Locations
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Shoemart, 287 E. Main St (Bridgeport, CT)
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Stapleton Shoe Company, 68 Trinity Place
Stems
Stratford Shoes, 57 Middleneck Rd (Great Neck)
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Athlete's Foot, 39 E. Kings Hwy (Audubon, NJ)
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Harry's Shoes, 2299 Broadway
Lord & Taylor - All Locations
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Marc's Bootery, 38 Purchase St (Rye)
Paragon Sporting Goods, Broadway at 18th St
Saks Fifth Avenue - All Locations
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B. Altman, 5th Ave at 34th St
Bloomingdale's - All Locations
Boot Tree (Southampton)
Brenner's, Nanuet Mall (Nanuet)
Church's English Shoes, 428 Madison Ave

Closter Bootery, 230 Closter Dock Rd (Closter, NJ)
Coward Shoes - All Locations
Eppy & Eppy, 152 Middleneck Rd (Great Neck)
Family Bitches, 70 King St (Chappaqua)
Fellman Shoes Ltd., 24 E. 44th St
Fellman Shoes Ltd. (East Orange, NJ)
Foot-So-Port Shoes, 63 W. 49th St
Freeman Shoe Shop, Madison & 43rd St
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Globe Shoes (Paramus, NJ)
Harry's Shoes, 2299 Broadway
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Nee Dell, 386 Springfield Ave (Summit, NJ)
Paragon Sporting Goods, 867 Broadway
Robert's Shoes, 71 S. Orange Ave (S. Orange, NJ)
Rye Shoe Store, 39 Purchase St (Rye)
Saks Fifth Avenue, 5th Ave at 49th St
Scandinavian Ski Shop, 40 W. 57th St
Scott's Shoes, Quimby at Central (Westfield, NJ)
Sheffield Shoes, 80 Chambers St
Shoe Seller, 2155 Merrick Rd (Merrick)
Snappy Shoes (Huntington)
Stadler Florsheim - All Locations
Stratford Shoes - All Locations
Tenafly Dept. Store, Washington St (Tenafly, NJ)
The Bootery, Washington Ave (Bergenfield, NJ)
The Olympic Shop (Upper Montclair, NJ)
Tip Top Shoes, 155 W. 72nd St
Village Cobbler, W. 8th St
Walk Well Shoes (Summit, NJ)

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To Boot, 520 Madison Ave at 54th St
To Boot, 256 Columbus Ave
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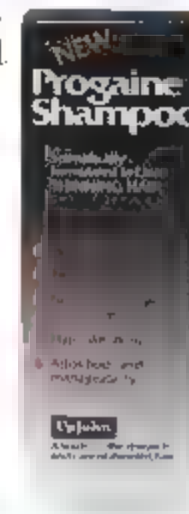
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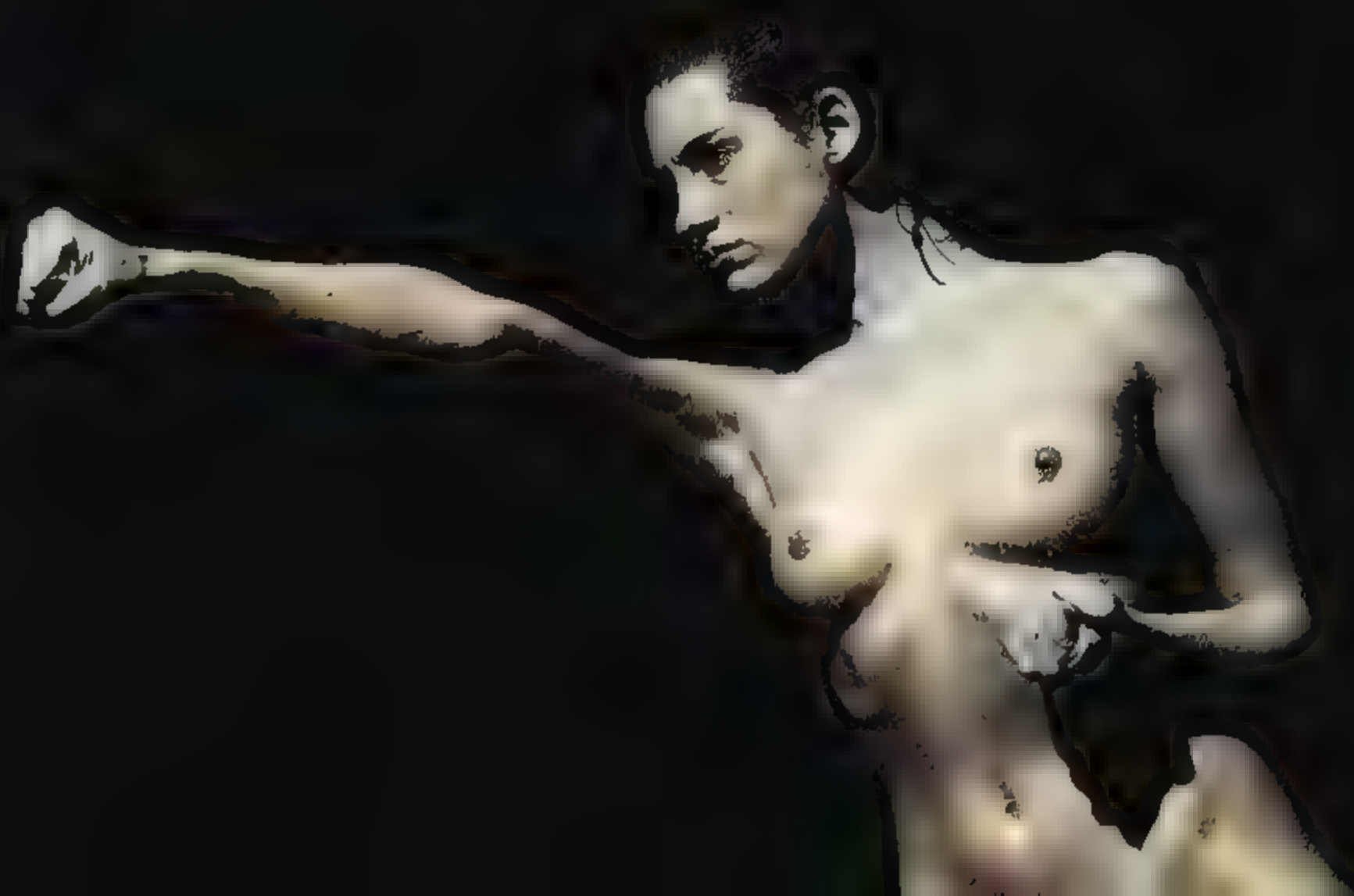
THE SENSATE BODY

*Behold the body, its billions
of nerve cells designed to translate the rhythms
of the world into perception
and feeling, pleasure and pain. A symphony.
A celebration*

Photographs by Phillip Dixon

POWER

*Minus fangs or
claws, armed with only
a few simple
weapons, a nearly hairless
creature managed
to survive in the wilds
and—even
before technology—to
prevail over all
the other animals. Many
creatures possess
more highly specialized
sense organs,
but no total sensorium
is so well
integrated as that of the
consummate
all-around athlete we
call human.*





BALANCE

When Aristotle came up with the idea of the five senses, he simply forgot the most basic one of all. Vestibular sensors in the inner ear (along with vision and touch) tell us if we're right-side up or upside down, and link our every thought and action with the gravitational field of the earth. Balance keeps the beat in the orchestra of the brain.



REPOSE

The eyes go soft;
time turns fluid; the hard
edges of life
dissolve in a haze of
pleasure. And
yet, even in silence and
stillness, the
senses are not asleep. Every
second, some one
hundred thousand bits of
sensory information
course toward the brain,
there to join
the ceaseless pulsations
of billions
of neurons. "Energy,"
wrote William
Blake, "is Eternal
Delight."



A

cestry, we can see two key characteristics that set the creature destined to become modern man apart from the other primates: a fully upright stance and the freedom of the female to engage in sexual intercourse at any time, regardless of the estrous cycle.

We can't say how long ago our ancestors developed the ability to mate at any time during the month. But like the upright stance, this characteristic possibly not only preceded language, tool-making, and the large brain, but also helped make their development possible. With sex always available, the prehuman male was more likely than the male of other species to form a strong and enduring bond with the female and help bring up the young.

Woodcut by Ariadne Mailor



SEX

AND OTHER
PLEASURES

AS WE'VE SEEN IN THE FOREGOING, it's a pretty good bet that laughter, love, and sensual pleasures can help make you healthy, if not wealthy and wise. So it should be simple. Pleasure calls you to eat when you're hungry, drink when you're thirsty, sleep when you're weary; to care for others, to make love, and to do numerous other things that are good for you, for society, and for the species. So why not simply obey the dictates of pleasure—or, as the late mythologist Joseph Campbell was fond of saying, "follow your bliss"?

That's probably the way it is for living things of a more primitive sort. Single-celled creatures tend to swim toward a nutrient and away from a noxious substance. Birds need not search their souls in order to fly to more pleasant destinations, to mate, to build elaborate nests. And our primitive ancestors, who lived closely with nature, probably had less trouble pursuing pleasurable impulses than we do, anthropological studies show that with every advance in technology, the societal demand for impulse control rises, even in primitive bands and tribes.

As for that particularly poignant delight that we have come to call sex, it has played a unique role in the evolution of the human species. Looking far back into our an-

Yes, pleasure can lead you astray, but when properly harnessed, it remains an effective guide for good living and good health.

THE CASE FOR PLEASURE

More than an end in itself, it's also the best prescription for good health By George Leonard

This allowed for a long period of infant dependency, a necessity for the growth of an exceptionally large brain. The powerful pair-bonding inspired by human sexuality set the stage for social bonding, for all the rich and complex group interactions that make the human race what it is. By the time our ancestors appeared in primitive hunting and gathering bands, the human species was well on its way to weaving a web of pleasure that would eventually encompass the world.

But then, with the birth of the splendid darkness we call civilization about five thousand years ago, what was once clear began turning cloudy. The emergence of cities, marketplaces, legal systems, organized religions, standing armies, and social classes created whole new hierarchies of pleasure and pain. Pyramid-building laborers had little opportunity to follow their bliss. The ruling classes claimed certain pleasures forbidden all others. And nature became an opponent rather than a nurturing (if sometimes capricious) mother.

Civilization's undeclared war against the biosphere, in fact, has made any simple equation involving pleasure nearly impossible. Doing the kinds of things civilization demands of you—mowing down whole forests, paving over meadows and streams, killing people you don't know—demands that you dull your feelings for nature and other people. There are many ways to get your feelings dulled, and societies through the ages have come up with some lulus: the split between mind and body, shame for the natural functions, excessive goal orientation, taboos on the expression of feelings, the association of sensuality with guilt. When you're out of touch with the present moment and uneasy in your own skin, it's easier just to get on with the business of

Philosophers through the ages have wrestled with the subject of pleasure. Some, like Plato, have given it a rather low status in their definition of the Good Life. Others have argued that it is the ultimate measure for moral action. The English utilitarian Jeremy Bentham (1748-1837) developed a "hedonic calculus" that gave positive numerical values to pleasure and negative values to pain, the worth of anything from a piece of legislation to a family decision could be judged by calculating the net pleasure and pain it would cause. As for the modern philosophers, they have been for the most part content to debate just what, after all, "pleasure" is.

One of the most compelling theories on this matter came from Sigmund Freud, who lived most of his life in the Victorian period—a time when "If it feels good, don't do it" was the unspoken motto of many Europeans and Americans. For Freud, all pleasure goes back to the libido, and the pursuit of pleasure dominates the mental apparatus of everyone from the beginning to the end of life. The problem, Freud argues, is that this "pleasure principle," as he calls it, "is at loggerheads with the whole world, with the macrocosm as much as with the microcosm. There is no possibility at all of its being carried through."

Freud's pleasure principle is an expression of the id, the primal, instinctive aspect of the personality, and must be tamed by what he calls the "reality principle," a creature of the conscious ego. The reality principle prompts the individual to contain his impulses, to put aside immediate pleasures for the sake of long-term satisfaction.

But must the pleasure principle always be at loggerheads with the whole world? Since Freud's day, due in part to his own

sensualists? Not quite. For all the liberation of libido, we have to a large extent turned our attention to pleasures that are trivial and transitory. Good health requires an investment in long-term good living; we are offered fast, temporary relief. The truly sensuous takes time and a feeling for the deliberate, undulating rhythms of the body and of nature; we are offered the quick fix. In our consumerist-credit society, permissiveness has become obligatory, and still the route to pleasure confronts us with a maze of wrong turns, leading far too often to burnout, addiction, spiritual emptiness, and financial ruin.

So maybe Freud was right after all. There's no question that gratification must in many cases be delayed in order for you to enjoy long-term satisfaction. But it's really not pleasure itself that's at loggerheads with the world, but rather its misappropriation. There are many immediate delights that are good for you and for society. And there are ways of finding quite a bit of joy—spontaneous, sensuous joy—not through the achievement of material or symbolic goals, but through disciplined practice. Yes, pleasure can lead you astray, but, properly harnessed, it remains an effective guide for good living and good health. Here are a few suggestions:

Avoid the quick fix route to pleasure. Learn to love the plateau. Driven by the needs of our consumerist-credit economy, Americans have created a powerful media image of happiness and success that, for all its glitter and appeal, is impossible to realize. According to this image, life at its best consists of an endless parade of climactic moments. On the TV screen you see men working for about two seconds—then it's Miller time. Touchdowns, taste thrills, ecstatic rendezvous, successful business meetings, and instant vacations crowd your consciousness. Life moves from one peak to another. There are no plateaus.

Two years ago in the Esquire fitness issue, we demonstrated that the mastery of any skill—in fact, the development of almost everything in life—involves working diligently for extended periods of time without seeming to get anywhere. Now and then you enjoy a spurt of progress, of easy success—the occasion for celebration. But there's an inescapable rhythm of existence that demands that, for lasting success and satisfaction, you have to spend most of your time on a plateau.

The Esquire feature elicited an unusual amount of comment, perhaps because of a growing recognition that we're on the wrong track, that very few things can be learned in ten easy lessons, that total fitness isn't possible in twelve minutes a week, that pushing for higher corporate profits on a

In 1799, the brothers Rusty and Dusty Nail had a difference of opinion over who actually invented the new drink with Drambuie and scotch. Guess who won?



Legend has it that the Rusty Nail inspired brotherly hate. But that was some time ago. How long has it been since you've experienced a Rusty Nail, that legendary cocktail that raises ordinary scotch to mythic proportions? Of course, Drambuie is also pretty spectacular as a solo. It's the one drink that simply has no twin. Drambuie. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1745.

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The route to pleasure confronts us with a maze of wrong turns, leading far too often to burnout, spiritual emptiness, and financial ruin.

greed, war, and ecological rape. Too much neurosis is bad for you, but a certain amount, let's face it, is necessary for life in the modern nation-states; if you want to get ahead, don't leave home without it.

Under these conditions, "If it feels good, do it" is something less than a useful guide to your actions. To the alcoholic, that first shot in the morning feels very good indeed. To one abused and deprived of love in childhood, striking out in rage doubtless brings a momentary jolt of pleasure. People drawn to violent crime often find sensual satisfaction in doing evil.

efforts, much of the repressiveness of his own age has been lifted, and a great deal of libido has been let out of the closet. It might be said, in fact, that we in America today are out to prove that the pleasure principle is the only way to go. Every day thousands of commercial messages urge us to indulge ourselves, to buy that particular brand of perfume, pill, burger, car; to take that trip to the nearest mall if not to some tropical paradise; and most of all, not to wait, to do it now.

Does this mean that hedonism has swept our nation? Have we become the ultimate

quarterly basis can bring disaster in the long run. Life is not an endless series of climaxes. You can't go straight from one high to another all the time or even most of the time without eventually crashing.

The first step toward long-term pleasure lies simply in understanding that plateaus do exist. Say you've been working for quite a while on something—learning tennis, improving a relationship, starting a new business—and you seem to be getting nowhere. It might be that you're doing something wrong, that you're on the wrong track—you always have to consider that possibility. But even if you're doing everything perfectly, even if you're exactly on track, you'll probably end up spending most of your time on a plateau. Just knowing and accepting that can soothe the mind and inspire the heart.

The next step involves learning to love the plateau. Improbable? Maybe. But you'll find that the people we call masters in almost every field are likely to be the ones who not only practice most diligently but also enjoy it the most. It may take a while, but sooner or later you'll discover a certain pleasure in just hanging in there, day after day, month after month.

Let's be clear. We're not talking about delayed gratification or the sacrifice of present happiness for future reward. The joy is precisely in the practice itself, in the continual unfolding of the ancient rhythm—as inevitable as the beating of your heart—that finally leads to mastery. For one on this path, the moments of triumph are pleasant, nothing to scoff at, but they are essentially incidental.

Adopt the Zen strategy of finding joy in the commonplace You might think that the value of Zen practice lies in the unwavering apprehension of the present moment while sitting motionless. But a visit to a Zen retreat quickly reveals that, potentially, *everything* is meditation: building a stone wall, eating, walking from one place to another, sweeping a hallway.

The secret is all in the way you approach the matter of time. Since earliest childhood, most of us have been taught to direct our attention to the past and to the future. Those are nice places to visit—necessary, in fact, for survival and success. But they are not where pleasure resides. If you're really interested in finding pleasure, start by directing your attention to the present.

Take walking, for example. It's a marvelous thing in itself, but we tend to squander it, merely as a means of getting somewhere. Try changing the context: let the very act of walking be the main event. Be aware of every step, the feel of your feet on the floor, the rotation of your hips, the swing of your arms, the soft breeze on your

face. As for lovemaking, it's enough to say that the very essence of sex and sensuality lies in staying in the present moment.

This is old stuff, as ancient as human consciousness. But we have to keep reminding ourselves to cherish the moment, especially in a society that stokes our craving for objects and experiences out there in the future or back in the past. To gain immediate pleasure in commonplace events—Freudians, take note—is in no way to be at odds with the world.

Keep yourself in good shape. There are few investments available to us that are as certain of providing a good return as physical conditioning. It's amazingly simple. Start on a regimen of aerobic exercise, perhaps as modest as twenty minutes three times a week. In a matter of months, dramatic changes for the better will take place in your body and mind. If you've been living a sedentary life, your first few aerobic sessions might feel like present pain for future benefits. But stick with it for a while and you'll probably arrive at the moment when aerobics becomes a happy addiction, something you don't want to miss. An equally modest, three-day-a-week program of weight training will bring you these benefits, as well as making you considerably stronger and visibly reshaping your body.

When it comes to good nutrition, the pleasure-principle/ reality-principle equation might seem to apply. For some people, in any case, it's necessary to put aside immediate gratification for long-term good health. Our food preferences evolved in prehistoric times, when sugar, salt, and fat were in relatively short supply. Strong present-day cravings reflect an ancient need to stock our bodies with substances that are now in frighteningly long supply. But even here there's hope for mending the split between pleasure and health. Taste is relative; after you've drunk low-fat milk for a few months, whole milk is cloying. Same principle for salt and sugar.

In any case, at almost any cost, good health is the touchstone of pleasure. A corner office, a fancy title, and a six-figure salary are worthless—or, worse, a mockery—if you can't enjoy them.

Don't be a loner. Do things with and for people. If there's anything that studies on health show, it's that man is a social animal, that good health involves loving, caring connections with other people. This doesn't deny the joys of solitude—a sojourn at some Walden Pond, a retreat to the fastness of your own room, a long, lonely walk. There's an old tradition that enlightenment requires a withdrawal from daily entanglements, a period of time in a literal or figurative desert. But even for a saint, there's the return to the family of humanity

and a chance to do service for others.

If you have no family or friends nearby, you can still get involved in volunteer work, which is strongly linked to both good health and pleasure. In an era when cynicism is increasingly equated with wisdom, it's easy to overlook the fact that human beings are genetically disposed to altruism and that there's intrinsic pleasure in responding to a cry for help.

But it's not just giving that brings pleasure, it's also receiving. In concert, these two essential human acts join in a circle of interaction that expands with use. When the circle is complete, the more you give, the more you get, and vice versa.

Honor your sexual desire Stay sensual. In a single lifetime, sexual attitudes and behavior in this country have taken a wild roller-coaster ride, from post-Victorian repressiveness to revolutionary Sixties permissiveness to a turn toward commitment and moderation that predated the fear of AIDS. During the sexual revolution, proscription became prescription; what was once forbidden became obligatory. But the urge to become close to another, to join body and mind, cuts deeper than either proscription or prescription. Sexual arousal calls us to our most primal pleasure and offers us the latest news about creation itself. The act of love turns ugly only when it becomes an instrument for exploitation. If you can't bring love to it, you can at least bring a caring heart. The health of sex and sensuality lies in the personal, in that ancient, ever-new feeling of unselfish bonding that can create a new relationship, a new life, or a new society.

Yes, it's true that the senses can lead you astray and the pursuit of pleasure can get you in trouble. Sensual pleasure needs the guidance of practical and ethical judgment. But you won't gain good health by repeatedly vetoing the vote of the senses and denigrating the wisdom of the body. Nature was neither capricious nor perverted in making sure that, *other things being equal*, what feels good is good for you.

At a time when cynicism and hype seem to be on the rise, the obvious bears repeating: love is healthier than hate. Enthusiasm is healthier than despair. Hope is healthier than cynicism. And in guiding you toward that fine, high estate of body and soul we call good health, nothing else speaks with the robust clarity of sensuality, which is not just the spice of lust or the urge of love and creation, but also the feel of a baby's skin, the pulsing caress of a song, the lure of speed, salt spray on your lips, cold lemonade on a hot day—all those delightful sensory messages that call you to the present joys of this world and, just possibly, give you the zest to go beyond. ■

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 "I agree," he said.

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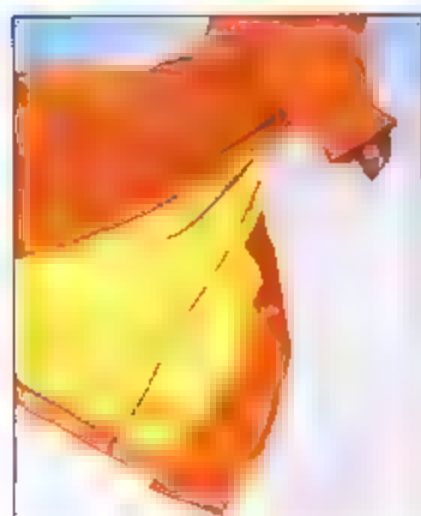
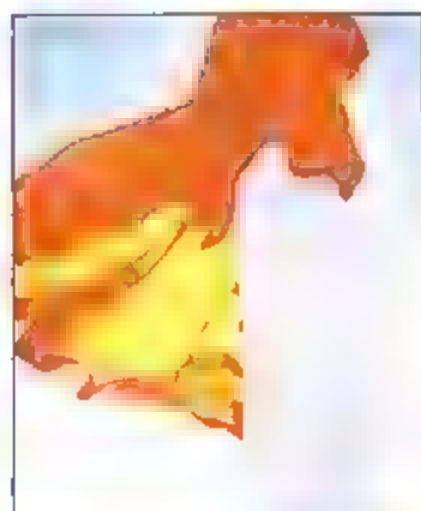
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linen shirt, and
white linen trousers by
Bill Robinson*



Yellow
rubberized cotton
jacket by
Timberland. White
denim jacket by
The Gap.

Fashion

BOTTLED UP

Some things a man would rather keep to himself.





That Aqua Velva in the medicine chest doesn't have to be your only choice: all you really need is a friend to go with you, a shot of courage, and a nose.

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME you went to a ball game, flopped down onto your seat behind the third-base dugout, and the bleacher bum next to you turned and said, "What's that you're wearing? It has lively floral top-notes, a spicy shimmer, and sunny citric base-tones?" ("Usher!") Right. It was probably the last time you ended up watching a game from the cheap seats. No two ways about it, men's fragrances are not a subject that men talk to each other about. We talk shop, sports, sex, kids, politics, religion. We talk clothes, cars, tools, toys. We even talk fears, dreams, ambitions, and yes, *feelings*. But we don't talk fragrance. Perhaps because we don't know how. One good reason is that consensus of opinion in this matter is hard to come by. Fragrance is an intensely personal thing, and not just because one man's aroma is another man's odor. It's a fact of

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body chemistry that a particular scent smells one way on your skin, another way on somebody else's. You bring a little more to the party than an opinion of what smells good in the bottle. Not that the subject isn't worth considering. If you can spare the time from your search for the Holy Grail, you might want to look for the ultimate olfactory pheromone, or "chemical messenger," that elixir that has your name on it. Such things exist in nature, at least among lower animals. Among insects, for example, when it's time to propagate, one party throws off a scent that the other, after just one whiff, interprets as a categorical imperative. You don't have to be a fragrance manufacturer to appreciate the potential payoff of discovering the human chemical equivalent—**en talk sports, sex, and yes, feelings. We don't talk fragrance.**



lent—which, by the way, smells *green*. (A few years back, scent researchers thought they had stumbled on just that: a compound derived from androstenone, a pheromone found in boar hogs that throws sows into a tizzy. A couple of scents swiftly found their way into the marketplace, but subsequent scientific studies—not to mention sobering experience—established that androstenone was a little shy of being the real thing. Ipso facto: men are not pigs.) Wearing a scent in order to be more attractive to others makes perfectly good sense, so long as you keep in mind that a little fragrance goes a long way—as anyone who has ever done time in a crowded elevator can attest. You want to catch her eye across a crowded room, not her nose. But there are other, even better reasons for a man to wear cologne or aftershave. One is self-defense. The only way a father with small children can protect himself from getting a jug of Aqua Velva every Christmas and Father's Day is to establish, firmly and clearly, an acceptable alternative. It's either that or break the little tykes' hearts.

Of course, the best reason of all for wearing a scent is that you like the way it smells on you. This doesn't mean that you have to emulate Louis XIV of France, who loved perfume so much that he had a different one made up for every day. (Consider the Sun King's recipe for "Aqua Angeli": cloves, nutmeg, cloves, storax, and benzoin, simmered in rose water for a day and a night, to which dashes of jasmine, orange water, and musk were added. And that was just the stuff he used for washing his shirts.) But you can (and should) aim a bit higher than one of his predecessors, the otherwise great Henri IV, who dismissed perfume as an Italian affectation, and who consequently—according to contemporary chroniclers—"stank like carrion." How does a man go about picking the right bottle from the staggering array available? He gets help, that's how. Ask a woman who knows you well enough to be frank. We don't want to start any fights

Y

ou want to catch her eye across a crowded room, not her nose. with anybody, and we're not saying it's because of genes, but the fact is, women have a keener sense of smell than men. At least that's what the fragrance scientists say. Once at the sales counter, keep in mind that you'll want a lighter scent for summer, something deeper and more complex for winter. Try to isolate the scent type you like: floral, green, citric, spicy, and so forth. If you don't have a clue, be prepared for a return trip, because your nose goes into sensory overload after more than a couple of whiffs. You won't be alone. The men's fragrance business is up 30 percent from last year, as men demonstrate a far greater interest in scent than ever before, and an increased willingness to experiment. They just don't want to talk about it. **E**



Profile

CHAN IS BLUFFING

(We think)

JUST INSIDE THE FRONT of Binion's Horseshoe casino in Las Vegas, it is business as usual. A tour group from Columbus, Ohio, is holding Dixie cups of quarters, slugging it out in a gridlock of slot machines. Behind them, in a zone free of clanging change and midwestern avarice, the real players, for whom a "nickel" means five hundred dollars, hold court at two emerald-topped poker tables. A coterie of world-class cardslingers—their gold Rolexes and fat diamond pinkie rings the accoutrements that distinguish them from the average casino denizen—these are the survivors of twelve withering days in the Hall of Fame Poker Tournament. The original field of ninety-seven is down to eighteen players in a five-thousand-dollar buy-in, no-limit, Texas hold 'em shoot-out. The crowd of tourists and cognoscenti is jostling and pressing at the black leatherette rail as Johnny Chan levels his cold-eyed stare across the green felt at Phil Hellmuth, a cocksure twenty-four-year-old on a devastating run.

Hellmuth has won four big hands in a row and is building a miniature stairway out of gray five-hundred-dollar chips. When he looks up again, over the top step, his mouth is twisted.

"C'mon, baby," he jaws at Chan. "Let's go. Just you and me, baby. Just you and me!"

Chan has heard this kind of talk before. His back-to-back triumphs in the World Series of Poker in 1987 and 1988—a feat akin to a jockey winning the Triple Crown two years in a row—have created a rep-making target. With all the vagaries of luck involved, it must seem to some poker pros that Chan has made a pact with God, the devil, or a casino dealer. Hellmuth, like ev-

ery other player in town, would like to prove Chan human. To the delight of the crowd he lays out his challenge openly: "The bucks stop here, baby."

If Chan is disturbed by the taunts or by the sight of Hellmuth's ever-escalating stairway, nothing in his calm, round face gives him away. He protects his cards with the fingers of his left hand, his eyes sweeping the table behind three-quarter-closed lids and lightly tinted Yves St. Laurent glasses.

At this level, all the players possess similar mathematical skills; all of them can tell you the odds in any situation and can recall every card that's been played. What defines them is their psychological makeup. The best are the ones who have the strongest self-control, the discipline to prevent a bad "beat" from "putting them on tilt" (coming unglued), or to prevent anger or frustration from clouding their reason. The best ones also possess a nearly supernatural insight into their opponents' intentions and are masters at disguising their own.

In all this, Johnny Chan is peerless; watching and listening to Hellmuth's attempts to draw him in, he employs a form of mental jujitsu that will take his opponent's energy and turn it against him. The other players at the table seem annoyed that Hellmuth, by focusing on Chan, is cold-shouldering them. A couple make big bets at Hellmuth as if to get his attention, but by doing so they play right into his hands. Since this is no-limit, in which a player can bet all of his chips on any turn of the card, two of them get more of Hellmuth's attention than they could possibly want; one folds in the face of a big Hellmuth bet (chips equal power!), the other

By Peter Alson

calls and is eliminated. The rush continues: Hellmuth's chip-step structure has climbed \$110,000 high. Later on Chan will say, "With this kid you have to stop him or else he'll just keep on going." For now Chan does nothing. As tough as it must be to watch Hellmuth roll on unchecked, Chan merely sits there in his white-with-orange-fringe Fila warm-up suit. He presses together his thin lips, blinking deliberately, a cardsharking yogi slowing his heartbeat so that when all the air is sucked out of the room, he alone can breathe.

THE FUNNY THING is that Johnny Chan didn't even know they had poker in Vegas the first time he went. At sixteen, he already had a taste for the big bet, and he flew in on a junket with friends from his hometown of Houston. It had taken months, working in the family Chinese restaurant and playing poker against the boys from K.C. Air Conditioning and Repair, to build up a bankroll. In Vegas it took him two days, betting five hundred dollars a pop at blackjack, to blow it. He went home dead broke.

Six months later he was back, but his luck was no better. In fact, Chan had to tap out a half dozen times before he had a vision of his future. "I was at the Golden Nugget," he says, "when I stumbled across the cardroom. I went, 'Poker games. Jesus!' Up until then I just hadn't known. I got two thousand on my American Express card and sat down in a pot-limit hold 'em game."

Three hours later Chan was wondering what the hell he'd been doing at the blackjack tables. He had twenty thousand revelatory dollars in front of him and a very different life. But revelation doesn't come easy. The next day, playing head on head with a drowsy-looking Texan named E.W., the eighteen-year-old Chan got busted in a matter of hours. If it was hard to stomach the loss, it also got him thinking: there are levels to this, and then there are levels. One thing was sure, he'd been bitten.

In 1979 the twenty-one-year-old Chan dropped out of the University of Houston and moved to Vegas. "He was a wild player

Peter Abson is a New York writer. This is his first piece for Esquire.

back then," recalls poker pro Bob Ciaffone, who finished third to Chan in the 1987 World Series. "He was just always shoving money into the pot, bluffing and moving around." He was also broke most of the time. "I took a job working as a fry cook at the Fremont Hotel," Chan remembers. There are people who talk about him in those days going straight from the kitchen to the cardroom at the end of a shift, still wearing the little white apron around his waist.

"'C'MON, BABY, I'm running away with this thing," Hellmuth goads, after stealing an ante. It's the third straight he's snaked. His legs are bent under his chair, only the toes of his wriggling brown penny loafers touch the garish green carpet.

Chan sips some lemonade through a straw and shrugs. But in the very next hand, in position to steal the two-thousand-dollar ante himself, he makes a six-thousand-dollar bet. The players to Chan's left fold. It comes to Hellmuth. Leaning forward, his heels tapping restlessly, he peers at

Chan's remaining chips. "How much you got in your stack, baby? Huh?"

Chan clears his throat. His chirpy tenor doesn't work right after hours of disuse. Hellmuth, smirking, dismantles forty thousand dollars of his stairway and pushes it into the pot, saying, "Let's go, baby!" Forty thousand is all Chan has left. The railbirds lean closer. Then, in one quick motion, Chan pushes all his chips into the center and flips his cards over. A pair of queens. Hellmuth swallows. His lips retract. He turns his cards, too: a pair of nines. The western-bow-tied dealer burns a card and flops three up in the middle, burns and turns another, then another. The only card that can rescue Hellmuth is a nine, but it doesn't come.

As Chan rakes in the monster pot, Hellmuth tries to hide his disappointment. "I thought you were trying to run me over, baby!" he blusters. "I learned better!"

"You don't miss a trick," Chan says, allowing himself the thinnest of smiles.

"I just missed a forty-thousand-dollar trick against you, baby," Hellmuth mutters. Underneath the table, his leg is vibrating like a tuning fork.

With his most dangerous foe on near-tilt, Chan takes command of the tournament. The next day, he blitzes over Hellmuth and the remaining players on the way to his third straight tournament win at Binion's, along with the \$194,000 first prize. Chan will say later: "I let my ego get out of hand when I was younger, too. But Phil will be world champ someday. All he has to do is learn to tuck it in a bit."

JOHNNY CHAN LIVES in Cerritos, California, in a perfect neighborhood for a man with a permanent poker face; the endless rows of neat, one-story stuccos give nothing away. He prefers this southern Los Angeles suburb to Vegas because of its proximity to the Bicycle Club poker room in Belle Gardens, scene of a lot of the heaviest action these days. But there is something else: he is more anonymous in Los Angeles, less worried about people finding out where he lives and breaking in.

Still, even here, with a visitor he's been expecting, Chan does not put out the welcome mat. The afternoon I arrive, he greets me at his door, dressed in boxer shorts and a yellow T-shirt, wiping three hours of sleep from his eyes after an all-night session at the Bicycle. Rather than invite me in, he suggests I wait for him out in my car. When I do not retreat immediately, he shrugs and closes the door in my face, saying he will be out in a few minutes.

Suddenly, as I sit crouched in my rented car, taking notes, I become aware of someone standing outside the car window.

"What are you writing?" Chan asks, sliding in next to me.

"Just some notes," I say. "Nothing to worry about."

"I thought you were going to call before you came."

"I did. I left a message on your machine."

"Oh, so you just thought you'd take your chances, huh?"

"A gamble," I say. "Look, wouldn't it be more comfortable talking inside?"

"No, it's a mess," he says.

I persist, but so does Chan. I'm the first to fold. The rest of the interview takes place in the car. Chan plays his private life as close to the sweat shirt as he does his cards. He's like the master actor gone so deep into his role that even when he's offstage, he can't shed it. About his history before Vegas, Chan says that he was born in Canton, in the People's Republic of China, the eldest of three children, that he came to this country when he was nine with his parents, émigrés from the violence of the Cultural Revolution, and that he sees nothing ironic in his lifetime leading from the birthplace of Mao Tse-tung to the gambling capital of



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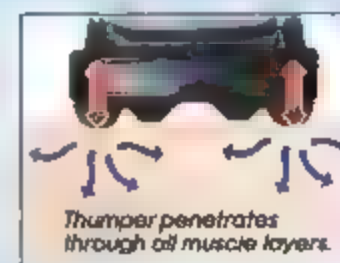
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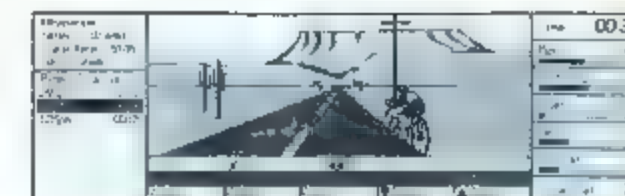
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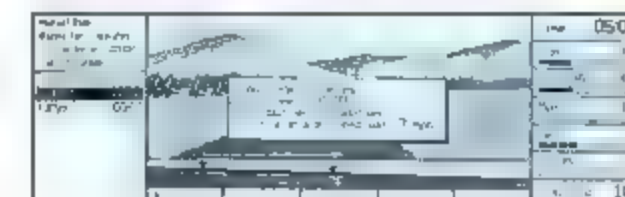
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the world. Most of Chan's closest friends still live in the tight-knit Chinese community of Houston where he grew up. That's where his wife of ten years, Fay, is from, and where she is raising their two children, Jason, seven, and Jennifer, six. He phones his wife and kids nearly every day, but he is not often home with them.

Even in Vegas, Chan keeps to himself. He looks at the cardroom as his "office"; when he sits down to play he is "going to work." For a man looking to live between worlds, it is probably the ideal spot. No one has a history or cares about one, no explanations are ever necessary, and in the only language that means anything, Chan's eloquence is unmatched.

WHILE TOURNAMENTS HAVE MADE poker respectable—players pay taxes on their winnings and get their pictures in the local sports section—the heavy games are played on the side, often while the big tournaments are in progress. In these side games, careful accounting is difficult, and the IRS generally comes up empty. Johnny Chan made \$900,000 playing in tournaments in 1988. But by one player's estimate, he made another \$1.5 million on the side.

During the first week of the Hall of Fame tournament, before playing in the main event, Chan got involved in a wildly expensive marathon game with a debonair French millionaire. The Frenchman, draped in a charcoal suit, bore a striking resemblance to Yves Montand. He had crossed the Atlantic to test his wits and mettle. In addition to Chan, the lineup included Chip Reese, seen by most as Chan's closest rival in these side games; Doyle "Texas Dolly" Brunson, a two-time world champion, and Roger Moore (not to be confused with the actor), who had a "licensed to kill" poker rep.

Because there is an element of luck involved, poker is one of those rare pursuits in which it is possible to compete with the best in the world and not look ridiculous. If broken down into percentages, it would probably come out luck, 10 percent; mathematics and discipline, 40 percent; psychology, 50 percent. In the case of the Frenchman (who insisted on anonymity, fearful that his weakness for gambling huge sums of money would be discovered by business associates and family), it was more than the adrenal rush; it was ego. He believed he could beat these men.

Since this was Vegas, where everyone lives by the golden rule—The man who has the gold makes the rules—the Frenchman set the stakes for the game, decided when it would start and when it would stop. And Chan and the other professionals submit-

I BEAT JOHNNY CHAN (Didn't I?)

"CALL ME CATBIRD," I told Johnny ("The Orient Express") Chan as I sat down next to him in the Pit at Binion's Horseshoe.

Chan gave me a smile as thin as the line between defeat and humiliation.

"Are we playing for real money?" he inquired, brandishing a wad of green the size of a mango.

"Two hundred dollars a man," I said. I thought I saw a tiny flame of fear leap up behind his shades, and hey, I knew what he was going through. The guy had just won \$625,000 after four searing days of hand-to-hand combat with the best in the world, and here we were, trying to strip him of 1/2 of it. Like the true champion he is, Chan pulled himself together and delivered one of those trenchant comments that have made him famous. "Let's go," he said.

We were in Vegas, my poker buddies and I, to hang around the fringes of the 1987 World Series of Poker, play the winner, and of course, gorge ourselves on the high roller's heart-attack diet of unlimited surf and turf. Don't ask how we wangled it. Suffice it to say that as journalists, we know how to run a scam as well as anybody.

Ours is a proud brand of poker, featuring such venerable standards as "Follow the Bitch," "Harvey Shapiro," and "No Peekee Night Baseball." As luck would have it, I won the right to call the first game. I was floating in flop sweat, which is natural when you're playing under hot klieg lights before a blood-thirsty mob of casino trolls eager to see your opponent wipe his feet on your face.

"Pass the Trash," I announced, selecting a game that eliminates virtually all elements of skill and often rewards the least deserving.

Here's how it works: you get seven cards; pass three to your neighbor on the left or right (I determined that Chan would pass to me); bet; pass two; bet; pass one; choose your five best cards; roll 'em one by one, betting as you go. Before the last card is flipped, each player declares, high or low.

"Garbage poker," said Chan with an

amiable sneer. I saw with blinding clarity that to the champ we were mere dust motes on the great green felt of life.

We passed the cards anyway. I received Johnny's trash, cupped my hands around it, and squeezed it upward into view. Ace, two, three. Hmmm. Those are mighty good cards. In the next two rounds, Chan passed me a four, five, and six in short succession. What a brilliant gambit, I thought—giving me the perfect lowball hand. He must be going high.

We start to roll 'em, and it's obvious to everybody that Chan is, in fact, going low. Now I don't get it. Is it possible that, bewildered by my mastery of the mental tai chi of the game and the way I comb my moustache with my cards, the great Chan is rattled?

Filled now with a lust for victory and almost a complete roll of Tums, I pushed the maximum bet—twenty whole dollars—into the middle of the table. Chan raised me. Say what? I felt like screaming, "Don't do it, Johnny! You're too big for this!" But knowing that the omniscient Chan can read an opponent's hand by the pulsebeat in his carotid artery, I suppressed a big shut-eating grin and raised again.

Chan yawned and handed his hole card over his shoulder to the railbirds. They cracked up. "I call," he observed. I laid down my six four perfecto. "Ah," said Chan, displaying a fat, losing king. "You win, I guess." After that, Chan went down like the sun over the equator, almost as if he were trying to...No! Out, damn thought!...take a dive. Fifteen minutes later he sauntered away, clutching what we had left him—now only \$624,800. And whistling.

The sight of the Buddha of the Bluff in retreat should have been a moment to savor, and I did, sort of. And yet... something rankles. There are so few heroes these days, and here I was, thoroughly demolishing one of them at his own game. I guess that's a weight I'll have to carry for the rest of my stretch on this planet. But I can take it. I'm the man who cleaned Johnny Chan's clock.

—David Hirshey



ted to his whims because they knew that when the gold dust had cleared, one or two of them would be shimmering with it.

During the first couple of days of what turned into a five-day marathon, the Frenchman's belief in his ability looked like more than hubris. Playing for stakes so high that at times there was nearly \$1 million in cash and chips on the table, the Frenchman kept attacking and retreating at just the right times. The game went on practically round the clock, starting each day at noon, breaking at 8:00 P.M., resuming at midnight and continuing till dawn. And at noon of the third day, when Chan, Brunson, Reese, and Moore made for a far-off back corner table, away from onlookers, and started unloading their racks of chips, as inconceivable as it seemed, the Frenchman was the big winner. He joined them a few minutes later, elegant as always in a pastel green cashmere sweater and dark slacks, his features full of crinkles and cigarette smoke, his gray hair beautifully coiffed. He didn't even seem to mind when Chan greeted him with a friendly "How you doing, Frenchie?"

The tickets ran cold as the session began, and after tossing in his tenth hand in a row, Chan asked the dealer to put in a new deck. It is a remarkable thing, but even at this level of play, players have superstitions. They all know that luck will even out, that over time skill will triumph, but that doesn't stop them, if the cards are running badly, from making a move to change things. During the last two World Series, Johnny Chan kept an orange by his chips and would stroke it periodically. Of course, it was part con too: he wanted other players to think he was lucky. No one who was sitting at the

table with the Frenchman bought into that, though, and this time Chan was orangeless.

During a lull in the action, Chan pointed out a well-scrubbed man in a three-piece green polyester suit distributing leaflets beyond the rail. "You oughta go talk to that guy," he said. "He used to be a player. He knows me."

Rick Hamil handed me a yellow leaflet that had two pictures on it. "They're both me," he said as I studied the two images. One said "Old Man" and showed a stubbly-faced, sleazy-looking guy in sunglasses and gold chains, the other said "New Man" and showed Hamil as he looked now, bright-eyed and midwestern wholesome. For more than ten years he'd lived the Vegas life of a big-stakes poker player, but then he'd been "saved." Now he was a born-again Christian minister come back to save others. He called the casino his "garden." He acknowledged that he knew Johnny from the old days, and added solemnly, "There are very few who don't pay a tremendous price for living this lifestyle. The hunger it produces, the need to have action, can become insatiable. But," he held up a finger, "Chan is one of the very few who approaches this life as discipline and work. He doesn't drink, doesn't do drugs or smoke. He's very centered and controlled."

It is true that unlike most poker pros, who tend toward physical sloth, Chan actually exercises in those Fila tracksuits, jogging several miles each day and working out at the gym. Often in the middle of a game he'll get up and run around the casino block to clear his head.

"But what do you think makes him such a control freak?" I asked Hamil.

Johnny Chan's Rx for victory: A hot hand, cool shades, and a little juice.

He shook his head. He'd never had Chan's discipline to keep him from giving in to excess. Not with so many temptations around. Most of the top professional poker players, he explained, had a "leak," a weakness in their character that caused them to indulge in losing propositions—sports betting, craps, blackjack, booze, and drugs. Ultimately, most or all of the money they won was frittered away. "The thing about Chan," Hamil went on, "is that I don't think he's reached a point yet where he's asking if there's anything more to life than what he's doing. Which is what happened to me. What I thought was going to bring happiness was just an empty dream." Hamil nodded at Chan's table. "You see Doyle Brunson and Chip Reese? They've both found the Lord."

"And they're still playing?"

"They don't see any conflict. There are other players who trust in Jesus, too." Back at the table, Chan's stack of chips had grown. A gray-haired Howard Cosell look-alike in a white jumpsuit was kneading Chan's shoulders and whispering in his ear. When he moved away, across the casino floor, I intercepted him. "I'm the guy who gives Johnny shoulder rubs during the big tournaments," he explained happily. "John Formica. They call me the Italian Stallion." He said he and Chan used to play together in small hold 'em games. But unlike Chan, he'd hit his level and couldn't go higher. He claimed he was Chan's best friend in the gambling world, but that Chan didn't open up to anybody. "Not even to his wife or kids." Last year during

the World Series, Formica gave Chan a massage in the break before the final and Chan made him take a thousand bucks. "That's what kind of friend Johnny is," Formica said. "Very generous."

Chan looked bemused a few minutes later, hearing what Formica had said. He told me I should talk to a couple of his "real buddies". Dr. Jerry Buss, owner of the Los Angeles Lakers, and Gabe Kaplan, the actor "Jerry Buss," he said admiringly, "has got all the money in the world. But he's like normal people. He wears blue jeans and cowboy boots. I try to be like him—well, I'm not even close, what can I say? But I'd like to be." Buss and Kaplan, both serious amateur players, happen to be sitting at tables nearby. "I don't want to talk about him," said Buss. Kaplan found it strange that Chan had mentioned him as a good friend. "The only contact we've had is at the poker table," said TV's onetime Mr. Kotter. "I don't know anything about him away from the table. And at the table I don't know much either. He's not into the male-bonding part, which most guys are, at least to some extent. And I don't think it's an accidental thing. He's just deeper into the game than anyone else."

BY THE END of the third day's session with the Frenchman, Chan was up to more

than \$100,000, and "Frenchie" had given back some of his earlier winnings. Chan appeared to have taken the measure of the Gallic millionaire. Afterward, Chan went to the room Binion's keeps on permanent reserve for him on the fifteenth floor. He apologized for the mess, though aside from a couple of balled-up black socks and a T-shirt on the floor, the room was bare. Tired and stiff, he tried to work the kinks out on one of the two double beds, while I sat at the edge of the other, watching. Hanging his head and shoulders off the foot of the bed, he twisted his neck one way, then the other, while letting his hands brush along the floor. Still in the same position, he rolled his shoulders, sighed, and then swung his body around, let his head sink into the pillow, and put a rolled white towel over his eyes. "What do you want to know?" he asked.

I said I was curious about a hand in which he had caught the Frenchman trying to bluff.

"A lot of players," he said, "want to bluff in their mind, but in their heart, they just can't push those chips out there. You have to convince yourself of what you're doing. If you don't really believe it, it shows. But a great player doesn't make his money catching someone bluffing. He makes it when he has a top pair with a kick-

er and figures someone else for a top pair with a smaller kicker. And he squeezes all the money he can out of him. A lot of times I just call when I sense someone is weak—even if I'm weak, too. I don't raise and try and steal the pot. Because when I call, my opponent doesn't know where I'm at. And on the next card I can get an extra bet from him and then push him out of the pot. But that's a play that's beyond poker, really." Chan laced his hands across his chest and thrust his elbows down into the bed before relaxing. "What else you want to know?"

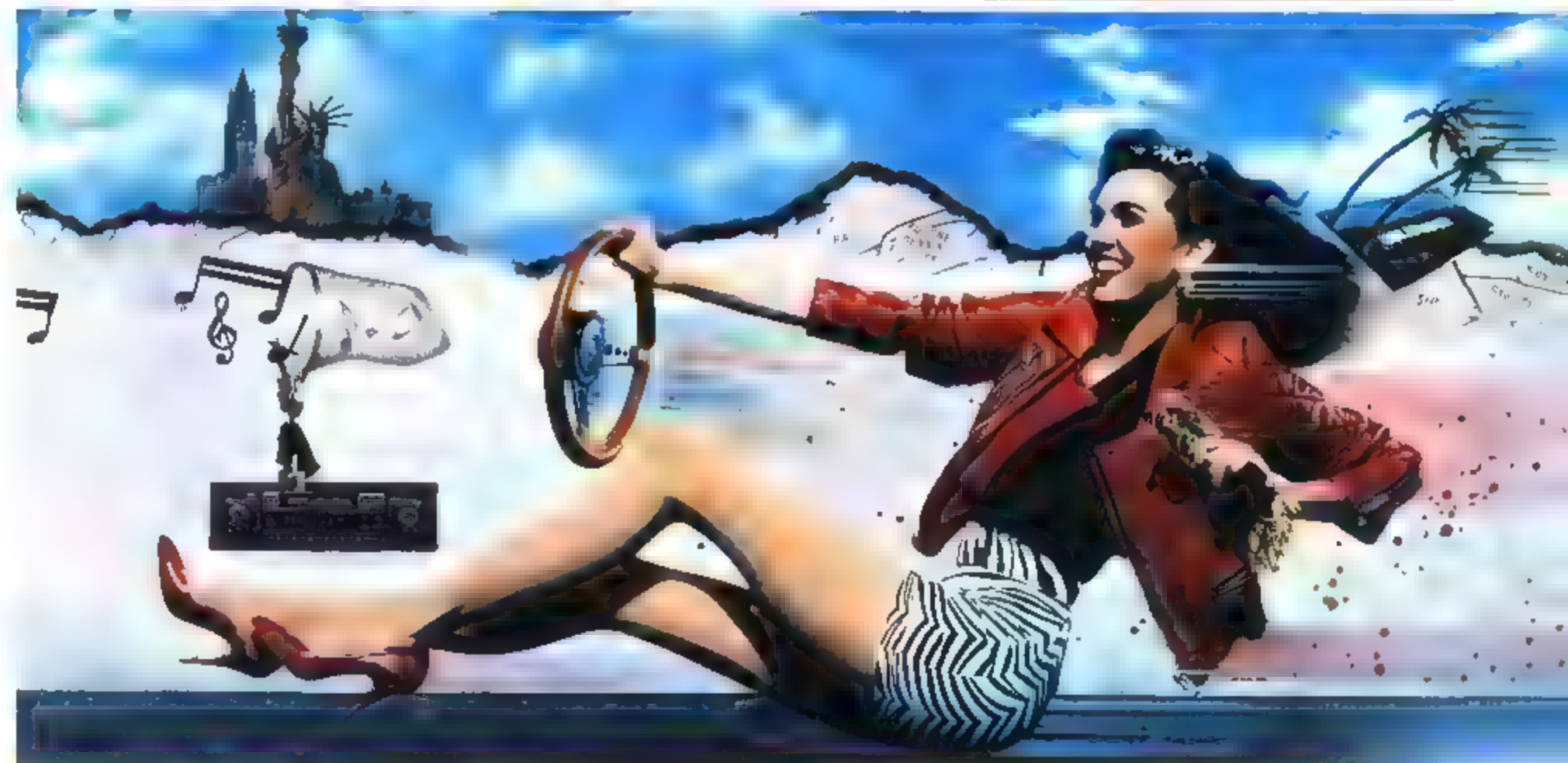
I mentioned Rick Hamil and what he had said about the born-again, Doyle and Chip.

Chan shrugged. He is a nonpracticing Chinese Baptist. "That's their lives," he said. "If it makes them happy, fine. I enjoy my life the way it is."

"So is it all about money, for you?"

"If it's not money, what are we playing for?" He lay still for a moment, then lifted the towel from his face and cocked an eye at me. "What I really want to do is win the World Series again this year. The third time in a row. No one's ever done it. If I can do that, they'll think I'm God."

He let the towel fall back across his eyes. I stared at him in the ensuing silence, mystified. I had always imagined that to reach



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his level of mastery in poker one would have to be like a great novelist, capable of enormous self-knowledge, able to understand the landscape and range of human emotions, able to feel great empathy. But it this was true of Chan it had, strangely, made him not a bigger person but a smaller one, one who knew himself because there was less to know. I asked him what it was that made him able to divine the intentions of the people facing him down across a patch of green felt. After a long pause and a shrug, he replied, "Instinct."

During the final session with the Frenchman, on the fifth day, Chan took his game to a higher level. Actually, his most advanced poker move may have come on the fourth day, when instead of playing, he stayed in his room and slept. Now with everyone else a little ragged, Chan came down looking frighteningly refreshed. Of the five players, the Frenchman seemed most in need of a blood change. Despite his reflexive elegance, he looked older, shrunk, ready to be taken. But the full spectacle of Vegas and its power to induce fever was now manifest: the Frenchman ordered the stakes raised from \$800-\$1,600 to \$1,200-\$2,500. This was the moment he'd come for, bust or bonanza, and he wanted it to happen fast.

Now Chan settled down to work, calmly folding a stick of Big Red gum in his mouth and pushing his tinted Yves St. Laurents back against the bridge of his nose. Chip Reese had told me that one of the things he admired about Chan was that "when he wins, he wins the table. He tries to get every last chip."

For a long time, the Frenchman had been catching perfect, but now things began to go against him. One hand in particular put him over the edge. It started with the Frenchman, showing a ten of diamonds, raising Doyle Brunson's jack. Chan showed a six but had a pair of kings (one of them a diamond) underneath, he re-raised, which forced out Brunson, then watched the Frenchman re-raise him. "He don't know what I'm raising on," Chan said, "so when he re-raises, I figure he's trying to sell me on his hand. Make me think he has trips or a pair of hidden aces. But I peg him for two high diamonds in the hole, ace and queen. I know by now he likes to raise on the come. I know if he's got trips, he just calls there to suck me in." On the next card, the Frenchman caught a ten of clubs, giving him a pair of tens showing, Chan picked up a four of hearts. When the Frenchman bet his pair of tens, Chan raised, then watched the Frenchman re-raise him again.

Almost anyone else would have taken the re-raise to mean the Frenchman now had trips or at least two pair and that it was

time to fold. But to Chan it meant the opposite: "When he re-raised me," Chan said, "I knew for sure he's playing two high diamonds in the hole. No way he re-raise me earlier on a pair of tens. And if he got aces with the tens, he don't re-raise me now because he gotta be scared I have trips the way I'm betting."

On fifth street, the Frenchman caught a seven of diamonds and Chan got a nine. Still with only a pair of kings, Chan re-raised again in the face of the Frenchman's bet, and this time got only a call. "I figure he still needs a card to make his hand, I gotta bet mine for value. Even though I know he's got four diamonds, he's still about a two-to-one dog against me."

After the sixth and seventh cards were dealt, Chan still hadn't improved. But when the Frenchman bet, Chan called the \$38,000 pot with his lonely pair of kings. All that early raising and re-raising, and Chan was certain the Frenchman had nothing in his hand but dreams. Sure enough, the Frenchman's last card—a nine of clubs—hadn't helped, his first two hole cards were the ace and queen of diamonds. Exactly as Chan had figured.

It was inevitable after that the Frenchman and his money went separate ways, and four hours later I accompanied Chan to the cashier's window and watched him cash out for more than \$250,000, fifty banded packets of \$5,000 each. This was what they'd been playing for: a quarter of a million dollars. But the money looked unreal, just like little green bricks, no more real than the chips it had been traded for. Chan requested his safe-deposit box—he keeps several around Vegas—and loaded the money in. All the money, that is, save for thirty thousand.

"What's that for?" I asked him.

"Just a little to walk around with until tomorrow. I'll probably lose it at the crap table."

Chan could not stop bluffing. In fact, he'd probably take a Jacuzzi, go to his room, rest up, and get ready to play again tomorrow.

"You don't give anything away, do you?"

His hooded black marble eyes fixed me. Irony was not a part of the poker lexicon. "Look, I'm just a normal person," he said. "I do things other people do." He shoved the thirty grand in his pocket, closing the argument.

As he took his leave of me, I noticed Rick Hamt, over near the cocktail lounge, alone, thumbing through his Christian leaflets. Chan strode briskly past on the way to his room. He didn't nod and he didn't take a pamphlet. God could wait until Johnny Chan's luck ran out. ■

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Down-stream

Rafting on a river is no way to stop drifting

By ANTONYA NELSON

Illustration by Anthony Russo

A

LREADY IN MCBRIDE'S TRUCK BED were two two-man rafts, two two-man tents, three oars, a foot-operated air pump whose bellows was mended with duct tape, four coffin-size waterproof stuff bags stuffed with clothes and other plastic Ziploc bags full of all a child could dream of for playing house and more: bandages, tweezers, moist towelettes, fresh basil, tea bags, instant coffee, retractable metal cups, gorp, a deck of cards, a crossword book and pencil, Chap Stick, croutons, freeze-dried shrimp creole, freeze-dried vegetarian-style tofu burger mix, unlightable waterproof matches, three lighters, *Anna Karenina* (Dart

had been reading it since he was a sophomore), marshmallows (the only ones available in Provo's Albertson's were pastel colored), flattened toilet paper (cardboard removed), aspirin, codeine, snakebite kit, chewing gum (to keep McBride's fingernails out of his mouth), bologna, powdered milk, dry cat food (to feed the fish), tampons, stick cinnamon, toothpaste, Kool-Aid, celluloid sponge, ten packs of Marlboros (Dart's), one pack of Carltons (Carmel had been smoking one bad cigarette a day since age sixteen), a series of rolled topographical maps of the Dolores River and the surrounding area, dried fruit-flavored oatmeal, garbanzos, McBride's thirty-year-old lucky Bulova watch, and Carmel's antidepressants (just in



case, hidden in a French candy tin).

Forgotten were Carmel's trashy novels, McBride's condoms, and Dart's spare prescription glasses.

Camping and drinking McBride, his friend Will Dart, and their friend Carmel, pronounced like Clint Eastwood's town, all on a trip down the Dolores River, rafting the winter's runoff, Slickrock to Bedrock.

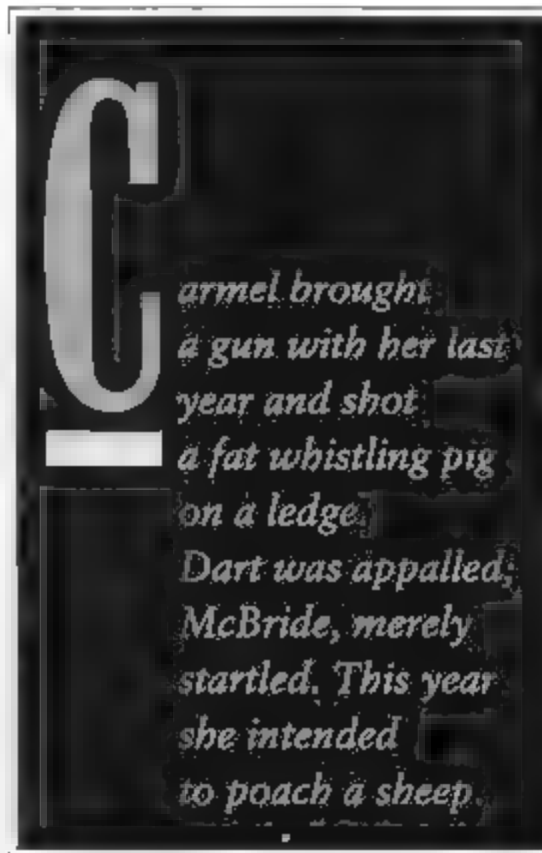
The guidebooks advised running the Dolores from late April through May, possibly early June. It was now June tenth; at the put-in point at Slickrock, there were no other rafts and only a few oblique signs of recent human activity: footprints and sunflower-seed shells, a red bandana half-buried in the silt. By now the river was low enough to have begun clearing from its high-water muddiness, still opaque, but more reminiscent of hazel eyes. It was low enough to bump up against its own rock bottom, riffling the surface. At sunset, already drunk, Dart stood knee-deep a few feet from shore, hand shielding his eyes.

He saw cottonwoods, felt the looming, invisible promise of canyons downstream. The world seemed a long, floating journey, open before him like a promise. Even if he weren't drunk, he reasoned, he would feel this ecstasy, this conviction that if he simply lifted his feet, he would float away upright, that the water would greet him as easily as it would a piece of driftwood, coddling him along until it found him a home. The face he turned to his friends, Carmel squatting in the sand to find a skipping stone, pragmatic, frowning McBride already unloading the truck, was as contained as Dart could make it. His heart had filled his chest cavity, his body had some keen affinity for this place that he had no control over. These yearly trips were like returning to childhood for Dart; he could almost feel as if he had no history—no failed courses, no demeaning jobs, no ex-girlfriends, no disappointed parents. Here, now, he felt powerful enough to discover something, a comet, for instance, or a new species of insect, as if this optimism were wholly fresh and portentous instead of annual and transient.

MCBRIDE THREW GEAR from the truck bed, swinging and releasing in an invigorating rhythm while the stuff bags landed with soft thuds on the sand. Soon, of course, all would be chaos and muck, but for now there was a sense of plenitude and order, as if they'd descended into a well-stocked bomb shelter.

Antonya Nelson's collection, *The Expendables*, won the Flannery O'Connor Award and will be published this fall by the University of Georgia Press.

Tonight they would camp here, McBride decided, then put in early tomorrow. Their stretch was forty-five river miles, and he'd told the sheep farmer at Bedrock they'd be taking out in three days, which meant fifteen miles tomorrow. McBride wasn't as comfortable in the water as he was on a trail. Every year there was at least one moment when he panicked. He was always in favor of portaging around the most dangerous rapids, every year they rafted over anyway. McBride managed always to be in the second raft so that he could watch Dart in



the first one find the river's tongue and ride it out. Then he would follow. Or, if Dart blew it, well, McBride had the advantage of that nonexample also.

But that was tomorrow's anxiety. Today he was happy unloading, knowing tonight they would be right here. He didn't have to worry yet about boulders and undercurrents and those deep black whirling holes that sucked their tiny rafts like toy boats in a draining bathtub. Guidebooks talked about the easiness of the Dolores, but the lower the water got, the less easy it truly was. McBride paused for a moment to look at the river at twilight. It was beautiful, even with Dart flailing in it, and McBride was peaceful, contemplating dinner, scanning the sand for a flat tent space.

IN THEIR ESTABLISHED DIVISION of labor, Carmel built fires. She had a knack. Looking for kindling, she considered her ingenuity at destruction, burning things up, knocking things down, killing things off.

The flawless man she'd left in Salt Lake City told her to come back when her ego felt better, when she could begin loving herself. He saw her little sabotages in their relationship as self-hate; she saw them as extensions of the same destructive impulses that had snipped spiders' legs from their bodies or that had sucker-punched her brothers when she was younger. Simple love of conflict and fury and bang-bang. She brought a gun with her last year and shot a fat whistling pig on a rock ledge. Dart had been appalled; McBride, merely startled. She left the gun at home this time.

Still, it was her intention this year to poach a sheep, without a gun, it would be more difficult, but better. There was a pasture they passed tomorrow. Camp was only a mile or so beyond. They could double back in the night, McBride (it had to be McBride, Dart was too soft) would help. Maybe they would drown the sheep.

Carmel's pleasure in these trips, this the seventh one, had dwindled. Their first had been when she was seventeen, rafting with her best friend, the best friend's older brother, and his friend McBride. Four of them, she and Dart in the slow-leak raft because they were thinnest, hefty McBride and Dart's chunky sister Lana Dart in the fully inflated model, navigating the then-unknown Dolores. The first time it was an adventure; every time since had been anti-climactic for Carmel. She'd destroyed her friendship with Lana, so the next year Lana hadn't wanted to come. The year after that she'd decided she'd fallen in love with Dart, but then realized she really hadn't by the end of the trip, which kept them at odds for most of the following year. Anyway, the point was, every year on the Dolores made Carmel realize she'd been better off the year before.

This time, for instance, she'd told her boyfriend, Lawrence, that she was going rafting, as she always did in June, and then didn't even explain why she wasn't inviting him. Maybe he would have understood; it was hard to say, but she so badly didn't want him along that she didn't chance it.

"Some day," Lawrence told her as she knelt mashing her down bag in its preposterously small sack, "you will spontaneously combust. Poof! Nothing left but shoes and the silver from your teeth."

THAT NIGHT IN THE TENT they'd designated the boys', Will Dart lay in his bag lazily masturbating and considering becoming a hermit. But like people, he kept remembering. Beside him McBride snored out such strong alcoholic vapors, Dart wanted to light an experimental match over his face. Dart himself was so drunk he didn't think it would be possible to get any-

where with his hands. Still, it felt great to be on the Dolores again, and this was his private celebration.

Seeing Carmel had also excited him. He'd been in love with her since he met her, back when she'd been friends with his sister. He despaired when he thought of Lana, how ordinary she'd become, how narrow her vision and aspirations. He'd been flattered to discover Carmel still laughed at his jokes, still was the good sport he'd left in Salt Lake at the end of last year's trip. They'd had a near-miss sort of messy almost-relationship that now and then seemed to get in the way of friendship, but he'd watched closely and was relieved to see she seemed to have put it behind her.

Listening to the water outside, Dart imagined that he and McBride and Carmel might raft past their takeout point in a few days, continue down the Dolores until it emptied into the Colorado, then keep right on going into an exotic outdoor future, which, though clear in his mind, he knew had no reality. Tree houses, rope swings, log cabins, springwater, cords and cords of chopped wood, a continuous campfire. Unrealistic, but pleasurable nonetheless, so much so that he quieted his hands and lay still, reveling in his utopia.

MCBRIDE WOKE with a strictly camper's hangover, sore not only in the head and stomach, but at all major joints and muscles, particularly the back. He'd thrown himself on his bag last night without clearing the ground beneath him of rocks he'd missed when he'd first set up the tent. But if camper's hangovers were the worst kind, they were also the shortest-lived.

Oddly, Carmel was already awake when McBride crawled from the tent. Dart slept the deep sleep of the afternoon riser, but there was Carmel, also usually a late sleeper, sitting on a rock at the river's edge, smoking a cigarette and drinking coffee. A fire, whose smoke probably had awakened him, burned weakly in last night's ashes. McBride and Carmel corresponded during the year, occasionally making vague plans to meet halfway between Salt Lake and Missoula, where McBride lived, but never quite pulling it off. Still, they were friends, and it struck McBride for the first time that she was not happy. He tried to think if she had ever been happy, if he'd been so obtuse all these years as to have missed what now seemed very obvious. Yes, he decided, she'd been happy before, maybe even as recently as last summer, but was no longer. It was somehow nakedly obvious to him in her hunched back and stringy hair.

"Morning," he said, hands in pockets.

"Hey," Carmel answered. "You know, I was just thinking that we've got to transfer

all of that booze to plastic bottles."

"I was thinking that, too," McBride said, grateful she was not going to get weepy on him. Every year, he fell a little bit in love with Carmel and those feelings accumulated, making him fonder of her now than he ever had been.

CARMEL SPOTTED A SHEEP in the late morning. She and Dart shared the less leaky of their rafts while McBride and two thirds of the gear rode behind. The sun was brilliant and Carmel had taken off her work shirt and tied it scarf-like around her chest.



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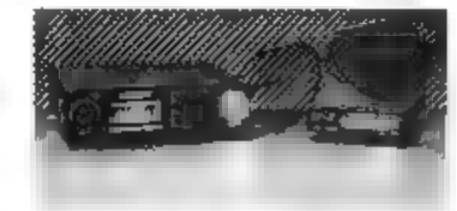
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The river was wide here, sprawled luxuriously in the midst of farmland. It would narrow soon, be pushed too quickly through the enclosing sandstone canyon walls, but for now it was lazy, shallow, and broad. Carmel felt the same way.

"I forgot my books," she told Dart. "I was going to bring a frothy romance to read to you today." She reclined again.

"I brought *Anna*," Dart offered.

"No way. Only fluff on the Dolores." Carmel opened her eyes long enough to watch Dart smile, light another cigarette in the chain he had going, and readjust his glasses. They were tied to his head with a piece of rope. Every year she meant to buy him a strap designed for the same purpose and every year she forgot. It occurred to her that she could tell McBride to bring it for her next year and he would not let her down. She looked beyond Dart to the rear raft, where McBride paddled three times on the left, then three on the right, cutting a fairly straight line, which did not even approximate the warbly course Dart had the two of them on. There was McBride with his trimmed beard and broad shoulders and khaki outdoorsman shirt, at work on the river. Perhaps she should fall in love with him, perhaps he would be the steady, firm hand she might now need.

"Look at him," Carmel said to Dart.

Dart raised his cigarette to McBride and grinned. "What ho?" he yelled back, but McBride only nodded, busy rowing. His mind was too one-tracked, Carmel decided. She couldn't fall in love with him.

"He thinks I think I'm Cleopatra," she told Dart.

"Aren't you?" he grinned again.

Carmel had the sudden temptation to make him unhappy. People could be too smugly gleeful. "I should have brought my gun," she said, watching his face.

Dart's smile turned to bewilderment. He was a child, she saw, whose feelings not only could be hurt but were always right there on the surface, susceptible. "What for?" he asked.

Carmel's desire to hurt him vanished. She would have given him a kiss on the cheek if that were possible, but instead only laughed. "Just kidding," she said. Why, Carmel wondered, was Dart not right for her? In anyone else, thin shoulders and thick glasses would not have put her off; she'd dated that physical type before. But the one time she'd been able to love him, he'd been too shy in responding, too slow to seduce, asking her permission every step of the way. Embarrassment for him rekindled in her when she remembered his asking if it was all right to kiss her. Embarrassment and a specific kind of anger she had for people weaker than herself.

IT WAS NOON when they came upon their traditional first campsite, an idyllic spot just before the big canyons, where they set their tents beneath trees. Though hundreds of rafters must have camped here, the site remained pristine enough to make McBride believe no one had been there since them, one year earlier. In all the rivers he'd rafted, all the trails he'd hiked, there was never a place quite like the Dolores, whose devotees seemed intent on maintaining its wildness. The stretch starting tomorrow had nothing human in it, past or present: no

Carmel had the sudden temptation to make Dart unhappy. People could be too smugly gleeful for her taste. "I should've brought my gun," she said, watching him.

phone wires, no roads, no rusty cans, no fences, no old mining sites: nothing but their toy boats. Tomorrow's campsite was under the shelf of a rock wall in which there were hundreds of little naturally occurring holes. Every year Carmel would find stones to put in the holes, filling a few rows before they left. Every year her stones were still there, the only real indication some person had been at work in paradise.

McBride glided to a clean stop after watching Dart and Carmel's sloppy one. Carmel was hanging on to brush while Dart clambered up the side, kicking mud in behind him. McBride steadied his raft with an oar set in the shallows and then stepped gingerly up a lesser incline a few yards down from his friends. Only his left foot got wet and only the sole at that.

"Lunchtime," Carmel pronounced. Thin as she was, she was a voracious eater. It was she who always made them bring along provisions such as marshmallows and bologna. After lunch, Dart wanted to

hike and McBride decided to go with him. The two of them couldn't get Carmel to budge from her spot beneath a tree. "I'll read," she said. "I'll drink." McBride looked over his shoulder as they left, but she hadn't moved to dig out a book, hadn't gotten a drink. She watched the river.

She was still watching when they returned a few hours later. McBride worried until he saw that she'd set up both tents and found firewood. There was a big pit set with twigs and kindling, a blanket beside it, an aluminum pot full of water, and the makings for shrimp creole laid out.

They waited for dark, drinking Kool-Aid and rum. McBride had tried to fix freeze-dried food in his kitchen in Missoula, but it never tasted even remotely like it did on the river. He ate heartily tonight, ignoring the tiny black flecks of ash.

"Found a great spring," Dart told Carmel. "Beautiful."

She nodded. McBride noticed she'd almost finished a bottle of rum while they were gone but was not her usual boisterous drunk self. Preoccupied, she smiled at their jokes while seeming to wish she were elsewhere. McBride found himself reaching too hard for the funny lines, checking her expression frequently, waiting for approval.

They sang cowboy songs around the red late-night coals, Dart and Carmel passing joints between them. McBride only risked getting high when his self-confidence was up; otherwise, he became impossibly paranoid, struck dumb by all of his inadequacies. Dart and Carmel did not share this problem. Soon, Dart had to call it a night. His eyes, in the camp light, had retreated. Rowing, hiking, boozing, doping. He didn't even bother getting to the tent, just wrapped himself in his sleeping bag too close to the fire.

McBride could have slept then, too, but Carmel worried him and he decided to wait. After a moment she stood, surprisingly well balanced, and with her boot toe, rolled Dart away from the fire. When she sat down, it was very near McBride, whose cheeks flushed at her proximity. He could see a hair growing on her chin.

"Listen," she said in her husky voice. "You like mutton?"

McBride listened while she explained an outrageous plan to kill a sheep. Apparently, she'd been thinking about it all day. She wanted to rope the animal's ankles like a rodeo rider, then level a blow to its head. McBride was too stunned to answer.

"What rope?"

"We'll use my belt."

"You don't want to hurt a lamb."

"Yes," she said calmly. "I really do. We just have to get back upriver. It's not like we wouldn't eat it," she told McBride.

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THE GREATNESS OF SMALLNESS

The sirloin that lunched both ends of the plate has been fajita'd and it's been tossed. It's been stir-fried and it's been skewered. Because small amounts of beef are hugely interesting.

Figures are for 3 ounce servings cooked and drained. © 1988 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.



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174 calories

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as he believed was justified, but all he felt was ashamed. He'd failed, though for the life of him he couldn't figure out how.

When they entered the beginning of the maze that was the canyons, he found himself not paying close attention to the water; instead, he was watching McBride and Carmel, looking for signs they were lovers. That had happened before, two friends began sleeping together and didn't bother to tell him until he'd made a fool of himself. So he tried to tactfully accept the new situation like a good third wheel. He tried to remember that the Dolores was the important part: the beautiful canyons, whose high, smooth walls arched up on either side of him. Black deposits in the sandstone ran down the terra-cotta like spilled paint, tapering at the base. He saw a bald eagle, gliding on a thermal, and nearly lost himself in the wonder of it. Nearly. Overwhelming scenery or no, Dart was unable to let go. He smoked and paddled and looked about in awe, but all he could see was the tiny boat ahead and his two friends.

Since McBride was such an efficient oarsman, they got far ahead, soon completely out of sight. Dart made miscalculations, took the wrong tongue over a rock, touched bottom. Water accumulated in the boat after every rapids. And, for the first time in seven years, he capsized.

He'd decided to circumvent a large, flat rock that the water flowed smoothly over. Sometimes you could raft such a rock, making a small leap so you didn't get caught in the undertow on the other side. But his confidence was shaken today and he chose the narrow stream of water to the left, needing to quickly bear even farther left to avoid a shallows beyond. Halfway through, he saw that the rock jutted under the path he'd taken as well, and that its shape pulled everything to the right, regardless. The correct path was over, and he'd gone around. His raft seemed to be sucked straight down, its vinyl floor pulling away from his feet and the sides narrowing around him. He lost his glasses. There was nothing but foam. White foam and suction. The thrill of being removed from his raft was exhilarating and Dart actually came up laughing with fright. He didn't notice how cold it was until past the undertow, casting about for his broken oar.

Carmel and McBride were gone. Everything was floating downstream, stuff bags and loose clothing, the raft itself, two oar pieces. Flotsam. His glasses had sunk. Dart stood shivering in the shallows of a sandbar and hoped his friends would think he drowned. With a great sadness, he realized this was the last year on the Dolores. He didn't usually recognize the moments in his

life when it fell apart, but he thought that right now was an exception.

He sighed, still shaken by his capsizing. McBride and Carmel would have to retrieve the supplies. He was going to sit down and dry out, have a little rest.

MCBRIDE KEPT THINKING, *everything has changed*. He rowed distractedly, not speaking to Carmel, just concentrating on her oar ahead of his, watching the water drip off it as she lifted it from the river, over and over. *Everything has changed*.

They'd spent the night at the pasture, McBride holding her until she finally slept.

She looked as if she had been mauled by a bear. Even without his glasses, Dart could see the scrapes that ran the length of her jawline, and the black eyes.

There was blood on his sleeves, blood in his beard. She'd been incoherent, ranting, then clinging, still trying to hurt herself, scraping her bare hands on rocks. At daybreak they'd returned to camp. He'd understood she didn't want to ride with Dart today.

"You better?" he'd asked that morning. "Than what?" she'd answered, wryly.

They reached their traditional campsite at Bull Spring much earlier than normal. It hadn't been the usual second day of running the rapids and playing capture the flag with each other. Carmel had seemed in a hurry and McBride was willing to accommodate her.

When he saw Dart's raft and the gear float by camp, his throat constricted. He realized he was looking for Dart among it. There was nowhere to get help. They were hours from any kind of phone or town.

"I have to go back upstream," McBride told Carmel. Her eyes were wide and emp-



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ty. "Maybe you can try to get the supplies?" She looked blankly downstream as two of the stuff bags rounded a bend. The raft had caught in the rocks, along with a third red bag. Carmel nodded.

McBride found himself paddling against the current for the second day in a row. How stupid to let Dart get so far behind. But he'd been sulking, sulking and falling behind. McBride vowed that he'd tell Dart everything, all of Carmel's ramblings and tears, if only he were okay.

The Dolores had never seemed to McBride to be a deadly river. Intimidating at times, threatening but not deadly. It was an important distinction. Of course, the river itself was not the problem. It was the people. What made everyone so unreliable? McBride couldn't think of one time he'd ever been as transparent to another human as Carmel had been to him last night, as out of control. He didn't like the feeling it gave him, power and embarrassment and empathy and pity, all at once. He shook his head.

He tried to imagine Carmel's life in Salt Lake City but found himself drawing all his knowledge about her from the week he spent with her annually. Which could hardly be called her life. He had visited her once in college in Colorado. Just dropped in unexpectedly. Her reaction was not what he had expected. She'd opened her dorm-room door and stared at him for a moment before she'd let him in. Photographs filled her allotted half of the wall space and in every picture, people were smiling. He'd commented on this and she'd told him that in her photographs, people smiled; otherwise, they didn't get their picture taken. The faces were eerie, and soon McBride saw that smiling was just a way of being nice about baring your teeth.

He thought it ironic that Carmel had become a nurse; he couldn't think of anyone less dedicated to healthy habits. But in his mind, when he put her in a white uniform and sensible white shoes, she was no longer Carmel. Carmel was the woman who last year had lain, hands behind her head, with him and Dart on a huge flat rock and watched the moon rise above the canyon walls. He felt that woman had disappeared.

"I'm a parasite," she'd told him. "I get in people and make them sick." She rammed her head into McBride's chest. "Sometimes I think I'm a public contagion, like these cultures at the hospital. Hazards to the general populace. Just like that."

How did you respond, McBride wondered, though it didn't seem to matter.

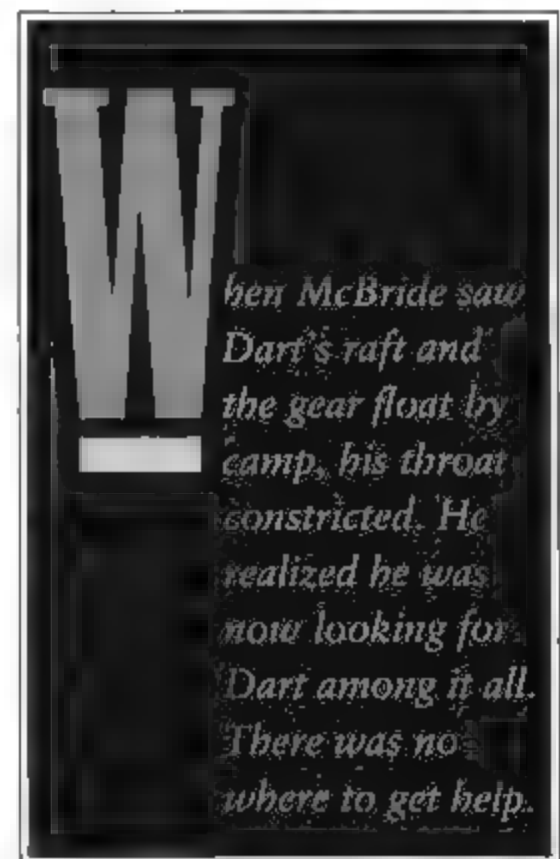
"I could kill someone," Carmel whispered, last night and right now, in McBride's ear. "I could do it."

He saw Will Dart standing on a sandbar. He rowed more furiously, his eyes tearing

in relief. Dart's glasses were gone, his clothing was soaked. A rivulet of blood ran down one calf until it dried at his ankle. His thick black hair stood on end like a fright wig. But there he was, waving his gangly arms and smiling. "What ho?"

CARMEL WAS SO HAPPY to see Dart come back alive she started crying. She'd managed to drag in a stuff bag and the raft, which was completely deflated.

"Hey," she said to him, coughing. "I saved the bag with the tequila and the B



and B. I knew you'd be glad."

"Good work," Dart said. His eyes, without his glasses, wandered a little. When he looked at Carmel, they skidded to the right, as if she'd moved, then centered again.

"We're a sight," she told him, suddenly happier than she had been in months. They were messy but safe, warm in the sunlight and out of any danger in the water. There would be a fire. They would drink and laugh and sleep underneath the blanket that had made it. Carmel wished suddenly that McBride had some wounds as well. His stern expression reminded her that he'd been the one to rescue both her and Dart. He was humorless as a martyr when he came away from Dart's bedraggled raft.

"Holey?" Dart asked, smiling weakly.

"Ruined," McBride answered unsmiling. "And a full day from Bedrock. Jesus."

Carmel thought he was being melodramatic. "We can squish together in the other one," she said, then remembered last night, when he'd indulged her theatrics. She

wished she could erase the night, erase her long, complicated confessional session with him. Now when he looked at her, he seemed to think he understood something, that he had witnessed her bared soul. Stupid, she thought. He didn't know her at all. In fact, battered and dense Dart seemed closer to her now.

"Let me clean your cuts," Carmel said.

McBride tried to catch her eye, but she wouldn't let him. Fuck him, she thought, leading Dart to the warm sand beneath a rock ledge. She dabbed her shirttail in a capful of tequila and swabbed his knees.

"Pretty incredible undertow," he said, wincing.

"Yeah?"

"Oh yeah. You wouldn't think the Dolores ever got that deep, but I couldn't feel bottom."

"Huh." She sat back, touched her own scrapes. "I wiped out on a rock," she said shyly. "Literally." How necessary it had seemed last night, but foolish now.

"Maybe we should have some shots of this," Dart said, swirling the bottle.

"No limes," Carmel said.

"Emergency substitution?"

"Toothpaste." They laughed, each took a shot with a dollop of Crest afterward to kill the bite. They sat getting drunk while McBride found firewood and tried to patch the raft with first-aid tape. Carmel began absently filling the little holes in the wall behind her. Her work from the last seven years was still untouched. The holes reminded her of a miniature city of ancient cliff dwellings. In the beginning, she sort of thought of her pebbles as inhabitants, but now she just thought of them as rocks, clogging the spaces.

Dart joined her and before long, Carmel curled up on the warm sand and just watched him, content and sleepy. She fell into a dreamless sleep.

SHE LOOKED LIKE HELL. McBride thought, but they both wanted her anyway. He couldn't explain it, but he wanted desperately to make love to her. His feelings for her had run the gamut today, pry to anger to passion. Maybe it was all the same. But he wanted her. He and Will Dart shuffled aimlessly around camp, waiting for her to wake up. Neither wanted to hike, neither wanted to sit and talk to the other. They waited for her.

He'd discovered that Dart's raft could hold a fair amount of air for about fifteen minutes. Then it had to be repumped. Tomorrow they would stop every mile or so to get the air pump. Thankfully, he'd put it in the raft with him and Carmel that morning. Ever since he'd found Dart alive, he'd grown more and more annoyed with him.

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What kind of idiot capsized on the Dolores? One of the slowest floating rivers in the nation, the easiest stretch. And Dart was supposed to be the expert raftsmen.

He looked up at the sky, waiting for dark, waiting to light a campfire, waiting for Carmel to rise.

CARMEL WAS HUNGRY when she woke, but all their carefully packed, waterproofed food had floated away, spices and all. So much preparation quickly rendered moot.

They drank B and B out of the bailing cup, eyeing each other. It began to scare her. No one was stopping it, Carmel thought. No one made a move to stop what was going to happen.

When it got dark Carmel stood and walked out of the fire's light. She stopped when she was far enough away that they could not see her but she could see them. Who would come after her, she wondered. Dutiful McBride? Pathetic Dart?

She watched as they sat on either side of the fire, good friends whom she had set at odds. For a fleeting moment, she savored her destruction of their friendship. Then she dug her fingernails into her forearms and bit her lower lip. Her own dismal unhappiness made her want to infect everyone around her, and yet it was a vicious circle, as causing pain was what she hated in herself. When does it end, she wondered.

Dart stood up at the fire, stretched his long, bruised arms over his head. He said something to McBride, who didn't look up and didn't answer. "I guess I'll go find her," or something else equally as euphemistic. He came toward her with unflagging efficiency, straight to her.

"Can I sit?" he whispered, asking her permission.

She nodded, irritated. As soon as he sat, she grabbed him and kissed his face, over and over, pressing her sore lips ferociously against his soft features—all this before he could begin his own awkward dumb way of doing the same thing.

"Unzip," she commanded. He was hard, and they were fast.

"MCBRIDE!" CARMEL YELLED, before Dart had a chance to gather his wits. He struggled to rise, pulling his sandy pants up as he went, catching pubic hair when he zipped. "McBride, come here!" What was she doing?

Dart watched as Carmel, completely nude, met McBride halfway between the fire's light and the blackness outside of it. McBride apparently had been walking blind for a few yards because his face, when he finally saw her, went slack. She wanted to have sex right there. She embraced McBride, who stood without moving, and lift-

ed one naked thigh to his belt, nuzzling his throat. McBride said something as he tried to push her away. Carmel laughed, then said, "...fuck..." Fuck Dart? Dart wondered. *I want to fuck you?* She jumped against McBride, forcing him to cup his hands around her buttocks to keep her from falling. He kissed her. Dart saw their heads turning in a long, if not passionate, then painful, kiss. His stomach churned—humiliation, shame, self-pity.

To be inside her had been wonderful. He hadn't ever really allowed himself the full

the takeout point. The farmer's sheep, curious and stupid, slow and smelly, milled about it. McBride paid him ten dollars and got behind the wheel. He couldn't believe how great it felt to steer, to start the engine and feel the motor respond to his foot on the pedal.

There'd been no discussion that day as they leapfrogged to Bedrock, stopping three or four times an hour to pump air into the raft. The thing was, there was no one to blame, McBride realized, no one to think worse of than the other two. They would never see one another again, it was clear. There was something freeing about it, something poisonous.

Armed toward Nucla, clouds on the far horizon bubbling up behind one another like an H-bomb blast, Carmel introduced the peach schnapps from her pack, the last of their \$200 cache. She sat between the men in the truck and McBride guessed they'd gotten used to her scabbed face: he couldn't make out the awfulness in it anymore. She waved her bottle by the throat, across Dart and out the window. Once it was empty, she let loose. It smashed onto the pavement behind them. "Happy flat fucking tires, assholes!" she yelled.

They were looking for liquor when they passed a farm. Dart wondered aloud if the children in the yard, three of them playing some odd-looking game, would know how to help. He and Carmel debated this point. Drunk, McBride did not register until they were well past that one of the boys had tied the other to a telephone pole, that the little girl, presumably the boys' sister, was standing by crying, helpless. He presented this evidence to his cohorts, who turned to look out the back window.

"Think he'll get hit by lightning?" Carmel asked scientifically.

"Should we do something?" Dart said. "Us?"

But the rain began and the fuzz of all that peachiness rubbed and chafed McBride's insides and extremities. He shut his eyes and said to himself, What if I weren't here, driving by at this precise moment? Who, besides me, could save that boy? When he opened them, he was crossing the yellow line and the oval emblem of a Peterbilt was coming at him. "Chicken!" Carmel screeched happily, and they pushed 85, 90, veering at the last moment, high on not giving one goddamn about it.

Fishtailing, the three of them rode into the storm, lightning striking—Dart told them no, lightning didn't strike, exactly, it met its countercurrent from the ground halfway—and trees bowing, rain in sheets breaking over them like waves on a beach, the rhythm of a pulsing heart, blinding them every other beat. ☐

She looked like hell, McBride thought, but they both wanted her anyway. His feelings for her ran the gamut today: pity, anger, passion. But he wanted her.

fantasy of sex with Carmel. Dart found himself stirred again by the memory, despite what he saw before him, McBride staggering toward the blanket near the fire with Carmel in his arms. They would make love. He would watch. It all happened as if he were imagining it and not actually witnessing it, McBride's muscular body in the firelight, Carmel's savage face over his shoulder, McBride crying out and Dart feeling it as if it were himself.

Then he heard his name. Carmel raised her hands to her mouth and yelled his name into the night, over the sound of the water. He would join them, he realized, he would walk to the fire, he would undress, he would be a willing part of whatever this was, hypnotized but conscious, and he did, doing it at the precise moment he could imagine it, as if there were no difference between the two.

THE FARMER, AS WAS previously arranged, had parked McBride's truck near

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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

DAN RIZZIE

HOME: Dallas, Texas.

AGE: 37.

PROFESSION: Artist.

HOBBY: Cooking and eating. "I go to Italy every summer but not for art's sake; I go for the food. I've got my priorities straight."

LAST BOOK READ: *The De-Definition of Art*, Harold Rosenberg.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Four one-man shows in the past year. In New Orleans, Dallas, LA and New York.

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